FOREST AND STREAM.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

The reproductions are to me most satisfactory; they lack color, of course, but in every other respect are the best we have ever seen, and I think I may say that those of the Audubon family still remaining are much gratified with the first of the series. M. R. AUDUBON.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S reproductions of some of Audubon's famous bird portraits in half-tone from the rare first edition are as follows, with dates of those already printed: That of the Willow Ptarmagan will be given in our next issue, Dec. 19.

BLACK DUCK, Sept. 26, 1896.
PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19 (next week).
SHOVELLER DUCK.
REDHEAD DUCK.
AMERICAN WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.
PURPLE SANDPIPER.
AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER.

WANE OF THE EUROPEAN BISON.

IN the New World, as in the Old, the bison has become practically extinct. But a few years ago there were millions of what we call buffalo, now none are left.

The European and the American bisons are closely allied and are the sole existing representatives of their kind. The European form once existed over a large area of forest-covered Europe, and the American over more than two-thirds of temperate North America. In Europe the only living wild specimens are found in the Caucasian Province of Kuban, though there are vague reports of the existence of some few individuals in Roumania and Wallachia. In America there are a few bison in Colorado, a few in the Yellowstone Park, and a few in the Peace River country. Besides these, the only living American bison are found in captivity, and these domesticated herds probably number not very far from 400 individuals.

In the Old World there has been for many years a herd of European bison preserved in the imperial forests of Bielowitza, in Lithuania, Russia. And concerning this herd a paper written by Dr. Eugen Büchner has recently been published in the Memoirs of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburgh. Dr. Büchner announces that his purpose is first to make a critical historical study of this herd, and then to find out what light this history may throw on the general subject of the extinction of the larger mammalia.

The early history of the Bielowitza herd is obscure, but since the year 1882 an official count has been made annually, and this count, while not an exact one, is sufficiently close to throw much light on the condition of the herd during the last sixty years.

In 1833 these bison numbered 768, and from this time on there was a gradual increase, until in the year 1854 the herd numbered 1,824 individuals. In 1855 the number was the same, but the following year it dropped to 1,771, and in 1857 rose again to 1,898. From this time on there was a gradual but irregular decline to 538 in 1872. From 1873 to 1892 the table of numbers is subdivided. One portion of the herd is in the Bielowitza forest, a smaller portion in the neighboring forest of Swisslotsch, and a third, still smaller, in the zoölogical gardens at Bielowitza. The total of these sections of the herd numbered 528 in 1873, but by 1880 had increased to 600. In 1883 it fell to 592, and in 1884 there was a loss of more than 200, the total reaching only 384. For the next three years there was a slight increase, but in 1889 there was another drop to 380, and between that date and 1892 an increase to 491.

These figures having been given, the question will naturally be asked, why is it that a herd so carefully protected as this one has been should show such a marked decrease? None of the ordinary dangers to which wild animals are exposed can affect these. They are protected from poachers, are rarely hunted, are seldom drawn upon to supply zoölogical gardens, are not known to be especially subject to any disease, and have a great range where there is no likelihood of the food supply running short. Besides this they are measurably protected from the attacks of natural enemies. All these dangers put together ought not to cause the death each year of a number sufficient to wipe out the annual increase. Since 1802 the killing of bison except by special permission has been prohibited in the forest of Bielowitza, and the records seem to show that between 1802 and 1860 only nineteen were killed. In 1860, however, an imperial hunt was organized in the forest, when twenty-eight individuals were killed. This killing seems also to have been followed by a serious diminution in the number of the herd, the count dropping in the next year from 1,575 to 1,447, a loss of 128 head. A portion of this loss may be due to the death of wounded animals, but this would hardly account for the whole loss. From time to time specimens of the bison have been presented to various zoölogical gardens, and in FOREST AND STREAM a few years ago was printed an account of the capture of a number of calves in this forest for that purpose. The reduction of the herd from this cause cannot have been great, and the records give only thirty-one so captured up to the year 1873, since which time nothing is known of any having been sent away to supply zoölogical gardens. Poaching has done little to diminish the herd, for it is believed that from 1873 to 1892 only thirty-six have been lost in this way.

A more serious danger than any of these comes from the depredations of wild animals. Bears and wolves are said to kill the bison, while lynxes destroy the calves. Great hunts have been organized to reduce the numbers of these carnivores; one such took place in 1855, another in 1861. In 1870 forty wolves, one bear and five lynxes were killed, and in 1871 no less than sixty-three wolves, one bear and five lynxes were destroyed. In later years the results of the hunts have shown that the wolves were almost exterminated. In fact, for the last twenty years the destruction of bison by wild animals has hardly been worth considering.

Manifestly all these causes put together will not account for the rapid diminution of this herd. There is some reason deeper seated than any or all of these. Dr. Büchner concludes that the gradual waning of this herd is due to continuous in-breeding. As long ago as 1830 Jarocki observed that the cows seldom calved more than once in three years, while often, it is said, they will fail to produce young for several years, though later they may breed again. Often too a cow, having produced a calf, may be unable to rear it through lack of milk. This slowness of breeding and the very large percentage of bulls found among the Lithuanian bison are also clear signs of degeneration as a result of in-breeding; for it has been shown that close in-breeding, like a reduced condition of nutrition, is favorable to the production of a high proportion of males. In addition to these evidences of an abnormal condition induced by continuous in-breeding are found certain physical signs, such as fatty degeneration of various organs and abnormal condition of portions of the skeleton. Some animals have thin, light fur, weak horns and are pale in color.

All these indications point in one direction—to the ultimate and not distant extinguishment of the Bielowitza bison, a fate paralleled by that of the ancient wild ox of Europe, which disappeared in the early part of the seventeenth century, notwithstanding its careful protection. Dr. Büchner concludes that in-breeding is undoubtedly the cause of the extinction of most large mammals after their numbers become so reduced that they are separated into isolated colonies.

If this fate has already overtaken the European bison, which has been protected for many years, and which has always been more numerous than the American bison is now, what may we look forward to for our own species in the wild state? Surely nothing less than a similar degeneration, but one more speedy, because the number of breeding animals is so much smaller. In one single respect ours has a slight advantage over its European cousin in the fact that there are several herds of domesticated bison, whose owners, by exchanging stock, may put off for a few generations the evil day which impends. But for the wild herds, few in numbers, and left to themselves, there seems little hope unless some general interest can be awakened in the subject.

MINNESOTA AND THE PLATFORM PLANK.

No State in the Union has more at stake in the preservation of its game supply than Minnesota, and the citizens of that commonwealth are fortunate in having good laws and energetic officials to enforce them. Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton has been alert, active and aggressive this year, and has made a record on seizures of unlawful game which we believe to be without a parallel in the history of game protection in this country. Up to the first of this month Mr. Fullerton and his deputies had confiscated about 7,500 pounds of venison and about 300 dozens of birds illegally killed and shipped. Even these statistics pale into insignificance in comparison with the coup of Dec. 8, when at St. Paul Agent Fullerton seized thirty tons of venison claimed as illegally shipped to parties in Chicago, New York and Boston. The fines involved, the press dispatches say, will amount to more than $40,000.

Notwithstanding this successful intercepting of game, large quantities escape the vigilance of the wardens and are shipped to Eastern markets. The game dealers of Minnesota are reputed to be shrewd by nature, and this innate smartness is developed and sharpened by the illicit phases of their trade; they acquire the cunning, readiness of resource, fertility of deception and general trickiness so common to all smugglers, receivers of stolen goods and moonshiners. Add to this that the managers of some of the railroads running East out of Minnesota help the commission men to cover up their tracks, and it will readily be understood that the task of enforcing the game law is not child's play.

The statute forbidding the shipment of venison to market has proved to be defective. Its terms provide that "it shall be unlawful to consign by common carrier to any commission man or sale market deer at any time." This has been circumvented by the simple device of shipment by market killers to themselves ostensibly in St. Paul or Minneapolis, where they themselves or some agents of the commission houses acting for them are on hand to receive the consignments. In this way it is estimated 5,000 more deer have been slaughtered for market this year than last, while the officials have been powerless to interfere with the traffic. Commenting upon this aspect of the problem, Mr. Fullerton declares his conviction: "Our only salvation, if we have another year like the present, with snow on the ground during the deer season, will be the doctrine advocated by FOREST AND STREAM, which meets with my hearty approval—that is, stopping the sale of game altogether. We are going to have it added to our law this winter when the Legislature meets. We will have the opposition of the commission men and market-hunters, but we have no doubt but we will carry the point."

SNAP SHOTS.

Our game columns contain notice of an Ohio man who boasts in the local paper that his hunting party in Minnesota outwitted the game wardens and succeeded in bringing six deer out of the State, in violation of the game law and despite the watchfulness of the game wardens. Might not extradition proceedings here be resorted to with profit?

Now in the old days there were moose in the Adirondacks; but in these later times when an Adirondacker wants moose he must make a far journey into Maine for them. Will it ever be recorded that the man of Maine must go to the Adirondacks for his moose?

A copy of the first edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler" was sold at auction in London last week for £415 or $2,075. With a few copies of this book in his library to fall back upon for auction purposes, one might afford now and then to take a day off for going fishing.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HOLLAND.

WHY Holland I do not know, and can only surmise that the parties who are responsible for the patronymic came from the land of marsh and dyke, and as they gazed upon the ragged rocks and rugged hills of the quaint old town they were strongly reminded of the Vaterland—because it was so different—and in the fullness of their hearts they christened their new-found home with the name they loved so well. The name was a great favorite in the early days, for nearly one-half of the States have their Holland, and some of them have two or three.

My pet Holland lies in a sly nook of the old Bay State, near the Connecticut line, near a portion of the headwaters of the Quinebaug River. The face of the country is exceedingly rough and broken, and as we ramble over the fields beautiful pictures of wooded hill, moss-grown rock and grassy slope are spread before us in rich profusion, causing our feet to linger while we gaze in rapture upon the enchanting scenes.

Nearly every autumn for many years, and often several times in the season, with renewed pleasure and ever increasing love for the dear old place, have I visited this once famous resort of the sly woodcock and chosen home of the swift-winged grouse.

Well do I remember my first visit to Holland nearly thirty years ago—a red-letter day it was in truth. Starting from our home in Springfield upon a beautiful October morning in company with Mr. George Ashmun, than whom more genial companion or truer sportsman never went afield, we leisurely drove across the country, occasionally stopping to beat a good-looking cover, or halting at a farmhouse, where we were invariably invited to sample the worthy farmer's cider and entertained with the quaint remarks of the entire household, as they gave us their views on the burning question of the hour—the supply of woodcock.

Mr. Ashmun was very popular among his farmer friends, who, one and all, ever kept an eye out for his favorite bird, the woodcock; and it was rare indeed that they could not give information as to the whereabouts of several that they had located while at work about the farm.

Just before sunset we arrived at the Holland Hotel, a rambling, old-fashioned, homelike-looking house, situated upon a gentle slope, and commanding rather a pretty view of wild and broken country. Upon entering the house we were pleased to find that everything inside was old-fashioned too, even to the cordial greeting and hearty welcome of our host and hostess. To the many hundreds who have enjoyed the bounteous hospitality of this well-known resort no words of mine in praise of its excellence are necessary. The landlord, Mr. Kinney, was an old-fashioned, farmer-like looking man, with lots of sound common sense, a deep fund of dry humor, and a bluff, hearty way with him that won him hosts of friends. Mrs. Kinney, upon whom devolved most of the cares of the hotel, was the most admirable hostess in every respect that I have ever known; always cheerful and kindly, and solicitous that your every want was immediately attended to; her well-spread table, bounteously supplied with well-cooked, well-served dishes, made more appetizing by pressing invitations to partake of this or that dish, coupled with offer—aye, and performance too—to prepare some tidbit that you might relish, were all most enjoyable and homelike; and then the motherly solicitude with which she would care for you if you were a little off. Indeed it was almost a pleasure to be sick under her care for the sake of the nursing and coddling you would receive. Many times each season for many years did I enjoy the hospitality of the dear old place, each visit adding to the love and respect which I shall ever feel for my two friends, who now, alas! are sleeping side by side in the little churchyard.

My first trip, as I have before said, was most enjoyable. With Mr. Ashmun for a companion this could hardly be otherwise, but in addition to this the weather was delightful, the country beautiful in its rugged wildness, and woodcock were plenty. Instead of giving a description of our trip, if the reader will accompany me, we will explore every cover of importance, and if we find no birds I shall at least have the satisfaction of showing you where once they were plentiful and living over again some of the glorious days of bygone years.

We will take the regular route and hunt the grounds in the good old-fashioned way that has not, to my knowledge, been deviated from in a single instance during all the years that have passed since first on that bright October morning with Mr. Ashmun I was initiated into the mysteries of the many coverts, and made acquainted with the secrets that ever surround the chosen home of the shy woodcock. Turning our horse's head to the west, we climb the hill, and bearing to the south we come to a sawmill, where we hitch our team, and crossing the rude bridge of slabs, we walk a few rods to the top of a gentle rise, and here we are in the well-known "Butterworth" cover; but you say, "There is no cover here, nothing but a bare knoll with a few scattered bunches of huckleberry bushes, a few wild thorns and perhaps a dozen stunted apple trees—positively not a particle of woodcock cover." Never you mind appearances. This is a woodcock cover, and a famous one too, or at least it was in the good old days, and in those times the bushes, thorns and apple trees were scarcer even than now. Then this bare and rather bleak-looking spot, although containing scarcely a couple of acres, was every morning good for four or five birds, and occasionally a full dozen were found.

Here just at our feet, where for many yards there is nothing but a straggling growth of wiry-looking grass, I have flushed first and last more than a score of birds, and just to the right, where that gray moss covers the ground, is another good spot; but the cream of the cover is around that sprawling apple tree. Often have I seen a beautiful double here, and once when alone I actually missed all but half of one out of three as pretty double rises as ever were seen, and all in less than five minutes.

Notice that stunted cedar near the edge of the bank by the pond. I shot off its top more than twenty years ago, and killed my bird too just as it pitched over the bank some 20yds. beyond.

Near the fence to the right is now quite a growth of bushes, and water is found there, except when it is very dry. Formerly the growth of bushes was sparse, but it was good cover nevertheless, and many birds have been brought to bag in this corner.

Turning to the left along the fence, we come to ground that slopes to the east, with a few stunted sumac bushes scattered over its surface.

It was on the opposite brink of that little hollow, half way down the slope, that my friend Sabin saw a woodcock sitting on the ground just in front of old Trump, who was pointing it in his best style. As I came up in response to his signal, Sabin showed me the bird and proposed to capture it under his hat while I stood guard in case he failed to make connection. As he turned to lay down his gun the bird went unheard by him; of course I made no sign, and he very cautiously, on hands and knees, approached, and as he had carefully marked the very spot, he clapped down his hat, exclaiming, "I've got him!" If you don't think that this was funny, just ask Sabin to look and see if there is not a woodcock in his hat.

Further down is a very inviting looking thicket, but no woodcock, so far as I know, was ever found there. Turning back along the north side of the slope, down among the scrubby apple trees, we often found a bird or two, and nearly always one near that big rock. It was on that rock that Sabin and I had another experience that was rather remarkable. Old Trump was pointing on the up-hill side of the rock, nearly at the east end; Sabin went to the dog and I passed around and came up on the lower side, when a bird rose at my feet and flew squarely to the left, and I grassed it just at the foot of that thorn bush. A small fraction of a second before I fired I heard my companion's gun, and was wondering if it was possible for him to have seen the bird, when he assured me that it was dead before my gun went off. As I came around the rock, greatly to the astonishment of both of us, old Trump solved the mystery by bringing a bird that had flown to the right and been killed by Sabin, and then retrieving the one killed by me.

This rock marks the end of the cover, and we will return to the team; but stop a moment, we must take the regular course in working these grounds, and to do that we must right here discuss the reasons that induce the woodcock to select this as one of their favorite spots to spend the day, and, as has been the invariable custom, we give it up and proceed on our way.

Unhitching the horse, one of us takes the reins while the other walks a few rods to the bridge, and standing in the road sends the dog to work out a little birch-covered knoll on the bank of the brook, where occasionally a bird or two may be found.

The only time that I ever saw a woodcock tower was at this place. The dog pointed near those two angular rocks and I walked up the bird and cut loose at him as he topped the birches; he came down a short distance and then began to tower, going straight up for nearly 800ft., then he took a course that but slightly slanted downward and disappeared over the brow of that hill to the south and we never saw him again, although we searched for him a good half hour.

No, that cover to the left is not a woodcock cover. We often beat it out years ago when the growth was young, and a more likely looking place than it then was for them it would be hard to find, but we never found one there. Occasionally we would find a grouse or two near the upper edge, but they were always wild and I do not remember that we ever brought one to bag in there. Sabin often said that the corner was haunted, and after we had thoroughly worked it out several times without result we gave it up.

One day, as we were passing by the cover, we met an old man hobbling down the road, and as we gave him "good day" he stopped, and waving his hand toward the place remarked: "Tain't no use to hunt in there, you won't find anything." Something in the manner of the old settler led me to believe that he might be able to account for the phenomenon and mechanically I passed him my flask, remarking that I should very much like to know the reason why birds should not frequent so sweet a spot. Draining the flask to the last drop, the old man seated himself on the bank and thus held forth: "When I was a younker that side hill was full of game and would have been now if it wasn't for old Lou Jackson and his pesky snares. Old Lou has been dead a good many years, but his spirit haunts the place and no partridge or woodcock will stay there more than a few minutes before they see or hear old Lou's ghost and they are off hot shot. Some say though that the old king partridge is still alive and hangs around here and drives off the birds, just as he used to when he broke old Lou up; but pshaw! that was more than sixty years ago, and who ever heard of a partridge living half so long?"

My companion had by this time become deeply interested, and passing his flask to the old man expressed a wish to hear the story. With sparkling eyes our venerable friend soon made the flask a fitting mate to mine, and settling himself well together gave us this:

"When old Lou was a boy he used to set snares in there, as it was a great place for partridges, and he used to catch lots of them, and he kept it up after he was grown up, and every fall and winter he pretty much kept his family in meat out of that corner; but there came a time when he couldn't catch a bird, and what the matter was he didn't know, and he worried over it to beat all.

"After thinking it over he concluded he would watch and see if he could find out what did it, so he gets up the next morning before day and goes up yonder almost to where that gum tree is, and sat down to watch. According to his tale, he had been there about an hour when he saw a couple of partridges meandering toward his pet snare where he used to catch most of his birds, but before they got there an old whopper of a partridge, as big as a rooster, came out of the brush and walking up to them made a sort of cackling noise as though he was talking to them, when they looked as though they were scared half to death, and turning tail they flew up the hill as far as he could see. This completely fased old Lou, and he made a break for home, where he told his story, all the time growing scareder and scareder until finally he took to his bed, and in a few days he was dead. The doctor said that it was brain trouble that carried him off, but his wife said that he was scared to death by the king partridge, as she heard him more than twenty times promising the bird that if he would only leave him be he would never set another snare."

This we agreed was a capital return for our outlay, and I never pass the spot without a deep feeling of regret that we did not have another drink for our Wandering Willie.

Passing on up the hill, we came to a very tempting patch of alders on our left in an old orchard, and just beyond is one of the sweetest bits of birch cover I ever saw. The spot is very properly called "the birches," and a surer place to find woodcock, in the good old days, was not to be found in this region. Driving to the end of the cover, we hitch our team just in the fork of the two roads to that large birch, now a good foot in diameter, that was not even started into growth when first I came here, but has grown as a sprout from the stump of one nearly as large that we formerly used. Crossing the road, we get over the fence at this particular spot and send on the dog. When that large oak tree a short distance to the left was scarcely 20ft. tall, it was very nearly a sure thing to find a bird or two within a few feet of it, and along this cross fence to the right was another likely spot. Here we are at the top of the rise in a small open place, and after I add another stone to the little mound in its center I will give you its history.

It was there that Mr. Ashmun stood when he fired his last shot and killed his last bird; that was his last shooting trip, and every time I come here I add a stone to the mound in memory of my friend and the many pleasant days afield we spent together.

Just beyond the row of alders, in the hollow below us, is an old unused road that formerly was a very good road to travel, as we nearly always routed out from the alders several grouse that would fly toward the mountain with more or less success, according to the merit of the traveler.

Here at the old cellar hole, now almost filled up and hidden by the dense growth, Sabin and I had a low-down trick played upon us two days in succession, and but for an accident we would have suffered the second time even more keenly than we did the first. We had beaten out this portion of the cover and were some little distance this side of the alders, in the old orchard, when a grouse flushed some 50yds. this side of us and flew straight for this place. We at once followed and beat out all the cover in this vicinity, but without finding him. The next day we again started the bird in nearly the same place, and as we were beginning to get somewhat interested, we laid ourselves out for a thorough search; but after more than an hour of beating back and forth all the cover, we sat down here by the cellar and ate our lunch. We had resumed our guns and were about to leave the spot, thoroughly disgusted, when old Trump somehow managed to fall into the cellar. No sooner had he struck on the bottom than with a thunderous roar our tricky friend came out of the hole like a rocket; but his race was run. Two shots that rang out almost as one, a sudden collapse of the swiftly flying form, a fleecy cloud of feathers floating in the air, a heavy thud as the noble bird struck the earth, told well the tale that a scurvy trick like this had met its just reward. SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN THE SUN SHONE BRIGHT.

I AM alone in my office. It is 11:30 P. M., and the wind whistles clear as it strikes this little town, coming from the far north over a barren, treeless prairie. It is a night for looking back and I have just lived over a happy day long ago, and when I realized what I was thinking about I jumped up and opened my desk. And here is what I saw looking backward. In 1873 I lived on the Trinchara Creek in Colorado, thirty miles east of Trinidad Thomas A. Perley, now of Salem, Mass., and I were in the cattle business and lived together on his ranch. We were not partners; each owned a herd of cattle, but we lived together for our mutual convenience. He went with cattle to Kansas City that spring, and I had got Alex. Elliott, who now lives near Las Animas, Colo., to stay with me for society. I had bought Alex's cattle and he was feeling quite cheerful, as he had a large balance in the bank, two race horses, good health and a good disposition.

The Indians to the east of us had broken out, and every one but Alex and me had left the creek and gone to Trinidad to be out of harm's way; but we stayed. We had an adobe house as strong as a fort; our stable was joined right on the house behind. We had only one horse apiece on the ranch. The rest were up in the mountains, miles away, where the plains Indians do not go. We had a well at the door and lots of grub, and it was just dangerous enough to be pleasant.

One morning I proposed that we saddle up and go mavericking. Mavericking is going through the range and branding all the yearlings that one can find that have no marks and brands and have left their mothers. You can't tell whom their mothers belonged to, and the yearlings used to belong to the man that got his brand on them first. And let me tell you privately, they do yet, all laws to the contrary notwithstanding.

I told Alex that we would take a ride, get what we could, and if we saw Indians either fight or run, whichever was easiest. We saddled our fast fat horses and pulled the cinches so that the saddles sat as if they were part of them and away we went—well mounted, well armed and young, with all the world before us. Making the restless, chafing horses walk, to be fresh for a run or a fight, we worked as slowly as we could through the bunches of cattle toward the north; and soon I found a fine young bull; and after a short, sharp run had him under control and headed for the place where we intended to corral and brand. We went along; I drove and Alex hunted, and by about noon felt very well pleased. We had six, when suddenly Alex, who was on the side of an arroya (a broad valley that has a water course when it rains, but is generally dry), suddenly stopped and beckoned me to come quick, pulling his rifle from its scabbard under his leg as he beckoned. I quit the yearlings, which were quiet, and loped to him. Just below him, about 200yds. away, stood a saddled horse—I can see her now as she looked up at us—and several things flashed through my mind. Where was the rider? Was he an Indian? Where were the rest of 'em? My mavericks, my mavericks; if there is a fight I'll lose 'em. The ground in the arroya was rough. Where was our Injun?

Alex said: "You ride round the mare, Dick, and see if there is anyone around her." And around I went. I rode up as close as I could, without starting her off, and Alex closed up on the other side. Then Alex made a run at her and threw his lariat, made a poor throw and caught the horn of the saddle, and the wild brute twitched the rope out of his hand and ran away, rope and all. Alex

was mad. He came to me and said: "Give me your rope. You go back and hold the yearlings; and if I can't rope her again I'll run her down and circle her in toward you, and you can catch her with your fresh horse and I'll hold the yearlings." So away he went.

I went back and soon had the calves quiet and under control, and had a fine view of the chase. The two horses ran like birds for about three miles, and then Alex could turn her, but could not run up on to her close enough to rope her, so he turned her south, and away they went.

Just then I looked south and here came another man with a few yearlings, all alone. I looked at him through my field glass and it was J. W. Leweling, who now lives in Rocky Ford, Colo. He also was out seeking what he might pick up this fine morning. Alex drove the mare past me just as Lew came up. Lew and I were friends. I explained the situation to him in a few words; told him to follow with the cattle, his and ours, and that I would help Alex corral the mare at one of Lew's corrals, and for him to come to us with the cattle. It was all right, and away I went. The corral was three miles away and I soon had the mare in it. Then Alex came up, with not much go left in his horse.

The stray was a wild thing with a fair Texas saddle, a headstall with a bit of broken rope hitched to it, which showed that she had worn or broken it off. There was blood on the saddle, in the seat and on the stirrup fender —old blood dried on—lots of it. There was a big pack tied on behind the saddle. The story was easy to read. A man shot off the saddle, probably by Indians, perhaps by white men, and the mare had proved too fast for them and had got away. We roped her and threw her, and when we took off the saddle the hair came off her belly where the girths had been on so long and so tight. She may have had the saddle on two weeks. There was a fine Mexican blanket under the saddle and another one in the pack behind; also a pair of jean pants with $30 in one pocket in a pocket-book; two bottles of strychnine; a Mexican home-made awl to mend shoes, matches, a buckskin, and quite a lot of other trinkets. There was not a scrap of writing in the pack, nor any brand on the mare. So Alex put on the pants and I put one of the blankets under my saddle. Here came Lew, and we put in ten fine yearlings along with the mare. Then we divided. Lew took the mare and saddle. Alex and I took the pack and blankets. Lew took his four yearlings, and I gave Alex my half of the $30 for his three. So we pitched in and branded; then turned the mare in with a bunch of Lew's horses which ran near there, and went back to the Perley & Dixon ranch by the light of the moon, awful hungry, but feeling very chipper. How we did eat beefsteak and tortillas and drink black coffee at about 10 o'clock that night.

Here my memory fades. Lew slept there that night, but whether we went out together again next day or not I don't remember. Ask them if you want to know. They are as alive as I am. I do remember this: Alex once said after that that Lew got two good colts from the mare and then sold her for $60, and got a good cow and calf for the saddle, and that it was a poor divide for us; but I told him that I'd have been well paid in fun if I hadn't got a thing. And now you know something about it too.

W. J. DIXON.

A FEW DAYS IN THE WOODS.

IF you can spare the space I will tell you and your readers of a short trip I made to the woods a few days ago:

On the morning of October 12 my wife went to Pittsburg, Pa., leaving our boy, who will not be nine years old until in November, and me to run things during her absence, which was to continue until the evening of Thursday, 15th inst. The boy, whose name is Frank, has always had an ambition to "go camping" in the woods, and I thought this a good time to gratify it. A few days before I had made an arrangement with a friend to camp on his place at a spot I knew of, and I told Frank that we would spend the time in the woods while his mother was gone.

I commenced preparations, being constantly reminded: "Pa, you know Nessmuk says, 'Go light.'" He has read Nessmuk, but if I'd taken all that he suggested we'd have had two or three teams for the transportation.

What I did take was: cloth for a tent and two little sacks for pillows, a pair of genuine Mackinaw blankets, which have often rendered me similar service; a pair of ponchos, very large ones; a small double-blade axe, weighs 1¼lbs.; a frying-pan, two tin cups, a small coffee-pot, a double-barreled hammerless shotgun, thirty shells loaded; a small Stevens rifle, weighs about 4lbs., .22cal.; two boxes cartridges for it; two loaves of bread, a half-gallon bottle filled with fresh new milk, about a half pound of ground coffee, a little pat of butter, about a pound of raw sliced ham, and a dozen eggs. Of course I had some pepper and salt, my pipe, tobacco and matches.

I gave a liveryman a dollar to drive us out to the place, about five miles away, and made the necessary arrangements as to his coming after us. After we had unloaded and the liveryman had left I looked at my watch and it was 3 o'clock P. M. In about an hour I had our tent set up, had cut down two small hemlocks, and we picked the "browse" fine for a bed and stuffed the sacks with the same for pillows. Then I kindled a fire and soon had a good one. Frank made his supper of bread and milk; I ate ham, two eggs, and drank a pint of hot coffee. Then we sat and talked, and I smoked and told him stories until he began to get sleepy, when I put him to bed. It sounded pathetic out in the vast solitude to hear the youngster saying his prayers in the tent just as though he were in bed at home.

After he had gone asleep I fixed up some matters about the camp, replenished the fire, and sat and smoked and thought for about an hour, when, on looking at my watch, I found it was 9:30 and I went to bed. I had thought that there would be rain for some time, and awakening in the night I could hear the patter of rain drops on the tent and the drip of water from the forest leaves. I saw that our fire was all right and soon dropped off to sleep again. When I next awakened it was 6 o'clock. I jumped up and set about preparing breakfast. Before it was ready Frank awakened, got up, dressed, washed in the little run, which was great fun for him, and we ate our breakfast.

After things had been cleared away I took the shotgun, put two shells into it and half a dozen into my pocket, told Frank to take the little rifle, and we walked up the run. About 300yds. from camp a pheasant (ruffed grouse) sprang up with the peculiar boom of the species and started swiftly through the woods, but within 30yds. a shot from my right barrel had cut him down, and at the same moment a second bird sprang up, and my left barrel caught him about 40yds. away. I pushed fresh cartridges into my gun, Frank brought in two dead birds, and we continued our walk. Seeing nothing more, we went back to the camp, and I put in the rest of the forenoon giving him some lessons with the rifle, and soon satisfied myself that he has the making of a marksman in him—he holds well and shoots with both eyes open.

The afternoon I spent in repeating my lessons in shooting to Frank. In the evening I raked over the remains of a large fire, and having wrapped our two pheasants in large balls of clay, placed them in a hole in the bed of the fire, covered them up, and rebuilt the fire on them. We slept soundly this night, and on Wednesday morning after breakfast again started out. This time we went down the stream, and I got four pheasants and four woodcock. I had taken a dozen shells with me and two in my gun. As we were returning I saw a fine gray squirrel run up a tree. I was satisfied it had not been alarmed by us, and soon saw it on a limb about 40ft. from the ground. I called Frank, pointed out the squirrel, and told him to try it. He seemed not to want to shoot, but I told him, "Go ahead, and if you miss I'll get it with my shot-gun."

He rested his gun on a little limb and fired, and I confess to not a little surprise when the squirrel fell out of the tree dead, having been shot just behind the shoulders. Immediately after the crack of the little gun a second squirrel, much higher on the same tree, ran out on a limb and barked furiously. I said to Frank: "Can you load your gun? If you can, push in a cartridge and try that one from the same place." I soon saw that he could and did load his gun, and resting on the same limb he fired, and the second squirrel fell to the ground. This squirrel had been struck in the throat and its neck was broken.

As we walked back to camp Frank said:

"Pa, don't you think it would have been better if we had let these birds and squirrels alone? We didn't need them. They were pretty when they were alive, but now they're dead, and it does seem to me that we oughtn't to have killed them, because we came into the woods to the home of these pretty things and killed them just for fun. We wouldn't like it if anybody was to kill us for fun, would we?" There it was again, the instinct of our cooler moments against killing. I knew it all before, but now with the clear eyes of childhood looking into mine, hardened it may be by years in the world and in contact with men, I felt like a murderer and as though my boy had become one at my order. I explained as best I could, but in such circumstances we see the fallacy of the sophisms with which we are wont to solace ourselves.

We reached camp, where I made some coffee, prepared our dinners and dug out the pheasants that I had "mudded up" the night before. We made a glorious meal, and Frank declared that he had never tasted anything so good in his life before.

In the afternoon we walked in a different direction, and got hickory nuts, a few chestnuts, some wild grapes —the genuine mountain blue grape—and some "stones with shells in them," as Frank described certain fossil remains that we found. That evening Frank went to bed early, saying as he lay down, "Well, pa, this is our last day in the woods this year, and I'm glad we're going home to-morrow." I shortly followed him.

Morning came, and after breakfast we again took our guns and went out into the woods. It was a glorious morning, and the autumn leaves showed all their glorious tints. I got two pheasants and we returned to camp at 12 o'clock.

After dinner and a smoke I commenced tearing down preparatory to removal. Everything was packed and ready to put on the buck wagon at 3 o'clock. I lighted my pipe and we sat by the smouldering remains of our fire, until at 3:15 we heard the cheery hello of the liveryman and were soon speeding homeward. Arriving there, we unloaded, unpacked, put things away and met my wife at the train. When she saw "the game," six pheasants, four woodcock and two squirrels, all had to be explained, and Frank said, "We're going again next year, aren't we, pa?" Cost, $3 to the liveryman and my time. Frank has something to talk about for a lifetime. Who will say it wasn't worth the money? It is only fair to add here that Frank declared on eating of the birds afterward that although they were good yet they didn't taste like the birds we cooked in the woods in the balls of clay.

AMATEUR.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Natural History.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read with much interest Mr. B. Waters's admirable monographs on our four most familiar game birds. I hesitate to make any objections to such an acknowledged authority as Mr. Walters, but my experience leads me to different conclusions in one small particular.

In his paper on the ruffed grouse Mr. Waters again and again refers to the "aversion of the ruffed grouse to the haunts of man." He says: "It ventures into the open only on such infrequent occasions as it is tempted to search for food, and then only in places seldom invaded by man, and where it fancies there is freedom from pursuit." "The ruffed grouse is ever intent on making its home and haunts distinctly apart from those of man." In two or three other places he makes statements to the same effect.

Now I think that the man who would hunt this bird on that principle in the populated portions of Maine would be very unsuccessful.

I have shot the ruffed grouse in Missouri, West Virginia and Maine. What he says is fully in accord with the habits of the bird in Missouri and West Virginia, so far as my observation goes. It also seems true in the wilderness of northern Maine, judging from what various sportsmen have told me. But it seems that just the reverse is true in the more settled sections of Maine, at least in Oxford and Cumberland counties, where my experience has been obtained. I have hunted in these counties seven or eight seasons. My score one year was 44; this year it has been 19.

I have always found so many more birds on the skirts of the woods near farmhouses that I always hunt on the edge before entering the body of the woods. When it is practicable I work along the edge altogether.

I do not suppose that *Bonasa umbellus* has any particular affection for man, but he finds more food—apples, grasshoppers, checkerberries, etc.—on the borders of the woods. I believe that, constantly being scared up by boys and men, the birds lose that extreme fear of man which is characteristic of them in less settled sections.

It is commonly reported that the birds have been uncommonly wild and scarce this year. I have not found it so. They seem to me to have been wild, but as numerous as in other years. Last year, however, their number was greater than usual.

The ruffed grouse which I shot in Missouri were of a much browner color (approaching the color of a woodcock) than those of this State. I wonder if this has been noticed by others.

G. S ELLIS.

MAINE.

THE HEATH HEN.

BOSTON, Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The communications and editorials which my inquiries in regard to the Martha's Vineyard prairie chicken or heath hen have brought out have been most interesting, and, as information, gratifying to me. On the other hand, the almost if not quite completed extinction of this fine species is far from comfortable reading.

I have had no chance to look up the article on this bird referred to, as printed in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago, but it is clear that a large body of information exists and awaits the industry of some one interested to write a full and exhaustive monograph on the subject. I write to make an earnest plea for some one to do this work.

No better subject could be wished. The thanks of all ornithologists and all naturalists and all good sportsmen also await him who shall give us such book.

There must be yet discoverable many a reference to the Martha's Vineyard heath hen in the old chronicles of the island and of the considerably wider territory which it once inhabited. I distinctly remember statements—perhaps in FOREST AND STREAM, but if so published many years ago—to the effect that the bird once inhabited Nantucket, Long Island, the pine barrens of New Jersey, and probably at least the southern portions of Rhode Island and Connecticut. Then there is the fascinating field of investigation of the living remnant, if, as I hope and believe, there is one. Will not gentlemen living on Martha's Vineyard or making long visits to the island take this matter in hand?

It seems to me that the mating time in the spring would be the best season to determine the number of birds remaining. The "booming" sound made by the males can be heard a long distance, and would, I should think, surely betray every colony of the birds that may be left. I would go a long way to hear that sound again, unheard by me for many a year; and would give much for the chance to steal upon and witness the amazing tournaments and strutting contests they hold at that time, and which in boyhood in northern Illinois I used to see. I can assure any of our New England students who have never seen one of these tournaments that it is a sight worth great exertion. And I believe it is yet within their privilege.

Moreover, there should be secured at least a few authentic specimens before it is too late. I am anxious to know if any Western prairie chickens have ever been added to the native stock on Martha's Vineyard, as has been alleged. Surely somebody must be able to answer this question. It has often been asserted that this was done, but I have never been able to prove it to be more than a rumor. I thank the editors of FOREST AND STREAM for republishing that most fascinating paper on the pinnated grouse, by Audubon. As I read it, I recalled my own first memories of the bird, and experiences with it in Indiana and Illinois in 1861–2 and 3, where it then existed in vast numbers. My uncle, who at a little earlier period moved from New Hampshire to Indiana, told me that for a long time he was accustomed, whenever he wanted a chicken for breakfast, to quietly open his door, loaded gun in hand, early in the morning and shoot one from the ridge pole of his house, where he was almost certain to find one roosting. They used to assemble in autumn in vast flocks, and I well remember my own first attempt to secure a bird by shooting blindly and without special aim into one of these whirling flocks and my discovery of two important things, viz., that I must, if I wished to get a bird, aim at a particular one, and also that I must not judge distances on the prairie as I would among the hills of New Hampshire. I found myself at first blazing away at game which seemed within easy reach of my gun, but which was in fact two or three gunshots away.

I enjoyed every word of Mr. Hough's long article on prairie shooting, and while I am speaking of him I want especially to thank him for his true word-picture of the Kankakee Marsh and its peculiar people. "Down on the Marsh" we used to call it, and we could tell true stories of the variety and abundance there of game and fish in the sixties that would hardly be believed now by any but "old-timers." Mr. Hough knows the marsh, as his article plainly proves, and I beg leave to ask him to shake.

But to return for a final word about the Martha's Vineyard heath hen, will not your correspondent Kentwood, whose letter in your issue of Oct. 31 is the latest and most authentic news on the subject, undertake further research and give us the result? I am sure the brethren of the great FOREST AND STREAM circle will be glad to have him do it.

C. H. AMES.

Weight of Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read an article in a late issue treating of the weight of moose. In an experience of over fifty years in a great moose region, I have had opportunities to know the exact weight of dressed meat of moose and other game as brought to camp by hunters. I assisted in weighing one bull moose that went an even 800lbs. for the four quarters. I shot a cow moose that exceeded this weight by several pounds. Now, if I recollect aright, the rule at the slaughtering establishments is to allow 56lbs. for the four quarters of dressed meat to the 100lbs. gross weight of a prime ox. The examples of moose given were fat, the cow remarkably so; and by the rule given a very close

result is obtained of their live weight. I will add that I have shot others which I judged to equal, if not exceed, the weights given. I relate what happened a long while ago, and perhaps the species nowadays are hunted out ere they get their growth; or, as I think, the old ones are becoming too wary to show up in the open. ALLEGASH.

Linnæan Society of New York.

AT a meeting of the Society the following papers were presented: "An Ornithological Reconnaissance in Mexico," by Mr. Frank M. Chapman; "The Alfred Marshall Collection of Birds' Skins and Birds' Eggs," by Mr. L. S. Foster; "Remarks on the Ruby-crowned Kinglet," by Mr. E. I. Haines.

Game Bag and Gun.

LETTERS OF SPORTSMEN FRIENDS.

I.—From Jack in Saratoga, N. Y., to S. in Alma, Mich.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Nov. 8.—My Dear S.: It is raining to-day here, but I hope that a thousand miles away on the banks of the Cedar the sun is shining brightly and the soft haze of an Indian summer fills all the landscape, and agreeable to promise I will put in an hour in giving you a little sketch of the '96 trip to Essex county. As my last reported, I spent Oct. 16 and 17 shooting near Warrensburgh with Mr. C; the bag was thirty-one, of which twenty-two were woodcock and the balance grouse.

The morning of the 19th ult. dawned bright, clear and beautiful, with a crisp frostiness in the air which made both us and the woodcock think of warmer climes. The setter Tick and the pointer Pete were securely chained to the steam pipes in the Adirondack Railroad baggage car, our duffle piled up out of the way, and then with pipes alight we stowed ourselves away in the smoker and the '96 trip was on.

Up we went through the valley where the great Hudson has its rise, watching the changing color on the mountain sides now splendid in rainbow tints of October; watching the bright, limpid water as it bubbled and gurgled over and around the rocks and boulders, glistening and gleaming in the warm sunshine; noting a deep pool here, swift swirl there, and wondering if a gamy black bass wasn't waiting for the "flowers that bloom in the spring," and the deceptive fly that comes dangling along about that time. And so we sped on; our asthmatic old engine finally pulled us into North Creek on time, and the Doctor, dogs and I sought the hospitable door of the Adirondack Inn to regale the inner man and wait for the stage. A hearty dinner on my part and sundry dainty nibblings by the Doctor, another whiff before a blazing, old-fashioned fireplace, and at 2:30 the stage pulled up at the door and off we started over the old familiar road to the Powers mansion. We waved our hand to the big rock which marks the grave of a good dog, passed the bald, high hill, of which Fred tells his usual lie about the deer being driven over the sheer front by dogs, on through the glory of the mountains in October, and in two hours were saying "How d' do" to the Powers family. Then we got into our shooting togs as soon as possible and started for the little run down by the schoolhouse to pick up the two or three woodcock that always make it their abiding place. For the first time on record we drew it blank and got back to dinner at 6 P. M. with nothing but shells in our pockets. To eat and then to sleep was the programme.

The Doctor was out first in the morning; he hadn't killed thirty odd birds within a few days, and hence his index finger itched more than mine. He went to the window and looked out; I watched him out of the corner of my eye, but gave no sign that I was not peacefully sleeping, as the chill breeze of the early dawn gently and gracefully waved the skirts of his night robe. He drew aside the curtains and looked long and looked earnestly, and then looked again and groaned deep and loud and prolonged. Then I asked him if it rained. And he replied with certain unnecessary embellishments that it snowed; and it kept on, and we were snowed in for the day. Toward evening it grew warmer, rained, and at night not a trace of snow was left, and the whole valley was bathed in a white mist as the moon rolled over the hills, and we retired, feeling confident we should pull triggers on the morrow.

Next morning about 8 o'clock our old guide Fred dropped in ready for us, having one of his mountain-climbing trips planned, but was promptly vetoed, and I announced as the programme: "East Side, and woodcock." So we started down through the "Corners," across the bridge, and along the route you know so well, and "broke in" at a little clump of cedar, where you and I have shot (at) many a swift-flying grouse. As I went down into the brush, leaving the Doctor on the edge, I was startled by a sharp *quit, quit*, and up in my very face flushed a grouse. Both bird and man were rattled, but as he topped the brush I saw him at the end of my gun, and with the snap of the nitro he curled up, keeled over and bumped the earth, my bird. As the gun cracked another started, and I snapped the left at him, but missed; and out he went to Doctor and Fred. Bang! bang! bang! went their guns, and on, on, on went the bird to covers that we knew not of. A little further and Tick throws up his head and points stanchly, and I see a woodcock flush a short distance from the other dog. He flushes so lazily that I do not shoot, but watch him for 10yds., when he alights on the mud in plain sight of myself and Tick. The dog stirs not, but the cock runs behind a stump, and, disappearing, flushes wild unseen by me; but Fred, he of the eagle eye, has seen the sneak, and marks him down across the river. Down to the bridge we go, and up the other side. Tick, who is galloping ahead, stops so suddenly that he stands cross-legged, and as I step quickly in front of him out "boils" a grouse and starts straightaway, but he goes not far before the gun cracks, his feathers drift on the lazy air, and directly I am shaking him by the legs, arranging his brown plumage before consigning him to the bag.

A little further and Tick stops, significant that the woodcock is in danger; and he is, for going quartering away I pick him out of the air with the second barrel. Then where we go through the bars up to East Side I put two out to my companions, but they don't seem to care much about killing feathered game anyway; and here we are at the place where our guns cracked so often and merrily four years ago; the spot where I missed more woodcock in the shortest time in my sporting history; the spot where Rowdy ran amuck. How he did enjoy himself that evening! What cared he for the Doctor, laboring, sweating, yelling behind him; here were birds galore and his nose was full of them, and if the Lord's willing and lightning don't strike him the air will soon be full of them; and it was so. How he did put them up! It gives me pleasure to shoot woodcock, but it would have given me more to have peppered the dog that day; and while I missed the cock right and left, I have always felt confident that I would not have missed Rowdy were the range never so long.

But here we are again, and the plan of campaign is quickly laid to hunt the piece on parallel lines a hundred yards apart. Tick creeps and crawls through the entire piece, but not a feather shows. I'm not satisfied, although the Doctor says he hasn't seen a sign of a bird; so I begin again on the edge, and in two minutes Tick is stiff. Take your time, gentlemen, the dog will not move: no rushing or chasing by him. I look carefully ahead, and there about 20ft. away sits our long-billed friend. "I see him," said I. "Shoot him," says Fred. "Not on your life." The Doctor has put his gun to his shoulder *à la* trap. "None of that, Doctor; down with that gun." And he obeys. As the bird jumps and swings away on whistling wings, I make my usual break and shoot before the bird has reached his flying level and before I've really sighted him, and so I miss, and so does the Doctor; but in an instant I catch him over the left barrel and he wilts in mid air.

We stopped right there and I reminded the Doctor that his dog had passed within 20ft. of the bird; that when you hunt cock you must, *à la* Pettit, "pound the ground," get yourself or dog into every likely corner, and wound up the lecture by asserting my belief that there were more birds awaiting the diligent hunter in that same cover; and there were, for we started six more and bagged them all before 11 o'clock. Then the rain took an inning and we crawled under a bridge to "wait till the clouds roll by." We waited and waited, but finally gave it up and started slowly toward the "mansion," working likely edges as we went along, and picked up two more grouse before reaching that hospitable shelter. And so ended the first day. You have my postals stating later results.

It always did me good to see the Doctor kill a grouse and watch the race between him and Pete to see which would have the first bite. His dog was fairly stanch on point, but an inveterate shot breaker. At the crack of the gun the dog immediately "lit out" in the direction of the bird; if it was killed and the dog preceded the Doctor to the remains the bird was hash instanter. So when the Doctor shot and killed he immediately dropped his gun and had a "free-for-all" race, with Pete usually in the lead and the air ringing with shouts of "Here, Pete, Pete," which would have a tendency to slow him up, but never so as to give the Doctor a clear lead. Even now I wake up in the night and laugh at the recollection. If his gun cracked I could always tell the result by the noise, and knew the race was on. Tick is tireless, steady and stanch, and goes at woodcock like an old hand. I don't think your Tony is any better. Enough for this time. More anon. JACK.

II.—From S. in Alma, Mich., to Jack in Saratoga, N. Y.

ALMA, Mich., Nov. 16.—Dear Jack: I have read your long and very gratifying letter relating the course of the hunt and the details of the bag for one day in the old familiar glades and swales of Essex; and I assure you it brought back the familiar scenes vividly to mind and I could follow your track like that of a rabbit in the snow. I picture to myself the start in at the cedars, the whir of the grouse that bit the dust at the crack of the gun; the woodcock flitting across the river, only to be followed and brought to bag; and then the crawling through the bars when you go up to the East Side woodcock covers. Yes, I remember that day four years ago, when I thought Lexington or Waterloo was on again; when it was a question which scared the most cock, the guns or Rowdy, for neither one hurt them much. There I lay on an old fallen tree while the fun was fast and furious, until, unable to stand it longer, I dragged my weary limbs up the height and finally reached the scene of action in time to be told that the birds had probably all been driven into the next county. Lucky I was not there that soft autumn evening, for Fred would have had more birds to carry in than he was accustomed to!

I will try and give you a little bit of our experience the only day the sun came out while I was shooting. Cedar Lake is about twenty miles west of Alma on the D. L. & N. Ry., not a regular station, but trains stop when flagged. I knew one Nelson who used to do a rushing business there when lumbering was at its height in this and neighboring counties; he made a lot of money, but, as is sometimes the case, he indorsed very freely for others, and one morning woke up to find that, instead of being worth an hundred thousand, he was nearly if not quite on his uppers. Out of the wreck he saved 1,000 acres of stump lands, two or three store buildings, barns, etc., on which Mr. Wright holds a mortgage, and which we are now foreclosing; but we all hope he will save 200 or 300 acres with his stores, barns, etc., so as to have enough to grub a living from the rest of his days. He lives upstairs over a store in one of the buildings, and has plenty of room, there being a parlor, sitting room, dining room, kitchen and four bedrooms. I had a bedroom off the sitting room, and as his furniture is the remains of prosperous days, Sharp was as "snug as a bug in a rug." I had a big vacant room down stairs, with a stove in it, in which I kept the dogs, cleaned the guns, strung up the birds, and did the hundred and one little things incident to a shooting trip which one doesn't like to take into the living rooms of a cultured family.

The place appears to be called Cedar Lake because there are no cedars around what once might have been a lake, but is now reduced to a mere pond not over ten acres in extent. But there are some rare good shooting grounds about there, and from their nature and extent will be practically inexhaustible if the close season is observed. There are miles of such half-dry swamps as you occasionally run across in Essex, and scrub oak uplands as far as the eye can reach. If we had enjoyed such weather as yesterday and to-day, I should have had a very different report to make of the trip. As it is, I'm glad you didn't come, for without good weather an outing is only half an outing.

There was one day I would have given all my old shoes to have had you along with your trigger finger in line, but aside from that day the birds lay humped up in dense cover or lay *perdu* under old roots and logs. It was a lowering morning when we started about 9 o'clock and struck into a piece of swampy woods a quarter mile from our stopping place. Soon Belze made game and directly was pointing stanchly toward an old tree top lying in tall, rank swamp grass, the ideal place for grouse on a cloudy morning. I stepped in ahead and away went a bird, but not a fair shot; away went another and I threw away an ounce of No. 8s, and at the crack of the gun up jumped two more from the opposite side, but at a distance of 40yds. they swung into view and I laid the gun on the tail of one and he wilted like a flower in the frost; as I was slipping in shells off whirred two more and I gave them a salute at long range, but not with fatal effect. Then both Belze and I woke up to the fact that such chances are not lying around for anything with a gun to find, and realized that our nerves were at high tension. By this time Knapp swung around with Tony, but the game was all awing and none left for his deliberate but deadly fire. It had rained the night before, and as the birds had flown toward the wet part of the swamp we concluded to swing on out into the open side hill adjoining and see if the quail were breakfasting. Tony was sent out to scour the field, while I kept Belze at my heel with some difficulty. I was just about to start down along the edge of the swamp when I noticed Tony stop suddenly, turn half around with a step or two and stop. He was about as far from us as the D. & H. station is from the Worden, but he held his point stanchly while we came up and walked in ahead, Belze in the meantime backing in good style. Up go the bevy of quail and I drop one, while for a wonder Knapp misses clean.

We follow them back to the edge of the swamp, but at the sound of our approach up they jump without waiting for the dogs to stand them, and make off for the swamp. Knapp drops one, and at long range I drop another. I see him tumble into some alders, and go to pick him up. Belze whisks around a minute or two and then points him. Just as I stoop to pick him up he darts from under my hand and runs faster than you would think possible, and dives into a hole under a half-decayed stump. We rip up a root of it, but cannot stir the main portion; and although both dogs have to be pulled away, we have to pull ourselves away and leave the little Robert to eke out a flightless existence. Passing on, we come to a lad cutting up a tree at the edge of a cornfield, and ask him if there are any birds thereabouts? He replies, "Haven't seen any this year." However, within a gunshot of where he is working we find another bevy, which flush wild and pitch into the swamp. I note where they stop, and find them again in some willows; just the ideal place for woodcock if it were not so late. As they rise wild I get in both barrels: one at random with the usual result, but the other held well on an outlying single that flushes after the rest and he falls almost at Knapp's feet. They have gone now where only a bird can go, and so we pass on to an old logging road and start in after ruffed grouse. We haven't gone far before both dogs make game, and draw up side by side. Ah, Jack, old boy! An' you should have seen them then! Tony with his head thrown up to a high point, Belze half crouching and rigid in true pointer style, and a blanket would have covered them both.

The picture was so admirable that for the moment we forgot the birds, till a rush and a whir as two grouse went away through the trees brought us to a sense of duty. Knapp missed, but I had a more open shot and scored a clean kill. Another bird flushed out of sight, and directly another tried to top a little second-growth pine, but just as his barred breast showed plainly against the living green my gun cracked, and down he came. Going forward to pick him up, he proved to be only wing-tipped, and there he strutted away with wings drooping and tail spread for all the world like a turkey cock. It was a picture that I lingered to enjoy, the dog all the time trembling from stem to stern, his jaws closing convulsively, until finally I told him to fetch, which he did in good style, although the bird would have run off again had I not taken him from the dog's mouth before he dropped him.

It was now about noon, and so we concluded to discuss lunch. Now comes a wrinkle worth noting, and which we never enjoyed in the Adirondacks. A fire is built sheltered from the wind, and as soon as the bed of coals begins to form we cut sticks about 6ft. long, and putting our buttered bread on the forked end toast it to the queen's taste. Knapp has already dressed a couple of quail, and they are soon basting and broiling on a spit, and there you have quail on toast, hot and savory, in the deep of the woods at a time when salt horse would be savory; and of course the birds were simply delicious. No more cold snacks for me. On a crisp, cool day, with an appetite to match, you have no idea how grateful to an empty stomach is a piece of hot toast and a steaming bird. Occasionally we would shoot a rabbit and roast him on the spit, i. e., his hind-quarters, for the noontide repast. In addition to the epicurean feature it well repays in recuperation and the zest with which one takes up the afternoon shooting, to have a good rest at the middle of the day and a ten-minute snooze in the sunshine on a full stomach. One day I heard the whistle of wings so familiar when woodcocks spring, and directly Belze was standing prettily beside a little stream. Up went Mr. Bird and up went the gun, and down he came. I made him grace the piece of toast at noontime, and a bird never tasted better. Take my advice, old friend, and hereafter don't gobble or gulp down a few mouthfuls of cold bread and meat at noon and then haste on to the hunt. The bag will be heavier and you will enjoy grassing them much more if you duplicate the above-mentioned delightful experience.

I was leisurely picking a bird bone, with my back against a log, when a white weasel scurried along a log about 20ft. distant and was lost in the forest. These little fellows are very rare and bring a high price, but we concluded to let him scurry. Knapp then picked up his gun and said: "While you are picking your teeth I'll go back into the woods a piece and swing around to you again in a few minutes." As I sat there enjoying the sunshine, so rare in those days, I heard his gun crack; he called out "Mark!" and grasping my gun, I saw a grouse with wings set sailing toward me. She was just touching the top of

a brush pile when I saw her on the end of my gun, and she fell to the ground without so much as a twitch, killed dead.

Do you think a bird may be so shot that a keen-nosed dog cannot catch any scent from it? A day or two previously Knapp was telling me about being out with a dog whose nose was of proven delicacy and keenness; that he had killed a bird and the dog failed to fetch, although he passed directly over the spot where the bird fell. Himself going to the spot, found the bird visible to the naked eye, and the next instant the dog passed over the bird without detecting it. Nose off, you say? Not so. Now I stood within 30ft. of the victim of my last shot, and he lay there distinguishable, but not what would be termed in plain sight. I sent Belze to fetch, and twice he passed directly over the bird without so much as an indication that the bird was there. Swinging back, he put one foot on the bird, but the instant he raised his foot he caught scent and then suddenly stopped and located the game and brought it in. Now it seems to me that a bird being instantly killed, not so much as a flutter left in him, the shock suspends for a short time the emission of the usual odor, so as to give no indication to the keenest nose. Have you had similar experience and tried to diagnose—or dog nose—the case?

We now made along an old wood road, and Tony at one side pinned a single, and Knapp did the rest. He also picked off another ruffle neck at the edge of a clearing, and we emerged to a narrow meadow, along a stream of about 20ft. in width. We blundered on to a small bevy of quail, an outlying bird flushing and getting away unhurt, out setting to wing a half dozen more, which we marked down in the tall grass between us and the water. "Now," said I, "my friend, we are in for a picnic with Master Bob and his brothers if we keep our eyes and fingers steady;" and so we were. The dogs picked their way around in the high grass, now and then drawing to a point or roading a running bird, till we had picked up four. Then we crossed the stream on a bridge 100yds. down stream, and were just starting up stream, when in a little clump of bushes both dogs drew to a stand. In a minute two grouse boiled out, and we both scored a miss, while a third that Belze roaded flushed and went away unshot at. I felt the need of having some one scoff at me then, but you not being around the air trembled with nothing but mutterings deep. On we went after two birds that had come across the stream when we started the last bevy, and soon both dogs had them in limbo. At the rise we got one, and picked up another that had died after having flown across the stream.

We now shouldered guns and made a forced march to a likely hillside bordering a big swamp directly on our route to Cedar Lake, so as to be near the supper table when the day's hunt was done. The bag began to be heavy, and for the first time my shoulder ached with the 8 or 10lbs. in the bag. The sky had been darkening with clouds for an hour, and now and then a drop of water told us to make for cover. Going along the hillside, we picked up two more birds, and the rain now falling fast, we made the best time possible over the mile and a half that lay between us and supper. We got in at a quarter to 5, wet and happy, after the first day of what could be called sport since arriving on the ground. I had got down to shooting trim and was ready for some reasonably good records, but all the rest of the time the weather was raw, sour and rainy, and the birds were wiser than we and stayed at home, so we only picked up enough for the pot, or possibly a few to spare, as reported to you by card from day to day. And so passes into history my trip of 96. It was far from what I had planned it to be, owing to your flunk on coming west, but on the whole I'm glad, as before intimated, that you did not come to share our disappointment in the weather; for it is trying to see the rain or snow fall day after day, or the wind howl great guns, all the time knowing that with sunny skies a good bag awaited the tyro, and a back load the expert with a gun. You said something about Tick being as good a dog as Tony; read on.

To Essex went a hunter bold,
Who tramped the hills in heat and cold;
Across his arm a shooting stick,
And at his heel a dog called Tick.

A hunting dog! Jove save the name,
For skunks and grouse were all the same
To him. And then when all alone
How stanchly he would point a bone!

When not engaged in hunting fleas,
His curly tail just fans the breeze
That sweeps the field. He points his best
With game due east, his snipe nose west.

When woodcocks spring or quails take wing,
What is that cock-eared, piebald thing
That scampers after? By Old Nick!
It is Jack's pride, the famous Tick.

When jumps the rabbit from the ground,
With leg of deer and bay of hound,
Tick speeds away; and bound to roam
Till every lowing cow comes home.

Oh, what a dog! Compared to Tony
He's like a wolf, long, gaunt and bony.
While Tony beats a field with sense,
Tick goes to sleep beside the fence.

* * * * * * *

Wouldst thou a brace of bird dogs see?
Tony and Belze are dogs for thee!
Of royal blood, swift, stanch and true,
As fine a brace as ever drew
A field for quail, a wood for grouse,
Or guarded well their master's house.

Yours as ever, L. A. S.

Hardship in New Jersey.

THE New Jersey game wardens continue to make hardships for the law-breakers in that State. The arrests for November averaged more than one a day, and on old and new cases $358.66 was collected and deposited to the credit of the Commissioners. Fish and Game Protector Chas. A. Shriner and his deputies are setting an example of "Jersey justice" which might well be emulated elsewhere.

TRACKING MOOSE ON BARE GROUND.

"WELL, Ralph, let's be going," I said as I wearily shouldered my rifle and rose from the old "blow-down" on which I had been resting.

We were about five miles from our camp on the South Branch of the Machias, engaged in the difficult task of tracking moose on bare ground. For two days we had followed the tracks of three moose, a bull, cow and calf, as far as we could judge, which fortunately had continued to travel slowly and in circles, enabling us to return to camp at night, having carefully blazed our last stop on the trail, and continue the pursuit the following morning.

Ralph, my guide, now took the lead, directing me to keep close behind him; I could not help but admire his wonderful skill in following the almost imperceptible trail. Nothing escaped his lynx-like gaze. Here he would point to a bit of moss scraped from a log as one of the great creatures thundered over it—there, to a slender branch of "moose wood" from which the bark had been peeled by our game. Ralph would generally stop before one of these moose bites, as he called them, and taking out his old clasp knife scrape some bark from a place that had not been touched by the moose. By comparing the color of this freshly peeled wood with that of the moose bites, he could estimate their apparent age and get some idea of the distance between us and our game.

We soon came to a dense clump of alders bordering a swamp, and here Ralph stopped, seemingly puzzled. "I've lost the trail," he finally remarked; "you sit down a few minutes and I'll look the ground over a bit." Cheerfully assenting, as I was beginning to feel rather tired, I threw myself down on an old pine top and for fully fifteen minutes Ralph thrashed around among the dry alders, now and again kneeling to study the age of a track. At last he returned with a discouraged look on his usually merry countenance.

"It's no use," he said, "there are so many tracks in there I can't tell which are the right ones. One thing is certain, the three moose we're after crossed this swamp somewhere, and the only thing we can do is to circle it and hunt for their tracks on the other side. If I only had a little snow to go by I'd show you some fine moose hunting."

Determining not to give up if I had to circle all the swamps in Maine, I told him to go ahead, and in less time than either of us had anticipated we rounded the marsh grass and alders, and saw to our mutual satisfaction a fine hardwood ridge not far ahead. Once more my guide searched for the lost trail, and soon was rewarded by the discovery of fresher tracks than we had yet seen where the three moose came out from the swamp. Thus stimulated, I gripped my rifle, and with a quicker pace we set out over the ridge. A snow squall had sprung up, but as the tracking on the ridge was a great deal easier we did not mind the snow much. What I did mind, however, was a violent wind which followed the snow flurry, creating great havoc among the forest monarchs. Crash after crash resounded through the woods, as the tops of stately pines were torn away by fierce blasts and hurled down sometimes not 8yds. from us.

"If you hear one breaking above you dodge it," remarked Ralph, who had stopped to look at his compass. "A fellow down my way was crushed to death by an old top last year." And with this pleasing assurance he resumed the march.

The snow had ceased to fall, and the sun was striving to break through a mass of clouds, when Ralph again halted with an exclamation of satisfaction. I read the favorable signs as soon as he did; there in a patch of marsh grass was a place where some large animal had lain down.

"Don't move!" exclaimed the guide, "you might spoil some important signs," and with a catlike tread he made his way among the multitude of tracks plainly visible on the wet ground.

"Now you may come," Ralph remarked, after he had surveyed the ground and surroundings to his satisfaction. "See what you can make of it."

I studied the situation some time before venturing an opinion. "The bull must have lain there," I at length commented, "and over here are two more depressions where the cow and calf probably rested, as they are much smaller. When the three moose arose they walked over to this moose wood and fed a while, then they continued along here on a slow walk, and finally went off in that direction." So saying, I indicated a course at right angles to the one we had been following.

Ralph gave a hearty laugh. "That's just where you are dead wrong. These tracks you are now looking at are old ones, probably made two months ago. I must confess they fooled me until I saw that," and coming to where I stood he pointed to a peeled twig which would have escaped the eyes of most men.

"Well, what of that?" I said, somewhat chagrined.

"Why, don't you see by the color of the wood that it is an old bite? When the moose were done feeding they doubled on their tracks and went off in this direction. I have found some bites not over an hour old."

Parting the bushes, I saw he was indeed right. There, in a direction exactly opposite to the one I had indicated, were fresh footprints of three moose. With new ardor we applied ourselves to the chase, crossing two small ridges, and finally ascending a rather steep acclivity. The appearance of the country now very noticeably changed, thick undergrowth giving place to a carpet of soft green grass, while the trees grew larger and much further apart. Suddenly Ralph stopped. Peering from behind his rather ponderous form, I noticed that we were approaching a sort of vista or natural clearing in the forest overgrown with stunted timber and moose wood. The guide's eyes were fixed on some tracks just in front of him, tracks which meant no more to me than the many others we had been following all day. But this crafty woodsman had noticed that while all the footprints previously seen were slightly coated with snow, those just in front of him had not a flake upon them.

"Be on your guard now," he whispered, "the moose are not far off."

Just then some unknown influence caused me to look up, and my eye lighted on a fine specimen of the bull moose standing between two pines about 125yds. distant. Ralph saw him as soon as I did, and our rifles rang out simultaneously. The great animal reeled, almost fell, and then crashed off through the bushes.

I was for giving chase at once, but Ralph would by no means permit this.

"We must wait at least ten minutes," he said, sitting down on a log and taking out his mammoth time-piece; "more game is lost by following it as soon as it is wounded than any other way. That moose is hit hard, and he will not go 40yds. if left alone; but if he hears us following him there is no knowing how far he may be able to travel."

We waited accordingly, the minutes seeming very long to me. At length the guide put up his watch, and stealthily we made our way to the point where we had last seen the bull. There, sure enough, we found a fresh trail leading in the direction we judged our game had taken, Ralph soon pointing out a great root which had been literally torn from the ground.

"That looks like the work of a wounded moose," he remarked, and we quickened our speed. The guide, however, bore a puzzled expression on his countenance, and before we had gone 100yds. he stopped abruptly.

"We have made a big blunder," he said after a moment of silence.

"What do you mean?" I asked in surprise.

"We fired at the bull moose," he continued, "and we are now following the tracks of the cow."

"What makes you think that?"

Ralph removed his cap and scratched his head. "That bull was hit hard, he could never have come as far as this; besides this track is too small to be the bull's."

"But the root torn up, you said it was the work of a wounded moose?"

"A moose badly scared will often tear around some. Now mind, this track may be all right, but I have a sort of feeling that it isn't. I propose we blaze that old stump there so we can find this place again in case my theory proves wrong. We can easily retrace our footsteps to the spot where we fired at the bull, and if I am not greatly mistaken we will find another moose track there which will prove the right one."

So back we went, easily finding our starting point, where a fresh difficulty arose. The moose had been feeding and tramping around before we disturbed them and a perfect network of tracks confronted Ralph. Trail after trail we followed with no result. I was about to give up in despair and even Ralph was weakening when suddenly he uttered a cry of delight, at the same time holding out a leaf he had just picked from the tracks we happened to be following. I took it from him and could hardly help giving three cheers, for on that leaf was a tiny speck of blood.

All was now easy; every few yards we would find fresh marks of crimson on ground or bushes, and often torn and trampled shrubbery.

At length Ralph paused in the act of climbing over a windfall, looking back at me with a broad grin on his face. Hastening up, I peered through the bushes and there lay the bull moose, which had not run more than 80yds., having been hit squarely in the breast. As near as the guide and I could estimate, the animal weighed about 1,000lbs., and while his head was large, the antlers, though well formed and evenly pronged, were a bit under size.

"Well," said Ralph, "you've got him, but it was a tough job. If we had only had a little snow I could have shown you what we fellows up here call real moose tracking."

LEONIDAS WESTERVELT.

YELLOWSTONE PARK GAME.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a few days I shall ship to Washington most of the animals we have here. 'I shall send six antelope, one cow elk, four beaver and two black bears. I will leave five elk (bulls). I'm having crates made for them in Gardiner. They are to go by express. November has been a very stormy month; hardly a day without a storm of either rain, snow or wind. Friday night last was our coldest—37° at the Hospital, Fort Yellowstone. There is much more snow here now than usually at this time of the year. About two weeks ago we had the ground well covered, then came a chinook wind, with a little rain; the snow melted off in many places, low down, but in others only enough to form ice over a considerable extent of country; then came more snow and the cold snap. There is good sleighing from the Springs to Cinnabar, but the snow is very badly drifted.

The antelope were on the flat on the east side of the Gardiner River and slopes of Mt. Everts in large bands, but the coyotes were giving them fits—were killing at least five and six a day. The coyotes are very numerous, with now and then a few wolves. The poor antelope were obliged to get away, so they crossed Gardiner River, traveling down along the Yellowstone in sight of the town of Gardiner. Two miles below there is a line of fence across except at the road. The first band of about 150 soon got out of the Park into Montana, when the people of Gardiner and Cinnabar started in on them. In one day over twenty were killed. Not a day passes but some are killed. One got past Cinnabar and in Reese's field, where it was shot by Reese. If they get past Cinnabar they have Horr to pass, with its hundreds of miners, all wanting to get a shot. It's possible that a few may get below Fridley, where there is a bit of unfenced, open country. Monday the last band left the east side of Gardiner. There was a bunch of eight, with six coyotes after them. By morning I don't suppose there will be one alive on that side of Gardiner. This morning I saw over 200 within a quarter of a mile of Gardiner on their way below.

I fear there will not be many antelope left in the spring—not enough for seed. I hope I am mistaken. I hope that a few will manage to live and return to the Park in the spring, but even their efforts to do so will be a useless struggle unless the coyotes are killed off. I'm sorry to see the antelope killed by the people around here, but they say that they may as well have them as the coyotes; they would be killed anyway. Day before yesterday three antelope were killed in sight of town.

The severe weather has made the elk come down very early. About 200 were in the Government pasture, some eating at the "dump pile," Saturday. Mount Everts and the Blacktail county are alive with them. I saw twenty-one mountain sheep in the Gardiner Cañon the other day; several fine rams among them.

Tom Miner tells of a band of mountain sheep in the first cañon of the Yellowstone above Bear Creek, and that he saw the tracks of a family of six mountain lions. They

will get most of these sheep or run them out of the country.

A party of four men have been hunting up Hellroaring Creek; they were traveling with a permit. On their way in they had twelve animals loaded with game. They have been arrested for killing their meat in the Park and are at the Mammoth Hot Springs now awaiting trial.

Some people won't believe there are any wolves in the Park. I saw five in Hayden Valley, where Mr. Hough and I found the dead buffalo. E. HOFER.

DEER HUNTING AND DEER LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Just a few words in regard to the manner in which Deerslayer's article in FOREST AND STREAM has been received by a number of your correspondents.

First, I wish to state very emphatically that I do not approve of Deerslayer's method of taking deer. But when a man does not agree with you as to the method to be used in killing deer it is no reason why he should be "jumped upon" roughshod, and such abusive and insulting terms as "butcher," "human fiend" and "brute" showered upon him. Without doubt every correspondent who has abused and insulted Deerslayer could call to mind the time in his sporting career when he was not above taking a pot shot at a bunch of quail, or even shooting a deer in the water with a scatter gun. I have as friends men who shoot game birds sitting or make pot shots when they get a chance, yet they are men of honor. What they lack, and undoubtedly what Deerslayer lacks, is education in their sport. Help them up to the higher plane of sportsmanship by kinds words of advice and common-sense argument. If you wish to convert a man to your religious or political faith you do not abuse or insult him, but bring to bear your most convincing and conclusive arguments, couched in pleasant words. Gentlemen, if you were in camp in the wilds of the Rockies, with a man for guide who differed in opinion with you as to the proper method of taking game, you might argue with him, but you would not insult him.

Let us hope that the pages of America's best and cleanest sportsman's journal may not again be soiled with such insults as have been flung at Deerslayer, and all because God has not made him to see as we see, or think as we think. JOHN C. BRIGGS.

IOWA.

DEC. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The battle royal that has followed on Deerslayer's description of his method of hunting has developed again a phase of sportsmanship that is very distasteful to those who have the benefit of education and refined associations. It is likewise one of the few things that a FOREST AND STREAM reader has to sometimes regret seeing in his favorite paper. I do not refer to Deerslayer's style of hunting, but to the style of the criticisms he has raised. Personally I have never killed a deer, nor fired at one, chiefly because I have never, but on one day, been within range of any. On that occasion I had my rifle on one side of me and my camera on the other, paddling in a canoe around a Canadian lake, amusing myself doing nothing. Two deer came out of some reeds and brush and stood for a moment looking at me from the shore, and I photographed them fairly well. Then they went upon their way. I wanted a picture of wild deer most. Next I would have liked a shot at one, but the second desire yielded to the most ardent. To shoot a deer I have gotten within reach of by skill or endurance or nerve on my part would give me greater pleasure than to shoot one that came into my tent and couldn't get out. If he were tied up to a tree I would enjoy it still less. I don't think that I would care for Deerslayer's method at all, in fact I am quite sure that I would not, but right there arises the question as to whether my different taste gives me the right to assail him with outrageous language and epithets, as some of your correspondents have done. To express in a public print the hope that a man's gun will burst and kill him, because he catches a deer with a rope, is a form of controversy closely resembling rowdyism. For the sake of your old-time prestige I was sorry to see some of these letters in your columns. Mr. Cleveland's manly apology disarms criticism, to a certain extent, of all his co-offenders as well as of himself, and I will turn away from the whole greatly to be regretted matter, with relief, to speak of the question that is at the bottom of all disputes as to the proper manner in which deer and other game should be taken.

In the first place, all citizens of a State have an equal right to its game. If it runs or flies on public lands they have an equal right to go there and hunt it. Scores of years ago the number of deer in the Adirondacks and elsewhere so greatly outnumbered the hunters whom the facilities of those days enabled to hunt them, and the number of deer born every year so greatly exceeded those killed or dying from natural causes, that there was no need of a law for their protection. Every man took what he pleased, if he could, and no one noticed the difference. Now, however, all is changed. In the last fifteen or twenty years railroad improvements have made it so easy for even women and children and invalids to reach the wildest hunting grounds that the number of hunters has increased, doubled and tripled with the years in geometrical progression. Coincident with the increase in the army of hunters came the greater range and power of the weapons, to say nothing of their being repeaters. Formerly a man rarely got two shots at one deer. Now he gets three or four frequently. All these things, naturally enough, have led to a steady decrease in the number of the deer—a decrease so steady in proportion to the hunters that there is brought before us the unmistakable possibility of having no deer left at all. Then we begin to enact laws to secure the killing of less game than formerly, in the hope that the natural increase of the animals will keep pace with the loss by means of the hunters.

Now we reach our point. The sole object of the law is to prevent too great a number of the deer being killed. That is its essence, and certain methods are only forbidden because they make it so easy to capture the game that a greater number of deer that we can spare would be annually killed if those means were used. Any method that does not possess this same fault is perfectly justifiable and its employment purely a matter of taste. Now for Deerslayer's deed. He, by means usually employed in the Adirondacks, drove (or had driven for him) a deer into the water. Then he pursued it in a canoe, and on catching up with it tied a halter round its neck to secure it when shot. Then he or some one else shot it. Everything, excepting the use of the rope, was exactly according to the regular method of Adirondack deer hounding. If they were near enough to the animal to put a cord around him they could hardly have missed him with any kind of gun. Therefore the act in no way, however slight, increased the destruction of the game. Personally I cannot see much amusement in pursuing deer in a canoe, because if you get so very close to them the only part of the chase which is in the sportsman's own hands—namely, the shooting—is so easy that there is little pleasure and no cause at all for a feeling of hunter's pride in it. That is my own view of the matter and doubtless some of Deerslayer's rather hasty critics possess the same, but I respectfully call their attention to the fact that such dogmatic laying down of the law as they have done lately is quite as likely to be the result of boorish egotism as of pure sportsmanship.

Keep to the essential point, gentlemen. The number of deer killed annually is of more importance to coming generations of hunters than is the way in which they were killed. If I leave a son, I have no doubt if he has my blood in his veins he will like to hunt above all things, and he would be better pleased that the sportsmen of to-day had killed a couple of hundred Adirondack deer annually by lassoing than a couple of thousand by shooting. There is the whole matter in a nutshell. Let us confine ourselves to a thorough examination of these matters and to the enacting of laws for the better preservation of our game, but let us be equally careful to avoid what is none of our business. If Deerslayer chooses to secure his legal number of deer per year in a manner which is actually more difficult than the usual one, as it clearly must be, let him do so in peace, and let us devote our energies to getting on the trail of the men who take more than their share with the cleanest kind of stalking and shooting. Through it all let us leave aside all-aged, catch-gallery phrases of "butcher" and the like, and discuss the matter politely and with due regard to the courtesy which improves every relation in life, and alone makes social intercourse between those who disagree tolerable.

FRANK LAURENCE DONOHUE.

MAINE AND ITS BIG GAME.

BOSTON, Dec. 5.—Another flood of deer is arriving by the way of the American Express Co. from the wilds of Maine. There have been several tracking snows of late and each is followed, in a day or two, by a number of deer reaching Boston. Prices are very high in the markets, and the temptation is strong to the sportsman not over rich in this world's goods to sell his venison. I hear of a deer sold by a hunter just returned from Maine to a hotel for $30. But as the season advances the deer are getting poorer in flesh, and it seems almost a pity that the open season does not close with Dec. 1. Very few moose are arriving just at present. By the train reaching Boston Monday evening there came seven deer, with a great many saddles and parts of deer. The next day there were about as many, but since that time only two or three to a train.

J. Parker Whitney, well known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, went up to his camp home at Mosquito Brook, Richardson Lake, Me., on Tuesday last. He was accompanied by his family and a friend. He went in via Bemis, and from thence to the Upper Dam. The weather was cold and the lake very likely to freeze, but Capt. F. C. Barker got him through to the Dam without accident. Capt. B. then immediately drew his steamers out for winter. All the other boats on the Rangeleys are out for the season, and those waters will doubtless be closed before this reaches the eye of the reader. Mr. Whitney will remain at his camp till the new year. His two sons, in Harvard College, will spend Christmas with him. A trail is to be cut from Bemis to Mr. Whitney's camps sufficiently good for the passage of a team in winter. The distance is five or six miles through an unbroken forest. From Mr. Whitney's to the Upper Dam there is already a fair trail, the distance being about two miles.

Mr. E. M. Gillam's hunt for quail in Jersey was a fairly successful one. He met his brother, of the Philadelphia *Record*, at their old home, and, both had their favorite dog. They hunted the quail sections about Vineland faithfully, having fair success. Then they tried some of the quail sections of eastern Pennsylvania. Here the hunting was novel and new to Mr. Gillam, of Boston, the shooting being almost entirely from open fields instead of woods and thickets. They found the lands generally posted with "All shooting forbidden," and it took a good deal of persuasion and "standing up" to get the farmers' consent to allow their lands to be shot over. In one case the Gillam boys thought they had permission to hunt all right, and raised a flock of thirty or forty quail. E. M. drew his bird with both barrels, and his brother followed suit, but before their dogs could retrieve the birds they saw an angry farmer coming, accompanied by a big Newfoundland dog. The dog was savage, and immediately seized upon both dogs and proceeded to punish them most unmercifully. The burly farmer was also ready to punish the owners of the dogs, and it took a good deal of palaver, accompanied by a greenback, to pacify him. At the best the boys had to leave the quail they had shot, but they got a good number on the whole trip, making a record of over forty.

Still the hunters are going to Maine, and doubtless will be till the end of the open season on big game. Partridge shooting is unlawful in that State after Dec. 1, and it is hoped that the gunners after big game will leave the birds to breed. Messrs. Wayne H. North, Dr. Frederick Freeman, Bert Atkins and M. D. Cressey started for Ashland on the Aroostook Railroad last evening. From Ashland they are to go forty miles into the Alagash country. They are taken in charge at Ashland by Asa Rafford, their principal guide. Their principal camp is to be at Pratt Lake. They go for moose, though deer and caribou will be accpted.

A dispatch to the daily papers gives a thrilling account of a Wilton, Me., man with a moose in the Dead River country last week, where a party of four was engaged in hunting. They had already secured three deer when one morning Leon Bump came upon a cow moose, which he allowed to escape. Quickly he saw a big bull. Firing two shots, he only angered the beast, and it immediately made a rush for him. The report says that the man was so paralyzed with fear that he could scarcely move, but did raise his rifle and fire again, stopping the moose when only 6ft. away. In the party were Leon Bump, E. C. Bump, Guy Fernald and Dr. C. F. Rowell.

The newspapers also have it that W. K. Moody, with his brother, Prof. J. F. Moody, of the Auburn (Me.) High School, has been down to Bemis, Me., on a deer hunt, and that Capt. F. C. Barker hunted with them. They struck Bemis the night before Thanksgiving, and it was snowing. The next morning it was dull and foggy, but there were 8in. of new snow on the ground—the ideal condition for deer hunting. The hunters were off early, and it did not take long to strike tracks. A big buck was shot on the side of the mountain, with two or three other ineffectual shots obtained. The most singular feature about the buck was the fact of his having but one antler. There was a stub about 4in. long for the other. It had evidently been broken off when in the velvet, as it was entirely healed. The next day the snow nearly all went away, leaving the hunting poor. This weather was followed by a freeze that rendered hunting very difficult by reason of the crashing of the leaves and underbrush at every step.

Dispatches to the newspapers complain of a good deal of illegal shooting of deer in Maine, and shipment by underground railway to the Boston markets. I have occasion to go through these markets almost every day, and so far I have failed to find the usual signs of illegally killed and shipped venison as numerous as usual. So far venison has been scarce, though some has been obtained from sportsmen who have sold their deer in order to help out on the expenses of their hunting trips, as already noted. It may be that there is yet a good deal of illegally shipped venison to reach the Boston markets, but so far I cannot see that the quantity has been as great as usual. Prominent market men, thoroughly acquainted with the venison business, will indorse my statements.

I intended to have mentioned further up that Bemis is a very easy point for the hunter to reach in the big game section of Maine. One reaches that peculiar lumbering, hunting and fishing city in the woods in the early evening, via Portland & Rumford Falls and Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes railways. Capt. Fred C. Barker takes excellent care of the sportsmen, and it is like living at a good home, and yet right in the big game woods. J. A. French, well known to sportsmen formerly going to the Rangeleys via Andover, is at Bemis with forty men in lumber camps, and with a contract to get out 2,000,000ft. of spruce. But he is going deer hunting on the next good snow. SPECIAL.

LEBANON, N. H., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of nine sportsmen from this place and vicinity, members of the Sagamore Gun Club, who have a camp on Birch Island, Holeb Lake, Maine, have just returned from a week's trip to that locality, bringing with them fourteen deer—a good showing, as the snow was not in the best condition for tracking on account of a light crust. They report plenty of game in that region.

W. S. C.

NEW YORK.—My chum and I have recently returned from a shooting trip in the northern part of Maine, and as it proved most successful I thought perhaps some of the readers of your interesting journal might like a short account of it. We went in from Ashland to one of Mr. C. G. Reed's camps, situated on the south branch of the Machias River, where we remained just fourteen days, bringing out with us four deer, one moose and one caribou. I have hunted in many parts of Maine, but never before have seen so favorable a spot for game of all kinds.

We both wish to highly recommend Mr. Reed, who tried in every way to make our stay in his camp agreeable as well as successful; and as for the guides he furnished us with—Ralph Morse and A. F. Hoffses, both of Mapleton, Me.—I can only say they are two of the best hunters and all-round guides I have ever had experience with.

You will find inclosed an account of my moose hunt, which I would be greatly pleased to have printed in FOREST AND STREAM for the edification of other amateur moose hunters, who may be benefited by some of my mistakes. LEONIDAS WESTERVELT.

[Mr. Westervelt's moose hunt is described in another column.]

ARKANSAS AND THE SOUTH.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 4.—The eagerly anticipated rain that was to fill up our marshes and streams finally came, and for a whole week it did nothing but rain, so that there is now plenty of water in our duck marshes. The knowing ones then said that all that was necessary was for the rain to break up with a cold snap, and we would have a good flight of ducks. This too came, and with it the ducks also, but the thermometer rapidly ran down below freezing, and remained so for five days. The natural consequence was that all our marshes and lakes froze, and remained in that state so long as to drive all the ducks further south. Thus the flight that should have afforded good sport remained only a day, and our duck shooting for this season is now a thing of the past. It is quite likely that the shooting is now good in Florida, Louisiana and Texas, as freezing temperature is reported as far south as San Antonio, and the shooting must now be fine on the Texas coast.

Quail.

The sportsmen of the South will now turn their attention to the quail, and as the crop is unusually abundant in Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, there is not much question where to go in order to get good shooting. Mr. Harry Stevenson informed me while at the Vicksburg shoot that quail shooting was good in the vicinity of Monroe, La., and that they never went a great way from the city to do their shooting. Mr. Frank Arrighi told me that it was not a difficult task to find from fifteen to twenty bevies in a day's hunt within a short distance of Natchez, Miss. At Vicksburg, too, the birds were plentiful, and Mr. Will Miller and Mr. Bradfield told me that they had had some fine sport with the birds this fall. All along the line of the Yazoo Valley R. R. good shooting is to be had, and a man can not go much amiss in any part of Mississippi. Locally the birds are plentiful, but not much attention has been paid to them, as the weather up to the present cold snap has been too warm. But now that there is frost in the air and all the vegetation has been killed off, they will get little rest until March 1.

Two of our local shooters, J. W. Irwin and John Pemberton, had rather a novel experience the other day. They started off duck hunting, and the only dog they had was a Chesapeake retriever. The flight was rather scattering and soon ceased entirely. They then thought they would see if there were any birds to be found in the fields close by. Of course they expected to walk them up, and never paid any attention to their retriever. Presently Irwin noticed that the dog was acting rather peculiarly, as his head was high up in the air and gently swaying to and fro; so he walked up to him quietly, and when within a few steps of the dog he broke and put up a bevy of birds. These were marked down and the dog allowed to work on them, and whenever he scented one he went through the performance above described, and with only this dog to help them the shooters bagged thirty-six birds. PAUL R. LITZKE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Enormous Seizure of Illegal Game.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 5.—State Warden Fullerton, of Minnesota, has added another laurel to his wreath as a protective officer, and has struck one of the hardest blows ever aimed at illegal game handlers. It was thought that the Kewaunee game case of Illinois, fiasco as it was, broke the record for amount of illegal game confiscated. Mr. Fullerton's seizure, however, involves nearly as large a lot of game, and moreover he got away with his confiscated property. The appended press dispatch gives such facts as are known at this date, and will serve well enough to show how the big markets get their supply of venison. They get it at the expense of the people of such States as Minnesota, States which have a little game left belonging to the people. They get it by means of direct and high-handed robbery. Were the game dealers accused of burglary or theft in anything like a similar amount, the outraged law would punish them swiftly and severely. They might break into the vaults of the State treasury and steal directly the people's funds with as much face of right as to steal the people's game. Nay, they might do this with better right, for taxes of the people's property might replace again the money; but no tax upon the people and no resource, either of the people or of nature, can ever again replace the wild game when it is gone. It is a most singular matter that the people have been so slow in discovering the contemptuous injustice, the unlawful wrong, which has been wrought upon them for years by those who seek to privately market property which belongs to the public, and to which by no means can they establish a title. Too much honor and credit cannot be given Mr. Fullerton for his work in showing the people their rights. The facts are stated as below:

ST. PAUL, Dec. 4.—The largest seizure of game ever effected at one time in the United States was made last evening in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul freight yards by Executive Agent Fullerton, of the State Game and Fish Commission, and Deputy Game Warden James Nash, of Minneapolis. The officers seized and declared confiscated to the State of Minnesota three tons of venison that they claim was being illegally shipped out of the State via the Milwaukee road.

The venison was placed in a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul freight car, which it completely filled. The meat was cut into pieces, all ready for disposition to retailers, and the fine for the illegal carriage of the game meat will amount up into thousands of dollars, as there is a fine of $50 for every piece found illegally in the possession of any shipper or merchant. The venison was tagged to persons in Boston, New York and Chicago. The railroad officials refused to disclose to the officials the bills which would indicate who shipped the venison and who was to receive it.

The officers are of the opinion that the venison was killed by pot-hunters in the northern part of the State, along the Lake of the Woods and in that region. It was impossible to make a count of the pieces, but the officers are of the opinion that the fines for the alleged illegal transportation of the game will reach somewhere in the neighborhood of $40,000 to $50,000 unless a settlement is arranged.

Proposed Illinois Game Law.

We are to have our regular Illinois struggle with the game law at the next session of the Legislature. This time the sportsmen's bill is to be called the Baird bill, and there is every reason to suppose that Mr. Baird has prepared a bill which will be acceptable to sportsmen, and which will not revive the likeness of the late lamented Blow bill, of beloved memory. We are to have our regular committee of sportsmen to go down to Springfield and try to teach the farmers what a fine man the "true sportsman" is. Also we are to have our regular committee from the game dealers of Chicago, who will not say so much about the true sportsman, but who will not do a thing with the farmers just the same. The game dealers will make their usual fight, allowing the sportsmen to do what they please with the Illinois game, which is all sold already, but objecting strenuously to any law affecting the sale of game from outside the State of Illinois. The leaders of the market men would accept a game law which would allow them to sell all sorts of game at all hours of the day and night, from Jan. 1 to Jan. 1. The sportsmen might probably compromise with them on that basis. Let us hope that we shall not be again afflicted with the news of weak-kneed brethren, who, for reasons which perhaps they do not care to have made public, raise their voices, or perhaps we might more accurately say allow their voices to be raised for them, in the cry for a compromise with the butcher shops of South Water street. There is no compromise natural or possible between an honest sportsman and these butcher shops. The war is here and we might as well fight it out. One dealer says some houses in this street often handle from $4,000 to $6,000 worth of game a day at the height of the season. "There is a demand for game which must be filled," he says. There is the whole thing in a nutshell. The dealers say this demand must be filled. Sportsmen know that if the last head of game in this country were killed and marketed the demand would not even then be filled. Yet the life of the sportsman would then be ended. There is your war. Now how can any compromise be possible?

Stole 300 Dogs.

The Chicago dog pound has for the past thirty days been a by-word and reproach. Numbers of dogs have been confined there half fed and exposed practically to the winter air without heat and without the chance for exercise. One night this week some charitable soul, whose name is not known, broke open the dog pound and set free 400 dogs, giving them a sort of Thanksgiving Day, as it were. About 100 of the dogs were recaptured and put back in cold storage. There is a fairy story floating about to the effect that 300 dogs were mysteriously shipped in a car, billed through to Texas, but this story is one to which it is probably best to append the cautious journalistic legend, "it is alleged."

Wants a Meat Dog.

A gentleman who lives in New Jersey, but whose name I do not feel quite at liberty to give, has written me a letter which may be of interest to others than myself, so that I beg to give it. He says:

"From your description of the 'meat dog' I am convinced of your accurate knowledge of that article. I am just out of dogs of this description, and for next year's use may want to get one or two three to six months old setter dog puppies of pure blood, but of the large-headed sensible type which develop into 'meat dogs.' Can you give me the address of some one willing to sell such at a price within the reach of one whose Bradstreet rating is not 'AA—A1,' which translated means 'one million or over?'

"I shall greatly appreciate an answer by mail, and if I receive it shall more than ever enjoy the profound wisdom which weekly appears in 'Chicago and the West.'"

I have written the gentleman, expressing my grateful appreciation of his belief in my infallibility, which of course is entirely deserved, but I have delicately tried to explain to him that as I understand it you cannot look a puppy in the face and tell whether he is going to be a meat dog or not, no matter whether he has a large head or not. It is all a question of the experience, training and natural good sense of the dog. A meat dog does not necessarily have a large head. I have seen them with large feet. It is a test of a good dog in my mind, as is well known, that he should be able to meet with cheerfulness such an accident as being run over by a wagon, but there are dogs which might have large heads and be run over by wagons and yet not be good meat dogs. If I had any meat dogs about the office here I would not sell one for all of New Jersey, with Delaware thrown in, but I want to do what I can for a man who recognizes my ability in dog matters, an ability which it seems to me to have been too long smothered under a bushel of popular ignorance about it. No doubt many who will read this are owners of good, strong puppies, which have sensible looking faces, and which might, under proper care, develop into the only sort of dog which is worth having, namely, a meat dog. I wish as a favor to this gentleman and to myself that all such owners of dogs which they are willing to sell would write, giving description of such dog and price wanted for same. These communications should be addressed "Meat Dog, in care of FOREST AND STREAM," whence they will be forwarded to the gentleman making the inquiry. I feel pretty sure that he will eventually get what he wants. I want to see how many dog men there are who do not advertise, but who yet think they can sell dogs. In any well-regulated newspaper office a man should be able to get any kind of game he wants, from a meat dog down to a carpet sweeper, and if my friend in New Jersey is disappointed I am going to be disappointed too. I forgot to state that no dogs need apply which have not had wagons run over them as a preliminary test. This I think would be a boon to the status of shooting dogs to-day. If owners will only get out their wagons and their dogs, and thus try them together, the result will be such that I shall henceforth be regarded as a wise man and a benefactor.

To Texas.

Mr. George Kinney, of Chicago, is one of the early shooters to begin the southern migratory flight to Texas. Mr. Kinney's father is interested in the great Coleman-Fulton Pasture Co., in Texas, the cattle ranch at which our party, as well as many other parties of Northern shooters, were so handsomely entertained by the late George Fulton, as noble a soul as ever lived. Mr. Kinney will go to Rockport, Texas, where he will meet Mr. Jas. Fulton, and will with his wife and family pass the winter at Rockport. He will also visit San Antonio, and no doubt see all the boys there whom all the rest of us would be very glad to see again.

From Arkansas.

Mr. Joseph Irwin sends the following shooting notes from Little Rock, Ark., which serve to make envious those Northern men who live in cities and do not get any shooting:

"On Wednesday last in a slough just below old Mr. Pemberton's residence, where you and I spent the night, his son John and I enjoyed some very nice teal shooting over decoys. After putting out two and a half dozen in the head of the slough we made our blinds in the willows alongside, and Minnesota, my big Chesapeake, was soon busily employed bringing them across from the other side through the mud and water that few dogs could have passed over, but after making over twenty trips over and back he was ready and willing to go again. Never before have I more fully appreciated the value of a first-class retriever. I have bagged nearly a hundred ducks this season, and Minnesota has never lost one that fell within a reasonable distance and that he could see fall. We saw a good many geese and had some shots, but not a feather came to our bag. We have these geese located now and with the coming of harder winter expect to enjoy some of my old-time sport at them over profile and live geese decoys. At present they confine themselves almost entirely to the sand bars in lakes and rivers, but they will a little later go to the fields to feed, returning at night to the river.

"It has been unusually warm up to to-day, Nov. 27, but we are having quite a blizzard to-day. Thanksgiving shooters were a disappointed lot, as it rained all day so that they could not hunt.

"I wrote you last week about the death of Nancy, my pointer, and just a week later I learn of the death of my Roderigo dog over in Mississippi, where he was being trained. This cleans me up in the bird-dog line, I regret to say.

"I start on Thursday next with a party of friends for the mouth of the White River on a big-game hunt, and expect to have a great time. We have two packs of bear dogs and everything necessary for a good time.

"Another party leaves Clarendon, Ark., on a house boat on the 7th, and will float down White River, stopping at points where they find the shooting best, and they will no doubt have a fine trip.

"Jno. Pemberton and I went out Saturday for a duck shoot over decoys, but finding our blinds occupied, we gave the ducks up and went after quail, using on them my Chesapeake dog Minn., and we succeeded in bagging three dozen quail. He does not point them, but has an excellent nose and puts up the singles very nicely, and his retrieving was first class, of course. Who ever heard of hunting quail with a Chesapeake?"

Calumet Heights Club.

By all means the largest and best patronized sportsmen's country club of Chicago is the Calumet Heights Club, whose grounds, so often mentioned in these columns, are located in the wild country along the shore of Lake Michigan just below Chicago. The management of this club is a good one, the endeavor being constantly to afford the greatest pleasure to the greatest number. Trap-shooting is practiced, but not to the exclusion of other sports. Excellent opportunities for long range rifle shooting are afforded, and this branch of sport is a growing one, some of the members stating that next year they intend paying less attention to the shotgun and more to the rifle. Fishing, rowing and sailing have always had many warm followers in this club; and it is proposed now to even further extend the range of outdoor sports, alike for gentlemen and ladies. The club held its quarterly meeting at the Sherman House on the evening of Dec. 2, and appointed a committee on winter sports. These will look into the possibilities for general athletics, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, etc.; and will more especially look into the facilities for curling. Excellent rinks can be laid out on the Grand Calumet River. The committee will also see what can be done in introducing golf and archery. The club-keeper's house and the club dining room will be increased in size. The club is to print its constitution and by-laws in permanent book form. At the meeting a semi-official report was made by the shooting committee on the distribution of prizes. A committee was appointed on river improvements. It seems that the Grand Calumet River has a pleasant way of running backward or forward according to its own taste or fancy, and just now is running back toward its source instead of emptying into Lake Michigan. It is proposed to remove the bar at the mouth of the river.

Calumet Heights Club has been trying the experiment of acclimatizing quail, and has quite a number of these birds upon its grounds. The members make a practice in their walks about the country of carrying a pocketful of grain to distribute for feed for the birds. Next spring the club will plant millet, barley, etc., as feed for the birds, and will see what can be done in planting smartweed for mallard feed.

The wildness of the Calumet Heights country may be guessed when it is stated that numbers of wild foxes and also numbers of raccoons still live in the wooded hills near by. Last winter eight foxes were killed and a number of raccoons captured; but one is obliged to chronicle the death of the club's veteran foxhound Banjo, which was lately killed by a B. &. O. Railroad train.

The annual meeting of the Calumet Heights Club will be held next March. The outlook for the club for the ensuing year is a very bright one.

Called.

Among many pleasant callers at the FOREST AND STREAM office here this week was Mr. Thomas H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Co., one of the best-known men in trap-shooting matters in the counfry. Mr. Keller is looking well and hearty as usual, and is apparently indestructible. He started on his return to New York and Boston with the intention of stopping off at Detroit for a little duck shooting if it was not too late, but it is likely that he will find everything frozen up there and the ducks gone.

A Canadian Sportsmen's Club.

On a recent visit to Chatham, Ont., the writer had the pleasure of accepting an invitation from Mr. W. B. Wells, of that city, to visit the club house and preserve of the Big Point Club, which is situated on Lake St. Clair, about twelve miles from Chatham. The shooting season was then over and we merely passed a night at the club house, but while there I learned some interesting facts in regard to one of the finest little clubs of the sort in the country. There are only six members to this club. Sir Casimir Gzowski is a gentleman eighty-five years of age, but very fond of the gun and still able to kill his bag of ducks. Sheriff Mercer, of Chatham, is eighty years old, a hale and white old gentleman who shows in his person the virtue of field sports. Christopher Robinson, Q. C., of Toronto, is another man of affairs who has time to be fond of the gun. Mr. S. Barker, of Hamilton, and Messrs. W. B. Wells and J. Moore, of Chatham, complete the select and able membership. There are no rules whatever in this club, as all the gentlemen know each other personally and there is plenty of room for all in the little club house. The club has been in existence for about twenty years, and so valuable are its privileges, and so well have they been conserved, that the shooting remains still good enough to please the most fastidious. On the last three days of his last trip to the club house Sheriff Mercer killed thirty, fifteen and forty-three ducks respectively. In fact, the daily average for the entire membership of the club for the entire season often runs in the neighborhood of twenty birds, none of the members trying to see how many they can kill at any time, and some of them shooting only parts of days. This certainly shows very good wildfowl shooting for these days.

The Big Point Club owns about 3,000 acres of valuable marsh ground along the edge of Lake St. Clair, and leases about 2,500 acres in addition as a preserve for quail, these covers being phenomenally well stocked. In short, this is a shooting club where there is some shooting, and it shows alike the efficiency of the Canadian game laws and that of intelligent preserving.

The game book of Big Point Club is the most complete and neatly kept that one has ever seen in any part of the country. From it it is possible to tell how many and what sort of birds each man has killed on each day of the season, and what is his daily average. The yearly totals and the daily average of the total bag for each year are also kept in tabulated form. The club has thus a complete record of its doings in neat and legible form, and as its

fortunate members sit by the big fireplace stove in the middle of the assembly room, they can turn over the pages of their game book and review, each for himself, the doings of the past with a pleasure almost as great as though it were happening over again. From a few memoranda hurriedly penciled as I looked through the pages of this interesting game book, I see that in 1876 the members of the club killed 1,858 ducks; in 1879, 1 150 ducks; in 1880, 2,227 ducks. In 1881 they bagged 2 450 ducks, a daily average of 20 birds to the gun. In 1882, 1,402 ducks; average, 15¼. In 1883. 1,771 ducks; average, 22. In 1884, 1,943 ducks; average, 23½. In 1887, 1,160 ducks; average, 16½. In the year of 1894 there were 1,804 ducks killed, a general daily average of 19 birds. Certainly a fine showing.

The shooting at Big Point Club is chiefly at marsh ducks nowadays, as the last few years have been seasons of very low water, at which time the deep water ducks are not so abundant. The shooting is done from Rice Lake canoes propelled by paddle, a "teeterish" sort of a duck boat for the novice.

Mr. Wells tells me that he very often runs down from Chatham to the club on his bicycle, this requiring but an hour or so, and thus gets an evening's shooting in the most pleasant way imaginable. Rarely indeed can the sportsman of to-day have such privileges near his home.

The Ways of Some Deer Hunters.

A friend in Ohio sends me the following clipping taken from the Dayton *Journal*. I think all will agree with him that is about the cheekiest thing that appeared in print for a long time. It would at first thought appear inconceivable that any man would be ass enough to thus publicly boast of his unlawfulness and at the same time indulge in such empty vaporings as to his own prowess. Set it down that such a man is a rank coward in his heart, and an associate of rank duffers and pot-hunters, all of whom the great State of Ohio might do well to keep at home if possible and out of print when practicable. The question of non-resident shooting becomes obnoxious to dwellers in game-producing States when such men are the visitors. The extract needs no further comment. It reads in full:

Deer Hunters Returned from Minnesota with Six Carcasses.

SHAKY GAME WARDENS SMELLING AROUND THE BUCKEYE PARTY, PALE AS GHOSTS, BUT THE BOYS SHIPPED THEIR VENISON HOME ALL THE SAME.

WAPAKONETA, O., Nov. 20, 1896.—*Editor Dayton Journal:* We arrived home on Thursday, Nov. 19. We intended to stay until the law was out, but owing to the close watch the Minnesota game warden had on us we concluded to return home. We had six deer in the party, and we thought we had better start for home.

We started back as far as Hibbing and waited until next day at 12 P. M. There we took the Missaba road for Duluth, the game warden being on the same train, keeping his eye on us and telling the conductor and all his friends on the train that he would give them some venison. This evening we traveled on and reached Duluth at about 1:30 P. M., and there we all started to the Northern Pacific office to have our tickets signed up. On our return to the car we found that there were six State game wardens awaiting us.

We all went into the car and in they came. If you ever saw six badly frightened men, it was the wardens. You can imagine yourself if you were in their place to go into a crowd of men, seventeen in number, and every one having in one hand a Winchester rifle and in the other a double-barreled shotgun. It looked to them like a Jesse James gang. Anybow there was not a man among them but what his voice trembled. They told us their business, and, of course, we complied with their wants.

The first to be examined was Mr. V. W. Houchin's hunting chest. He politely informed them that they should be very careful and replace everything in its place as it was or he would see that it was.

Then they began to feel a little shaky about it, at any rate they went through our baggage in a hurry, and should we have had some venison in our possession they would not have found it, as it was a little too warm for them.

They were satisfied of their search and found nothing. Mr. O'Dell, of Sidney, very kindly thanked them for following us wherever we went. They followed us for one solid week, and we Buckeye chaps were a little too sharp for them. They examined the car, but we have the venison. People in Ohio cannot imagine how the State of Minnesota put such people in an office of that kind who are lacking of sense, the way their game wardens are.

Had we made one move with all those firearms we would have had six corpses for the Duluth undertaker. These very men will never be any whiter when they are dead than they were at that time.

The main State agent, Mr. J. E. Phillips, was at Hibbing when we arrived from camp, and we were told he was there, so we proceeded at once to make safe our game, which we did, and I would like for any of my Ohio hunters to be very careful and not let those chaps get hold of them, for if they do that means $50 and jail. That's not very pleasant. Of course they cannot blame them, as they get one-half of what they arrest, so you see why we were watched so closely. Four hundred and twenty-five dollars was a nice thing looking Mr. Game Warden in the face, but when he put his hand down it was gone.

I will close, hoping that in the future we may be able to again write you. Yours respectfully. G. W. HOUCHIN.

Wild Game Around Chicago.

A wild red fox, which came from no one knows where, was found running down South Water street in Chicago one day last week. It was pursued and killed directly in front of the big brick building which now stands on the site of old Fort Dearborn. The appearance of the fox is a mystery, but true to fox reputation, he old fellow was next to the poultry coops.

The following story about a wild deer is taken from a current issue of an Elgin, Ill., paper, Elgin being practically a Chicago suburb:

"This morning a deer appeared on Highland avenue at 9 o'clock. It ran on Crystal street to Locust and on to State street, coming north again to West Chicago. Several men attempted to head it off, and it bolted west to South street. A man followed in a wagon, but the animal disappeared near the home of Horace French, taking to the fields. Later J. M. Adams and others started with guns, etc., to capture the animal. A Chicago man has a country place west of Algonquin, where he keeps several fine deer. As the animal came from that direction, it is thought to be one of his that escaped. The deer was found in the woods near Trout Park, and was shot by David Nish and Sidney Rogers late in the afternoon. It was a fine animal, in splendid condition, and weighed 180lbs."

No Cause of Death Found.

The daily papers of last week fully described the sad and mysterious death of Mr. W. W. Ingram, of this city, who was found dead in the woods near his camp, not far from Michigamme, Mich. When found, the body of Mr. Ingram showed that death had ensued some days before, and the body was of course frozen. Near the remains lay the carcass of a deer, which Mr. Ingram had evidently killed and was trying to take to camp. No wound or mark of violence was found on the body, and it seemed a mystery how death had happened. The most thorough investigations since then fail to throw any light on this tragedy of the woods. Mr. Ingram was a Chicago man of wealth.

Killed his Brother.

In the Michigan deer woods one young man accidentally shot and killed his brother last week. I withhold names out of respect to the living victim, who is nearly crazed.

So far I have heard of only four or five deaths by accidental shooting among deer hunters this season, a record pleasingly small as compared to that of thirteen men so killed last year in Wisconsin and Michigan.

A Quail Hunt in Canada.

At the close of the International field trials, which we attended together, Mr. Wells asked me to come over and have a little quail shoot on the Big Point preserve, which was only a few miles from the grounds on which the trials were run, and this I was glad to do of course, though quite unprepared for shooting. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at the shooting grounds and we had not a great deal of time, but from the time we cast off in the first cornfield I had as busy a time as I ever had in my life, until dark put an end to exertions, which caused me to perspire freely, as though it were midsummer. The trouble was that I could not hit anything. This sometimes occurs to the best of men and very often occurs to me, but this time was the worst case of it I ever had in my life. We actually put up over a dozen bevies of birds, I believe, and I fired somewhere between twenty-five and thirty shots, and all the birds I got made just the magnificent total of eight! I should have killed at least fifteen or more. We had but the one gun between us, a handsome little English gun and as good a quail gun as one need ask, but made after the English fashion with a very straight stock, which was a handicap almost prohibitory with me, as I cannot shoot a straight gun. Time and again I begged Mr. Wells to take his gun and do the shooting, but he grinned and declined, saying he was having more fun than he ever had in his life just watching me shoot, as he had never seen anything like it! The dogs were working beautifully, Mr. Wells having along three: Cleopatra, winner of first in the trials; Luke, divider of third, and Daphne, another good and as steady a bird dog as any man need want. It was Mr. Wells's declared intention to show me that field trial dogs could be good shooting dogs, and I must say that he can easily prove this proposition if he always brings to its support the three dogs he had that day, which would be hard to beat in the field. They made no mistakes and did some lovely work indeed. Their pleasure must have been marred by such wretched shooting as I did, but they kept to their work steadily and found us one bevy after another. We did not work the singles very closely, except in one or two cases, but the covers seemed literally full of birds. We had point after point from all the dogs, in fine shooting country, and I had shot after shot, but believe it was the sixth or seventh shot before I managed to worry down a bird, then another one or so after a while. Then Luke got a bevy point in a cornfield, and I was lucky enough to get a bird with each barrel. On still another cornfield all three of the dogs were together pointing a fine big bevy when we came up with them. Here I managed to kill one bird with my right and to knock down two with my left, my average thus beginning to take a look up, though, as I remarked to my companion, I would still be forced to make a good many triplet kills to bring up the aforesaid average to anything like what it should be. I had several more shots after that, but did not hurt anything, and Mr. Wells told me he would be perfectly happy to have me come there and shoot all I wanted any time, as it did not hurt the birds any and seemed to please me. He said he could easily see I was a game protector.

One little incident occurred on this delirious afternoon which goes to show how very careful all men should be in shooting in the field. We had a nice lot of birds marked down on a bit of bare pasture, where they were scattered among logs and brush heaps, and the dogs were picking up single points as fast as they got over the fence to them. There were a few head of cattle in there and also a big gray colt, which was very playful and insisted on coming up and biting and chasing the dogs away from their points, much to our disgust. I had just said to Mr. Wells that I should need to be very careful not to hurt any of these animals when I shot, and he took pains to drive away this big colt as I went behind the dog to shoot. At that time the horse was some 30yds. or more away and at one side, and Mr. Wells was watching it to see that it did not hurt the nearest dog which it was trying to bite. He waved a stick at it and it started off, apparently with the intention of attacking the dog in front of which I was about to put up my bird. Just as the horse started toward me on the gallop, the quail also started on the gallop, swinging rapidly around to the right, directly toward the horse. I shot and missed it with the first barrel, and then swung on with it for the second barrel. Just at the very moment I was pressing the trigger I saw appearing in the narrow circle of vision about the gun barrel the head and ears of this big and troublesome gray beast, which till then I had not seen at all. It was too late to stop, and I half expected to kill a horse that shot, or at least wing-tip him, if I couldn't kill a quail. As fortune had it, I did not touch the beast, but could not have missed it by more than 3 or 4ft. This led Mr. Wells to infer perhaps that I was trying to hit the horse and couldn't; but he didn't say so. He only said that if we had shot that horse it would have broken up the Big Point quail preserve, because the Frenchmen of whom the land was leased would never have gotten over it. We were both angry enough at the horse to want to shoot it, but both very glad we had not. I think this was the narrowest escape I ever had from an accident in the field, and cannot be too thankful when I stop to reflect how very awkward the circumstance would have been had the accident really occurred, even though the horse could hardly have been much injured at the distance. It is a pretty good plan not to shoot at all where there are cattle or horses close; but in this case we thought we had everything all safe. The horse was running right toward the gun, or rather directly at right angles to the direction of the gun, and going at full speed, from behind me, just at the time when the gun was swinging around toward him. I could just see the front of him as I fired. I almost wish I had killed him, for we had so little in the bag after all the opportunities, and a horse would have served to fill up.

That was a weird afternoon, and at least funny enough to be remembered. I hope to meet Mr. Wells again somewhere in our part of the country where we can both have guns, so that he can get some birds for his dogs. I am not sure that I ever could learn to kill those Canadian quail, for they are about as big as turkeys, a bright red color, and fly like a streak of lightning. I think without jesting that these birds were fully a third larger than the quail of Louisiana or Texas. Their coloring is more brilliant and less dull and ashy of hue than that of the Southern quail. Mr. Wells tells me that the club must have thirty or forty bevies on its grounds. The birds would do well there except for an occasional severe winter which cuts down the stock. The Big Point Club men have imported numbers of quail from the Southern States and put them down here, this being the remedy after a hard winter; but this year the birds are unusually abundant. The best of care is taken of them on these grounds, and regular feeding places, protected from the snow, are established for them in the winter. The cover is corn, stubble or timber—what is called in Canada the "bush"—and is all that the birds could ask.

The quail is a fixture in that part of Canada and will always remain so, for the Canadian laws are good ones and are enforced. Until lately many thousand quail used to be brought into Chatham each winter for sale, but now that is all stopped. The excellent law of Ontario forbids the sale of quail or grouse, and a similar law is passed for Manitoba. Mr. Wells was the man who got the law passed in Ontario. If he would come over to this country and get a similar law passed, the sportsmen of the United States could afford to pension him off at $1,000 a minute for the rest of his life, and rise up and call him blessed besides. One needs no further argument for a non-sale law than a look at the well-stocked covers of the country around Chatham, which has been settled for generations and once shot well down, but which has now all the game a sportsman could ask. Chatham is an ideal town for the residence of a sportsman for that very reason. There is good shooting near at hand all the time in season. Would that the people of the United States had an equal respect for the game laws, and a law equally good to respect.

Mr. Wells writes me since my return that he and a friend have just been out on a little shoot back a way in the bush, and that they killed twenty ruffed grouse and forty quail (no horses). That is a great country for ruffed grouse, and the men there know how to shoot them; Mr. Wells himself, by the way, being about as good an all-round shot as they have, and very skillful on grouse, so say his friends.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

THE MOST ENJOYABLE HUNT OF MY LIFE.

AND why was it so? Just because I was a novice and unskilled, but was lucky. I had but recently learned that I could "kill on the wing," by having, in a desperate mood, fired at and brought down a ruffed grouse after having tried in vain to catch a glimpse of the cunning birds on the ground, which, to my mortification, would rise thundering before me in mockery of my inability to see them. I was happy—perhaps a little proud. My eyes were opened. I saw that what I had so much coveted could be secured in a manner I had not before dreamed of, so far as myself being the marksman.

It was then that I began to try to acquire some skill in the use of the gun. I "poked" around with my brother's old gun a few times with not much success. One day, however, I concluded to take a hunt around the Shadka Lake, or Big Pond, as it was usually called, which was situated four miles distant from town, in hope that I might find more of the ruffed beauties to bang at, if not to capture. But I was disappointed—nay, vexed—when I learned that the family horse must be used that day to subserve the interests and dignity of labor rather than the pleasures of the chase. But I must have my hunt. So I resolved to try my luck again near home, but on new ground. I borrowed a double gun—light, but excellently made, and a good shooter—and started out accompanied by a Skye terrier. I had not gone more than half a mile when, as I leaped a ditch, a grouse rose and flew toward the woods. Little did I dream of his vicinage, and my surprise was unusual. A flutter of the heart, a nervous pressure of the trigger, and the bird fell dead. It was an added charm of weight when the game dropped into my bag. I then directed my course toward the Hudson—enchanting river!—and walked along its banks, enjoying that Indian summer day, a poet in feeling as well as a hunter in pursuit. Above me on the brow of a hill were other hunters with hounds, enjoying perhaps as much as I the glory of that autumnal atmosphere. From their direction, like a dart piercing the air, came a grouse which they perhaps had flushed. In a twinkling he passed me, and was beyond gunshot before I could level my fowling piece. But I did not go far until I came to a ditch, beside which grew a few stunted bushes. I walked along this until I came near its termination, when from its cover started a grouse and struck out for the woods. He had a pretty long stretch to reach the timber, and a more open and straightaway shot no sportsman could desire than that presented to my as yet unskillful but lucky aim. Like the first, the grouse dropped dead. Could I believe my senses? Two clean, consecutive scores! Hoopee! To show that brace of birds was an anticipation felt in a lifetime, and I must needs turn my face homeward. On my way I passed through a bushy field and shot a rabbit that was crossing my path. A little further on I struck a growth of timber, and a third grouse took wing. The trees seemed to be in my way and I was bewildered, but ventured a shot, and—was it possible?—he fell. But I had only wing-tipped him, and he ran as a grouse can, and I would have lost him perhaps had not my faithful Skye overtaken him. Well, I had a good heavy bag and no game lost that I had pulled on that day—a day as memorable as any I have ever spent in the field. "Accidental" marksmanship as it was, I have never had a more pleasant little hunt even with my pointers and setters, and when I could "draw a bead" with conscious accuracy upon the swift-flying grouse, prince of New York game birds.

N. D. ELTING.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.

NEW YORK'S PROTECTIVE INTERESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York State Association has very important subjects to consider at its meeting in January, and its conclusions must in some way be brought before the Legislature so forcibly that they will receive proper attention, else very soon there will be no further need for protective agencies, for there will be nothing to protect.

Other States are moving earnestly and honestly in the right direction. Must New York State's game and fish and forest interests be at the mercy of the lobby forever?

Wisconsin proposes to tax non-resident hunters from $25 to $50 for the privilege of hunting in that State. Can we not in the same manner protect our forests from the ravages of hundreds of "outside hunters?"

In his biennial report to the Minnesota Legislature, S. F. Fullerton, executive agent of the Game and Fish Commission, will recommend that a law be enacted making it a high misdemeanor for cold storage companies to handle game, especially during the close season. He thinks that in no other way will it be possible for the State to prevent the great slaughter of game every fall season and the ultimate extinction of that game. This year has repeated the experiences of former years, and the cold storage houses of St. Paul and Minneapolis, or many of them, are filled with game which has been taken solely with a view to profit. The Legislature may pass laws until those laws fill a large volume, and yet come far short of protecting the game of the State, unless there is some new and better theory behind them. It is Mr. Fullerton's idea that if there is some system of better and more thorough inspection at the big shipping points, the inducement to pothunting will be largely removed. Men will not tramp the woods for weeks and months and go to the trouble necessary in the killing and sending of large quantities of game to market if there is no chance for profit. The killing of game for home consumption by tourists and woodsmen, Mr. Fullerton says, is not particularly harmful, and will never depopulate the forests, but the hunting for profit, he holds, is a very serious matter, and one to which the Legislature should give its best thought, if the State is sincere in its desire to continue to rank as one of the best hunting grounds in the country.

The Game Commission thinks that its agents should have the power not only to enter these storage houses and make seizures—this authority they have at present—but to arrest the storage men and subject them to the same heavy fines for having game in their possession that men are liable to who kill the game in the woods. It believes it is practicable and desirable to have close inspection of terminal points in the State, and make the storage men liable with the hunters for any violation of the law.

The Fish, Game and Forestry Commission of New York State may awaken to the fact that its assumptions do not always satisfy the people, since 350,000 majority was given against the amendments to the Constitution which it approved so strongly. Such a commission in England would have at once resigned after such a vote of condemnation; but this one will neither resign nor die, but may we not hope that the vote of censure will prompt it to see that there is sufficient and proper legislation next winter to prove that it has at least some sympathy with the cause which it was appointed to represent?

INTEGRITY.

Tennessee Notes.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Nov. 30.—Deerslayer has made a special plea for his peculiar mode of killing deer, which perhaps could hardly be bettered. It contains a variety of hints which may be read with profit, if not with pleasure, by very many who carry the gun. Until we had read this production, Antler and myself were agreed that the previous communication about first noosing and then blowing off the head of a buck was a grim joke—in rather bad taste, no doubt, yet still a joke. We were evidently wrong, and comment seems superfluous.

As Mr. Theodore Roosevelt recently said in substance: "If you quote to another the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and the other fellow asks 'Why?' about all you can do is to repeat the commandment."

The meadowlarks and robins are still moving south. On Nov. 25 I saw about a dozen gold-winged woodpeckers, and yesterday a large flock of small birds, apparently of several sorts, passed southward.

On Thanksgiving Day I missed a wild turkey at 40yds. Shot behind him. I should have felt more thankful if I had bagged the turkey.

I have had little chance to get up my shooting since I came here, but have up to this time killed all the game I have shot at. If I miss the next turkey I shall have to consider myself a "back number."

Dec. 2.—We have had a heavy rain storm, followed by a fall of the mercury to some 10° below freezing. I think the migratory birds have all passed southward. No snow as yet, but cold, northerly winds prevail and make us seek the fireside.

There appears to be a project on foot to give the possums a chance for their lives. It is proposed to give them a legal closed season from March 1 or April 1 to Oct. 1. Friends of this marsupial will rejoice. KELPIE.

Georgia Quail.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will obey orders and report my luck to FOREST AND STREAM. Fred and I went out Thanksgiving Day for a little hunt and succeeded in finding three coveys averaging about ten birds to the covey. We found them very wild, having been shot over so much. The smallness of the coveys is accounted for by the fact of there being so many negroes and pot-hunters.

The last Legislature placed the open season on quail one month later this year, but it seems to have had no effect on them. I saw birds on sale as early as September.

I notice that some of your correspondents seem to doubt the ability of any one to clip the heads off quail with a rifle. I went out early one morning several days ago with my little .22cal. Stevens with .22 short smokeless cartridges, and succeeded in clipping the heads off two. As they were very wild, I had to crawl up to them. I shot one at about 20yds. and the other at ninety-two paces (about 75yds.). I use smokeless cartridges because they do not make enough noise to scatter the birds.

H. P. K.

Iowa Field Notes.

NEVADA, Ia., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Iowa duck shooting has been better this fall than for many years before. Many of the ponds are again filled with water and that fact calls to mind the old times when Iowa was a duck hunters' paradise. I have just finished reading Mr. Mather's last article on "Men I have Fished With." If Mr. Mather is as genial and entertaining a companion in the camp as he is in writing, then do I envy the men of whom he writes.

I had feared that by the death of O. O. S. we readers of FOREST AND STREAM had lost an entertainer who could not be replaced; but, though we miss him sadly, FOREST AND STREAM rises to the emergency and for the entertainment of its readers once more has been fortunate in securing that inimitable writer and sportsman, Judge Green, of Portland, Ore. Truly we of the FOREST AND STREAM family are more than lucky. Often, as I read the contributions of such men as Mr. Mather, Judge Green, O. O. S., E. Hough and Rowland E. Robinson, do I have a feeling of pity for those of my fellow beings in whom the love of nature and field sports has not been developed. How many, many happy hours have I whiled away in the pursuit of the sports of the field and stream, and in reading the experiences of others such as those named above. This love of nature and the sports of rod and gun afield are a blessing to any man.

Quail are on the increase in Iowa, and if we do not have an unusually hard winter we will have as good quail shooting by next fall as any reasonable man could wish for. Prairie chickens are holding their own remarkably well, considering the way they are hunted, in season and out of season. Mr. E. Totten, living about one-half mile west of our city limits, recently lost a lamb and came to the conclusion that the killing was done by wolves. As Mr. Totten is not raising sheep for wolf food, he placed strychnine out and soon had the wolf. The wolf, a gray timber wolf, was poisoned within a quarter mile of the limits of our town of 2,500 inhabitants.

JOHN C. BRIGGS.

Observations on the Natural History of the Genus Homo.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading the various articles in the FOREST AND STREAM regarding whether the game belongs to the sportsman or guide, the same brings up another argument, namely: the difference between the so-called sportsman and the market-shooter, sometimes called game hog.

I know of many who call themselves sportsmen. They are sportsmen in fine shooting clothes, hammerless guns, and fine dogs; but that is all. They are poor shots, and they hire guides, mostly master shooters, to kill the game for them, so that they can have a big bag of game to show at home and blow about. They do not care whether there is another bird left in the woods or fields just so they have a big bag, the larger the better.

Now what is the difference between such sportsmen and market-shooters? Which is the game hog? What is a game hog? A game hog is one whose object is to kill all the game he can find. The market-shooter's object is to kill all the game he is able to find. Therefore he is a game hog. The fore-named sportsmen go out and induce game hogs to kill all the game for them that they are able to find.

Is such a sportsman a game hog? H. P. BEAVER.

A Florida Game Country.

MINNEOLA, Fla., Nov. 27.—Quail are very plentiful in this section of Florida. The game law has been respected by most shooters. I have resided in this locality for sixteen years, and quail were never more abundant. An old native asked me to come down to his place and take a bear hunt, and I went. We saw plenty of sign, but failed to jump a bear. My Gordon Rex found eleven bevies of turkeys, some of them containing twenty-five birds. These birds were found on what is called Green Swamp, lying in both Lake and Polk counties. The old native has lived on this swamp for thirty years, and says he never saw so many turkeys. We bagged seven of them. They were full grown, and very fine eating. Ducks have not come as yet; it has been too warm north of us. After a cold snap we shall have some bluebills and mallards. The past summer was very dry, consequently the deer stay back in the swamps. On account of poor laws and market hunters they have become very limited in numbers in this locality. E. H.

Deer and Dogs in Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are very much surprised to read in FOREST AND STREAM the account, under title "Hunter's Luck," by Jacobstaff, in issue of Nov. 21, that Dr. P. W. Levering, Dr. Z. P. Fletcher, John Polhemus and James Earl, of Jersey City, and hunter Rabeurdin, of Pike county, Pa., had been hounding deer in this State. The law prohibits hounding or running deer with dogs at all times. An account appeared in FOREST AND STREAM columns about a year ago of something similar that took place in West Virginia, and this now in our own State is too much. We think they deserve editorial mention, and that the fact that there is such a book as *Game Laws in Brief* were made better known. N. H. FINLEY.

Pennsylvania Deer and Birds.

SPRUCE CABIN HOUSE, Canadensis, Pa., Monroe Co.—A party of hunters left the Spruce Cabin House, Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa., Nov. 23 to hunt for large game. It consisted of Wm. P. Ketcham, G. E. Ketcham, Jr., of New York; the proprietors of Spruce Cabin House, Messrs. Wesley J. and Milton D. Price, with Paul Price as guide. After hunting across the country to the shores of Lake Ted-us-kung in Pike county, they there put up for the night. The next day, on their return trip, a large buck weighing 230lbs. was sighted, and shot by Mr. Milton D. Price. A large number of pheasants and gray squirrels were also shot on trip.

In Wisconsin.

CABLE, Wis., Nov. 26.—Deer are very plentiful here. Lots of grouse have come in here within three years and also plenty of partridges. Plenty of them have been killed this fall. The fish in the lakes are abundant yet, as are also the trout in the streams, so that a good angler can get a nice catch of them. J. S. I.

Politics and Game Protection.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa.—Ruffed grouse are very scarce here this fall. I am very much afraid that the birds will be entirely exterminated within the next few years if something is not done to stop market shooting. We have succeeded in getting a bill through the House and Senate, but the Governor vetoed it. I have made the suggestion to the gun club here, and they are going to act upon it, that we organize the sportsmen of this State politically. There are from 75,000 to 100,000 of us. We can control 90 per cent. of the vote. We purpose to organize and show our power, and then make the next available candidate for Governor sign a paper before election, pledging himself to sign a bill prohibiting the sale of ruffed grouse in market and the shipping of same out of the State.

H. M. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

WHERE TO GO.

One important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXIV.—William Warren.

IT is a blessed privilege to be past the meridian of life to-day. What a store we white-headed fellows have of things which a younger generation of men can never attain! In the charmed recesses of remembrance lie the vast flocks of wild pigeons and of game to be had in an hour's walk where now there is naught of life save the abominable imported sparrow. And then there was the grand and glorious Civil War, but I must not write of that further than to say to the young men who were born too late to take part in it that I am sorry for them. Still they have the compensations of youth, and if fortunate enough to live where there is still some game left, or have the means to travel to the far-off places, will, after they get past the noon of life, have the same feeling of commiseration for the boys who are forty years in the rear of them which I have expressed.

There are two reasons for writing the above paragraph; one was because I accompanied Warren on my first and only buffalo hunt, and the other was because while taking "a cold bottle and a hot bird" with my old army companion, Baron Berthold Fernow, once of Poland, but later Major of U. S. Volunteers and of the Topographical Corps of Sherman's army, last week, the Major, in response to a question if he was still living in Albany, said: "No, I am now living at 151 West Sixty-first street, in this city, a place where I used to shoot rabbits when I first came to America, and where I once got lost in the underbrush and strayed away off to the northeast, where the Astoria ferry now is." Think of it! The street is near the lower end of Central Park and right in the middle of the city. The late ex-President Chester A. Arthur told me that he had shot woodcock where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands, and that is only at Twenty-third street. All this has nothing whatever to do with my fishing with William Warren further than to show what changes take place in our rapidly growing country. As a historian, in a feeble way I record it. As an American and a naturalist, I regret it. Emigration has been encouraged to build great cities where the buffalo should still range over territories which ought to have been left for Americans who will be born a century hence. These sentiments prove to you that I am an "old fogy," but one who believes that we should not give away our great farm when we have children growing; but that is "politics," and so we will go on to tell about this man with whom I fished in Kansas in the year 1857.

I was boarding with a man named Sarrine, on the Cottonwood, while looking up a suitable place to claim a quarter section, and Warren came there often. He was from Chicago, and had a claim over on the Neosho. He was a big, strong fellow, about twenty-five years old, with a dark, pleasant face and a habit of clipping his words. A favorite way to begin a sentence was with the word "Betcher," which stood in his vocabulary for "I'll bet you." So one day in the spring he said to me:

"Betcher da'sent take a day off o' hand-lookin' an' go' shootin' buffler fish, they're just comin' up on the riffles now and a-wallerin'. They're thicker 'n hair on a dog; 'f you never shot 'em you'll like it. What yer say?"

My rifle had been packed in a chest and sent by freight from Potosi, Wis., and the chest had been stolen somewhere on the rivers or at St. Louis, and I had only a Colt's Navy revolver to shoot with. From what I had seen of these big, unwieldly buffalo fish on the riffles it was certain that the revolver was good enough for such work. The fish were very plenty, and were mating and spawning on every riffle, but at the least alarm would dodge down into the pools below. The Cottonwood was a series of deep pools and gravelly riffles, over which the water flowed swiftly, and sometimes these were so shallow as to leave the hump-backed buffalo partly out of water. The river may have averaged 60ft. across, and it cut through a deep alluvial soil, forming high banks in most places, except at the inside of curves, where the current had made a gentle slope to the water. The riffles were at these points, and we could get near them by approaching the fish from the low side. It was not a particle of sport, but Warren thought it fun, and wanted to go on killing after we had more than we could carry, but I said no, and we strung our fish and went home.

"Betcher I c'ld kill a thousand buffler in half a day an' not go over two mile on the river. What's the reason you wouldn't kill any more? Don't yer like the fun?"

"No, there's no fun in killing things that you don't want to use, unless they're rats or other vermin which annoy you. My idea of sport is to hunt something which is hard to find, and is some use after you have found it. Shooting these fish is good enough when you want a change of diet from ham and salt pork, but they're too

easy for sport. As you say, you could probably kill a thousand in half a day, but shooting at a mark is just as much fun; in fact, it would be more fun for me than to kill things for the mere sake of killing."

This buffalo fish is a coarse thing, a relative of the sucker tribe, with a similar mouth; perhaps it is as good as the carp, but then we had not the carp and the taste of the buffalo has faded too much in forty years for comparison. My present notion is that both are worthless as food, but a residence by salt water may have spoiled me for enjoying most fresh-water fish, especially carp and suckers.

Warren sold his claim and took another while I was still undecided, and we put up a little cabin on the bank of the river and "batched" together. Within a few miles several town sites were laid out with pegs, each with grand parks, court house squares and grand avenues, on paper.

"Behind the squaw's light birch canoe
The steamer rocks and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves."—*Whittier.*

The genius of speculation was abroad, and within a radius of five miles there were at least a dozen "future railroad centers" laid out. I only remember "Columbia" on the Cottonwood, where there was a grocery and gin-mill combined kept by a man named Jeff ——. He had maps and sold lots in the Eastern cities and took in what he could gather. He offered me ten lots in the heart of his "city" for my revolver, but somehow I thought I needed the pistol more than I did town lots. Then there was "Chicago," on top of a bluff where I shot sandhill cranes later on, which never got beyond the peg and map stage. Warren had a big interest in this and traded some lots for a yoke of cattle and a wagon. I doubt if there is even a farm house there to-day. Emporia was laid out high on the open prairie, between the Cottonwood and Neosho, with no water in sight. It was not a promising place for a town, but when my father offered to send me his double fowling-piece I traded the revolver for a block of lots in Emporia.

Warren said: "Betcher your revolver is gone, lost, vanished an' vamoosed. Why, that place will never amount to a hill o' beans, but if you'd invested in Chicago you'd have been o. k. They've dug over 100ft. for water there in Emporia and didn't get it. Whatter they goin' to do without water? Just dry up, that's all. Betcher 'll wish that revolver back 'fore long, for that was worth something."

There was a big push behind Emporia. A lot of Eastern capitalists spent money to find water, and they found it. As soon as it was struck I was offered $150 for my lots and I shook the money under my friend's nose. That find of water after nearly a year's digging made a great railroad center, and the neighboring "peg towns" were heard of no more.

Meanwhile I had located a claim and filed it at the land office. This gave me the privilege, as an actual settler, of pre-empting or buying the quarter section of 160 acres at the Government price of $1.25 per acre before the tract in which it was situated was offered at public sale. That spring there had been discoveries of great deposits of lead in the Ozark Mountains, and among the miners of Potosi, Wis., there was much excitement and considerable emigration. I had written father that I would go to the mines in Missouri. That shirt of Nessus which causes the restlessness or border life impelled me to go somewhere. I had tired of life as it was lived in the mines and woods of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and a new field of adventure was opened. With the average miner, who is a born gambler, there was the prospect of gain. I was not an average miner, nor a born gambler, and only wanted change and adventure. I had read all about Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Kit Carson, and Cooper's men of fiction, and dollars cut no figure in my calculations. I was young; old age and its needs seemed to be centuries away, if indeed it was ever thought of. I reveled in my youth and strength, and thought they would last forever. The quarter of a century that I had lived seemed to comprise the whole existence of the world, and all that had gone before my recollection was merely a fairy tale!

When I left Albany, in 1854, my father had exacted a promise that I would not join an expedition against the Indians. He knew that I loved a fight of most any kind, and when he learned that I proposed to go to the Ozarks he wrote me that he wanted me to go to Kansas and select a farm on which he could pass his declining years. This was not funny then, but it is to-day. My father was reared on a farm, but left it when eighteen years old and always looked to getting back on one. Now, when I am six years older than he was then, I know that his nervous organization, after years of absence from farm life, was no more fitted to it than my very different temperament was. But he wrote me that he had a land warrant from the war of 1812 (not his own by right of service, for he was born in 1800) and that he wanted me to select the place in Kansas.

The newspapers had been filled with accounts of "bleeding Kansas," and the troubles were not entirely over when our surveying party came out of the Minnesota woods in the last month of 1855. There was a fight there over the slavery question, a matter that I had paid no attention to, but there was a fight. I looked around and got letters of introduction to Gen. Jim Lane, the "Free State" leader, and went to Kansas; we spelled it Kanzas in those days, and my tongue has never been able to accommodate itself to the modern soft way of speaking the name.

I put up a log cabin on a good quarter section which had a stream running through it, and also had several acres of timber, two valuable things in that prairie country. Warren helped me in this, and also in splitting enough black walnut and mulberry rails to fence in ten acres. The land cost $1.25 per acre, but it cost $3 per acre to break the heavy prairie sod. I was playing farmer!

"One man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. * * *"

Warren and I kept batchelor's hall until past midsummer, when my house was in order for business and my little family came on from Wisconsin. Our work was at a distance and we took turns at cooking, and on Sundays we cleaned up and washed the dishes. A very good housekeeper to whom I told this asked in undisguised astonishment: "Didn't you wash your dishes every day? Why! how did you get along?"

"My dear madam," I replied, "you are a most excellent housekeeper here in the effete East, but know little how to manage a batchelor establishment in Kansas in that early day. If we had washed our tin plates after every meal, as is the custom in some places, the microbes set free from the newly turned sod would have attached themselves to the tin and our lives would have been in danger from *tintinambulacra*. No, my dear madam, we did not dare risk it; so we turned our plates over after each meal to protect them, and only dared to wash them once a week. This was a fearful risk, but we did it; I now think it would be safer not to have exposed the plates to the influence of hot water and soap at all, but fortunately we escaped all harm, perhaps because we had youth on our side."

She paused a moment, drew a long breath and said: "You don't tell me—. Oh! men are horrid, anyway. I don't believe a word of it!"

Warren said: "When you take the ox team up to Emporia after the mail and provisions, see if you can't get some vegetables. The cows got into my garden and cleaned up what the coons, bugs and other things left, and we want some green stuff; see if you can get some onions, beets, cucumbers, or anything."

Among the things which I brought was a fine bunch of early beets and we promised ourselves a treat. We peeled and sliced them and put them in vinegar. Next day they were set out for the evening meal, when we talked about them.

"Betcher," said Warren, "them beets is more'n a hundred years old. I've seen lots o' beets, but they wuz allers tender an' good."

"They can't be old. They don't keep beets over a year like dried beans; besides, didn't you see the tops were green? I think they're a new kind or else the soil here is not good for beets."

"Betcher they ain't cut thin enough for the vinegar to sof'en 'em. These cukes are all right, they're cut thin and the vinegar goes right through 'em, and they're tender."

"Yes, the cucumbers are good enough, but what ails the beets I don't know. I've often eaten 'em at home when mother cut 'em up in vinegar; perhaps they want to be soaked in vinegar longer to make 'em tender; I don't know just how long they have to stay in vinegar before they're fit to eat."

"Betcher right! Let 'em soak awhile an' they'll get tender, an' beets is a mighty good relish too; they're good for what ails you; for a man can't live on salt pork, ham and all that stuff, salt codfish and mackerel and sich like, without a little vegetable food, or he will go to the bad; betcher life he wants a change. Just put them beets away until they get tender, that's all they want."

The beets were set aside in vinegar until such time as they might be fit to eat. We sampled them daily, but there was no perceptible improvement, and Sunday came. After cleaning house, or kitchen and dining room—for our 10×12 cabin was not only these, but also our grand *salon*—we brushed ourselves up and walked up to Serrine's ranch, where Mrs. S. and Mrs. Judge Howell were discussing some abstruse question of which we were ignorant, when they both turned and in the same breath asked how we were getting along with our "batching." Warren went into details about the biscuit, pancakes, roasts, fries and stews, and finally mentioned the difficulty with the beets.

There was an instantaneous duet of soprano and contralto: "Didn't you boil 'em first?"

I sneaked outside at once, and have no idea of how Warren stood off the two women; but the logs of the house were not chinked tightly enough to keep out a whole mess of laughter which came through in ripples at first, then in waves, and finally in shrieks that toppled the barrel from the chimney, and then the cabin filled with smoke.

On our way down the Cottonwood we said little until we got to the door of our castle, when Warren turned and said: "Did you know that beets should be boiled before they were sliced and cut up in vinegar?"

"Well, no; not exactly boiled, but I knew that something ought to be done to them like baking or frying or —"

"Betcher didn't know but what they were just cut up in vinegar like cucumbers, just as I thought. Betcher Mrs. Howell will spread that story, an' every woman up both rivers will know the beet story before a week. Well, let 'em. There's a whole mess of things that they don't know. How in Gibraltar do they s'pose a fellow is to know that the tender beets that he finds on the table have been boiled, any more than the cucumbers have been boiled?"

The slavery troubles, which had partly subsided, began to break out afresh, and it was evident that another great effort to make Kansas a slave State would be made. Congress had already abrogated the Missouri Compromise, and this opened the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska to the slave power, as it left the question to be decided by the actual settlers. Two conflicting Territorial governments had been established. Blood had been shed at the first election, when armed invaders had taken possession of the polls and elected a lot of non-resident pro-slavery men as a Legislature, which passed a law making it a capital offense to harbor or assist runaway slaves; and they had the backing of President Buchanan and the support of Gen. Harney, then in command at Fort Leavenworth. But against this was a great majority who had determined that Kansas should enter the Union as a free State or not at all.

Our section was comparatively quiet. We were running short on provisions, and as the staple articles were costly owing to the long haul by teams, we would take our teams to Fort Leavenworth, lay in half a dozen bags of flour—it came in 100lb. bags—sugar, coffee, pork, bacon and other things, saving the transportation and the profit of the local trader. The prairie roads were good in June, and at the frequent streams good camping places were always found with the three prime requisites—wood, water and grass. At Lawrence we fished in the Kaw River and caught seven catfish, one of which weighed 9lbs.; we ate the smaller ones and gave the big one to a passing family in a prairie schooner.

There was a municipal election while we were in Leavenworth. The Free State men won, but there was a lot of beautiful fights. A border ruffian named Lyle, who had murdered several men, provoked a fight with an old man and was killed by a Free State man named Hallen, who was arrested.

The excitement was intense and contagious. Few slept that night. Warren and I volunteered, with others, to guard Hallen; but there was no attempt made to lynch him. Next morning Hallen was refused bail and was committed to Fort Leavenworth for safe-keeping, and only our respect for the uniform of Uncle Sam allowed a sergeant and a squad to remove him; but Hallen bribed a guard and escaped, went to Lawrence and was never disturbed.

The buffalo country was west of us, but there remained a few deer and antelope as well as wild turkeys along the Cottonwood and Neosho, and Warren and I each had a Sharps rifle which had been sent from the East to help make Kansas a free State, and which had been issued to us at Leavenworth while guarding Hallen. October had come and one morning there was a light fall of snow and Warren came to my cabin. "Hurry up," he called, "there's a deer's track going straight for that bunch of willows in the buffalo wallow over there to the west where we shot the prairie chickens a week ago." We struck the track in the fast melting snow and came up to within 100yds. of the wallow, which was a small one not over 50ft. in diameter, and then consulted in a whisper how we should form for the attack. We had come up against the wind and there seemed ample time to consult when—a flash of gray bounded out on the prairie from the other side of the wallow, gathered its legs and leaped again as two rifles called "Halt!" The buck halted and never went again. One bullet nearly severed a hind hoof and one plowed up from below through his heart. Both rifles were of the same caliber and who it was that killed that deer remains as obscure as "the mystery of Gilgal."

We bought Indian ponies, cheap but serviceable, and accustomed to any amount of abuse, for an Indian never has a particle of regard for a saddle sore, but claps on the saddle in the same old place in perfect indifference to the suffering of an animal, and this trait has hardened my heart against the red man; he has no sympathy for suffering—not even his own. He has served the purpose for which he was placed here just as other created things have, and he dies out before civilization and must go, as we must when we have exhausted the coal which was stored up for our advent, and our planet falls in line with the dead worlds which—have no Indian ponies.

A little castile soap and water, with tallow afterward, soon put our ponies in shape for travel, and as the winter came on the troubled times increased. The bogus Legislature of Lecompton had authorized a convention to form a State constitution during the summer and things were getting red hot. Warren and I decided to go to Lawrence and offer our services to Gen. Jim Lane. At that time we thought Lane to be the best and greatest living American. He could sway men by his impassioned oratory, to which his profanity added the charm of emphasis. We had met old John Brown down at Osawatomie, and would have none of him. Brown was sitting by the roadside singing "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," through his nose, and Warren said:

"Betcher he's an ole feller that turns his camp into a Sunday-school half a dozen times a day; I don't want any of him; if you want to go with him all right, Jim Lane is good enough for me."

Said I: "Billy, I've got no more use for old Osawatomie than you have. There wouldn't be a bit of fun with him. He's a religious fanatic, and says that the Lord has sent him here to do things. I don't object to his doing things, but he won't get me to serve under him. I don't like him, and that's all there is of it. He's in dead earnest, but so is Jim Lane, and Jim is the man to make things hump."

We went back home. To-day the fame of the martyr John Brown, who freely gave his life for a cause, is sung all over the land, while my hero, Gen. Jim Lane, is remembered by a few as a political trickster, who killed a man that contested his claim to land, was tried and acquitted, for that was frontier custom, and then for six years represented Kansas in the U. S. Senate. Then, following the lead of President Andrew Johnson, he received the indignant reproval of his constituents and died by his own hand. How differently we look at men and things when they are as widely separated as then and now, when the cool judgment of sixty-three sits upon the rash impulses of the boy forty years ago!

It was in the southeastern portion where things were hottest, and where there was more or less desultory fighting, but party feeling ran high up the Cottonwood, and several Free State men had notices pinned on their doors warning them to leave the territory or they would be killed. I had a Sharps rifle and a double shotgun, and bought a revolver from a soldier who had come down our way on some business and had no money to get back. It was a Colt's Army, big of bore and not very accurate. Every man carried a revolver, and I would as soon think of going to the spring for water without a pail as without a pistol in my belt. I destroyed the notice found on my door; it wasn't just the thing for a woman to see; you know how they are about such things; so I closed my castle and left the little family in Emporia, giving as a reason that Warren and I wanted to examine some land further west, and might be away a month, and so smoothed it over while we started for Lawrence to consult Gen. Jim Lane. James W. Denver had superseded Walker as Governor in December, and he struck a snag on the start. About a year before this the pro-slavery officials had seized a wagon containing 150 muskets and carbines from an emigrant train and had stored them in the cellar under the Governor's residence in Lecompton.

"Boys," said Lane, "you are just in time. Col. Eldridge is going to start with a battalion to get a lot of rifles that belong to us, and he may have to fight to get 'em; but we'll have 'em, sure. Do you want to go?"

"Betcher," said Warren; "we came up to take a hand in anything that's going on; didn't we, pard?"

"Yes," I answered, "and down our way they're threatening us and we've got to do some cleaning out down there or abandon our homes and be cleaned out. So far they only threaten, but we know how every man stands in the whole valley, and if they kill one of us the cleaning out will begin at once and will be thorough."

We went to Lecompton, a motley crowd, some on foot and others, like Warren and I, on ponies; I should think the "battalion" numbered about 100. "Col." Eldridge made a demand for the guns as private property, and wound up by saying: "Governor, we merely demand our own, and are fully armed and determined to have those arms. Whether there will be a fight for them rests with

you to say." That was an argument that decided the case in our favor. The history of Kansas shows that it was only by illegal voting—"repeating," as it was called—that the Lecompton constitution was adopted; but I can't dwell on this.

A peculiar state of affairs existed. The Territorial Legislature was now under a Free State majority, and it declared the last election to be fraudulent and ordered the Lecompton constitution to be submitted to the people on Jan. 4, 1858, which somehow happened to be the same day named by the pro-slavery authorities for the election of officers under that constitution.

Said Warren: "This thing has got to be fought out. Voting is no use. For every man our side can get here from Boston or Chicago the 'Border Ruffians' can pour in twenty from Missouri. If Congress admits Kansas in as a State, it will be under the Lecompton constitution, which permits men to be held as slaves. If we don't vote for officers we can claim our rights and fight for them; but if you take part in the election you must abide by it."

I favored voting and we discussed this in our feeble way until Warren said: "Betcher da'sent go up to Lawrence and see what Lane says!" We went and found a convention in session that was as divided as we were, and that Lane had a body of men down near Fort Scott. Col. Eldridge told me that Lane was prepared to fight the U. S. troops if necessary if the Lecompton men called them out to assist them, and that he thought it best to vote. Again the volcano subsided and a peaceful victory was won at the polls, the Free State men winning every office under the hated Lecompton constitution. The officers elected promptly petitioned Congress not to admit Kansas as a State under the present constitution, and the petition being granted it put them all out of office from Governor down. Times were not dull there at that time.

Warren sold his second claim and came to live with me. Game was plenty, and from the ridge pole away from the fireplace there was always a turkey or two, some part of a deer and as many prairie chickens as could be used before spoiling. Antelope were plenty, but I killed only one; we preferred venison. Near the timber rabbits abounded, but we rarely shot them. In summer flocks of screaming paroquets went swiftly through the woods, but boys have been raised there since and have no doubt stopped all that. The mourning dove was too common for comfort if one was splitting rails in the woods; its melancholy note only ceased at night. A graceful species of kite sailed over the prairie looking for snakes, and there is a doubt if one of these is left. The only snakes I can remember seeing was a striped one, perhaps the "garter snake," a "blue racer," which I think is a form of our common blacksnake, and the small rattlesnake called *massasauga*, which inhabits prairies and seldom exceeds 2ft. in length.

Occasionally a train of a dozen wagons would pass our cabin going to or from the buffalo ranges and often left us a quarter of beef, but neither Warren nor I had any desire to go on these hunts. Perhaps it was because everybody else went and we did not want for fresh meat. We went once, but this yarn is too long to tell about it now, perhaps it will keep for a week. In the summer the little prairie wolves could be heard running deer or antelope most every night. No one called them prairie wolves there; they have another name, perhaps Mexican or Indian, but people in the East make such a mess of pronouncing it that the name ought not to be printed. I'll tell you: the name is ki-o-ty, but confound 'em the scholars spell it "coyote," and that leads a man to make only two syllables of it. He lives in the ground, like a fox, and if not as cunning as reynard, is as fleet and tireless, and it is said that he hunts deer in relays, one gang resting till the other brings the quarry back on the circle. He doesn't hunt rabbits, just picks 'em up.

One day Warren came in with four little pups in his coat. I didn't need a "dog" just then, but somebody said they were "just the cutest little things this side of the Santa Fe trail," and one was left for us. The young c—— grew on a liberal diet of milk and table scraps, but when the first setting hen came off with a brood he realized his place in nature. He was the fittest and survived. The old hen protested, but he ignored the protest and ate her as a *piece de resistance*, to which the chickens had been merely an *entrée*. I also protested—with a switch, but Lupus could not be made to understand that chickens were not the proper things to eat. At my advanced age I don't understand why chickens should not be eaten, and yet I tried to force that opinion on my protegé. He disliked discipline in all its abhorrent forms of switch, club or boot, and before long, perhaps the time required to set several chicks free from their imprisonment in the shell, it was apparent that there was an absence of cordiality in our intercourse. Lupus was kind to all but me after I put a chain on him and fenced the chickens from his domain. He preferred to chew my hand when I set a saucer of milk before him and only touched the milk when my hand was no longer available as food. Perhaps, poor fellow, his epicurean palate longed for live chicken and resented the offer of their bones after his master had taken the choice parts. Gurth, the swineherd, had some such feeling toward Cedric, the Saxon.

We passed the summer and the corn had nearly passed the roasting-ear stage; I had learned to guard myself from the carnivorous dentition of Lupus, but one day Warren called out: "The cattle are in the corn!" and surely they were.

I was a farmer. Ten acres had been put in sod corn and there was a crop. The crop may have been due to the richness of the soil—or to my excellent farming, if you will. But the fence was down, and half a dozen steers and some cows were doing to that corn what Lupus did to the chickens. Perhaps they were right, but it was no time for argument. I rushed out, and the nearest way was past the kennel of Lupus. He was lying quietly within until I passed, when he suddenly decided to see if my leg might not have a better flavor than my hand, and he acted on the impulse of the moment, and took a piece of it, just above the boot leg, where I kept a favorite muscle well trained for running and another for kicking. He tackled the wrong muscle, and the kicking one came to the relief of its neighbor and projected a boot under his chin with such force that he was a-weary. Other leg muscles took up the argument, and somehow the same boot that lifted him one under the jaw cracked his skull, and his hide was drying on the fence an hour afterward.

I was sorry, very sorry; so was my leg. It was too bad to kill the poor c——, and it was too bad to kill the poor little chickens. I was a brutal fellow, and I knew it.

Warren said: "You stood it longer'n I would. Them durned kiotys 's got two kinds o' teeth—one for chickens and wild animals and another for human flesh. Betcher never try to tame another one. Say, them devils runs down a wounded deer or buffler when they find one, and they get him. S'pose we go down on a buffler hunt some time. What d'ye say?"

FRED MATHER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fitz-James Fitch.

IT is quite the fashion to remark on occasions that this is a small world after all, but when I learned for the first time on the last of November that my friend Judge Fitch had died on the 23d of July, this year, at Prattsville, N. Y., I resolved that it was a very large world.

Judge Fitch was born at Delhi, Delaware county, N. Y., in December, 1817, and consequently was seventy-eight years and six months old at the time of his death. He was County Judge of Greene county for eight years and then practiced his profession in New York city for ten years, when his health failed, and by the advice of his physician he returned to the Catskill Mountains, for which I have always believed that he had an abiding affection because of its trout streams.

Judge Fitch was the highest type of a fly-fisherman, and probably there were few more skillful than he in fishing a mountain stream where trout were educated and scarce. A gentleman of the old school, as we are given to saying of those who are courtly, precise, considerate, and observant of all the little amenities of social life, he was withal a loyal friend and charming companion. For nearly or quite fifty years he kept an accurate record of all the trout that he caught and all that he returned to the water uninjured. He required no 6in. law to restrain him in his fishing, for he was a law unto himself to basket only a moderate number of trout of decent size. If all fishermen were governed by the same motives which governed Judge Fitch in all his fishing we could do away with the fish laws entirely. He could make a fly-rod equal to that of a professional maker, and the "Fitch grip" for a fly-rod was his invention. The basket strap to be used on the left shoulder with a belt around the waist was also his invention, although a tackle dealer who made it gave it his own name, and lately I have seen it advertised in a London paper by still another name, and never was the inventor's name associated with it except among his own friends, who knew the circumstances and how it came to be invented, although the circumstances have been related in this journal. A few years ago this matter of the basket strap was agitated, and Judge Fitch sent me a photograph of himself with fish basket and strap on left shoulder, taken, as I now recall it, in 1850 something.

Judge Fitch endeared himself to all who came in contact with him, and his writings upon fly-fishing subjects, rod making, etc., chiefly over the pen name of Fitz, are some of the most vigorous and instructive contributions to our angling literature, and his death at a ripe old age will be mourned by a circle of sincere friends.

Weight of Sunapee Trout.

It is no exaggeration to say that during the past two or three weeks I have been asked fifty times: "How large does the Sunapee trout grow?" This is in consequence of the fish being brought to New York State by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission and planted in Lake George. My reply has been: 7 or 8lbs. is probably the maximum weight, although it has been claimed that they have grown to a weight of 10lbs.

It has been stated in the newspapers that the Sunapee trout are found nowhere else in New Hampshire except in Sunapee Lake, but this is an error, for they are found in Dan Hole Pond in New Hampshire. Whether the fish in Dan Hole Pond came originally from Sunapee or are native to the pond, as has been claimed, I will not attempt to say; but they are there, and I quote from a letter written by Commissioner Wentworth: "Daniels has been to Dan Hole Pond to see if he could get eggs of landlocked salmon or saibling (the Sunapee trout are called saibling, white trout and golden trout by residents in New Hampshire), and he tells a remarkable story on his return. The fish had cast most of their spawn when he arrived, but he caught six salmon, the largest 42in. long, and he was sure it would weigh 30lbs. He got but eight saibling, but the largest one would weigh 12lbs. Daniels found that saibling were in a pond near Dan Hole called Coonen Pond."

The Transfer of Sunapee Trout.

When I took the State fish car Adirondack to Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, to bring back some of the trout from the lake, the adult fish had never been transported alive, and no one could tell what they would do once they were placed in the cans, even if they survived the wagon journey from the hatching station to the car, a distance of six miles. The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York are indebted to the New Hampshire Fisheries Commission through its president, Col. Nathaniel Wentworth, and to Dr. John D. Quackenbos, that the fish were permitted to leave the State to find a new home in the waters of New York, but the transfer from beginning to end was an experiment, and I have been asked to give some of the details of it.

The car reached Newbury, at the lower end of Sunapee Lake, on the evening of Nov. 6, which was Friday. It contained some fingerling brook, brown and lake trout as a present to the people of New Hampshire, in exchange for the Sunapee fish. The next morning Commissioner Hughes took the lake trout to Manchester, and on the same train I sent one of the three men on the car to Bucksport, Me., to return to the car with some young fish from the U. S. Fish Commission. In the afternoon, Col. Wentworth having arrived, spawn was taken from the Sunapee trout in the tanks at the hatchery near the lake. After spawning the fish were greatly exhausted and remained on their sides in the tanks longer than I wished they would before they righted themselves. Grant Christie, the captain of the car, was expected back from Maine about noon of Tuesday, and early that morning Dr. Quackenbos furnished a team to transport the fish from the tanks to the car. The two men were at the car and I had told them to have twenty-five cans of fresh water from the lake and the ice-box was refilled early in the morning. At the hatchery I had but three ordinary fish cans and one barrel to transport the fish. By 9 o'clock they were loaded—sixty Sunapee trout weighing from 1½lbs. to 5lbs. each, two landlocked salmon of 8lbs. each that had been spawned on Sunday, and one brook trout of 4½lbs. Four big saibling, two landlocked salmon and the brook trout were to go to Dr. T. H. Bean, director of the New York Aquarium; and two saibling of 5lbs. each were to go to T. W. Fraine in Rochester, to be mounted for the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden next year. There were reasons why I had so few cans and none of the men from the car to assist in transporting the fish in safety to the station, but they are not necessary to explain here. The start was made so hastily that I had to leave my personal baggage at Dr. Quackenbos's house, to be sent after me to the station. Once on the road, I urged the driver to avail himself of every bit of fairly good road to make haste. The wagon had no springs, and the poor fish, like Br'er Rabbit, had to take it. The largest of the fish were in the barrel, with a sack tied over the top, and before two miles had been traveled it seemed as though every fish had its head out of water gasping for oxygen. It was just after a hard rain, and the brooks we crossed were high-colored, and I did not dare use the water in the cans. At a clear spring, with the driver's help, fresh water was furnished to all the cans and the barrel, but it did not seem possible to get the fish to the car without great loss. Even if they did not die outright, I feared they would be so bruised that fungus would form, and it would be hard to nurse them back to normal condition. At the car the fish were hurried into cans of fresh water, placing one and two fish in a can. The water at the hatchery was 36° Fahr., and the water from the lake was 41°, and as soon as the fish were changed the water was reduced with ice. All the fish were alive when they reached the car, but some of them were badly bruised. The cans, of which there were ninety in the cars, were not large enough for the big fish, and they had to be curled up to get them in. Christie with his twenty cans of fish did not arrive on the noon train, and we had to wait until nearly 5 o'clock for the train which would bring him and haul the car to Claremont Junction. In icing the water it got down to 33°, and while I was at the telegraph office Catchefer, one of the men, took out all of the ice and added fresh lake water to two cans containing two big saibling that had turned belly up. It did not seem possible that a reduction of 3° in the temperature from the hatchery water would turn the fish over, especially as only two cans were so affected; but when I returned the water was brought up to 36° in all the cans. During the afternoon the fish turned up more or less, and at once the water was turned out and fresh put in, for pumping the water did not have the effect that it does with small fish. The big fish seemed to exhaust the vitality of the water beyond the point where it could be restored by aerating—to express it crudely. With fresh water the fish soon righted themselves, but all the cans were aerated constantly. We pulled out on the afternoon train, having lost one of the smaller saibling, and another was very sick; both probably having been injured by the larger fish in getting to the car, and none of the fish had recovered from spawning.

At the junction the train on the Connecticut River R. R. was an hour and a half late, and had it been on time it gave us only ten minutes to be switched to the Rutland R. R. in Bellows Falls, and there was nothing to do but make the best of it. We could get out at Bellows Falls at 11 o'clock on the Boston sleeper, and that we did. With Robt. Aulls I took the first watch until 2 A. M., and sent Christie (who had been up all the night before) and Catchefer to bed. Going over the mountain to Rutland the brook trout turned up, and it was discovered that a steam pipe near his can was leaking; but with a can of fresh water and some ice he righted himself. We had had no steam in the car from the time we struck the Boston & Maine R. R., and it was an agreeable change to find it again in the office and stateroom when we struck the Rutland R. R., although it was shut off entirely from the main part of the car containing the fish. On the trip to New Hampshire the stateroom and office had been partly flooded from the water when the train was going up grade at the time the water was being changed, and the holes in the car floor had clogged. At Rutland we remained in the railroad yard until 6:25 o'clock, and there was a chance for two hours' sleep, the fish acting well, although during the night first one and then another would turn over, but with twenty-five cans of fresh water only one small saibling was lost. The two large fish for Fraine were killed to give the salmon more room in the barrel, from which they had not been removed since they left the hatchery, except temporarily. The run from Rutland to Lake George was made by 9:30 A. M., and then all but the aquarium fish were taken from the car, and forty-two saibling, half males and half females, were selected for planting in the lake. The county of Warren furnished a steamer and the fish were taken down to a shoal near Diamond Island and released from the cans in good condition, although on the steamer three fish turned up, but righted when fresh water was added. Aerating the water did no good beyond a certain point. If the fish came up, pumping the water would send them to the bottom of the can again, but once they turned over the only thing to do was to put in a can of fresh water. We got away from Lake George at 11:25 with ten saibling for the Caledonia hatchery, half males, half females, and the fish for the aquarium all in good order and with plenty of water from the lake. While we were sorting the fish in the railroad yard previous to planting, both of the salmon and the brook trout turned over, but we were used to it by that time. We reached Albany at 2 o'clock and found a message from Dr. Bean that he would be up for his fish himself, and had sent me some big cans from the aquarium. These were procured from the express office and the fish changed. Catchefer remained behind and the car went on to Caledonia at 3 o'clock P. M., arriving there at 5 A. M. the next day with all the fish in good order. Dr. Bean came up at 4:15 and returned with the fish at 5 o'clock. That night he had them in the aquarium tanks. Fungus developed on the aquarium fish later, but the Doctor writes me that salt-water baths have nearly cured the fish of this parasite and that they are now in good condition. On the outward trip the car was loaded with about 10,000 fingerling brook, brown and lake trout, which

were planted in waters in Essex and Clinton counties before the car crossed over to New Hampshire. The route for the car was arranged by General Passenger Agent J. W. Burdick, of the D. & H. R. R., and free transportation was furnished by his road and the Rutland R. R.

A. N. CHENEY.

CATCHING THE BIG TROUT.

"WELL, are you going down to try for the big fellow to-day?" asked my friend Judge Coppock. It was our last day on the Carp River in northern Michigan.

"You've hit it exactly, Judge," I replied, "maybe you're going down that way yourself?"

The Judge laughed. We had been fishing together almost daily for a month for trout in the streams in northern Michigan. He was an enthusiastic bait fisherman, and had but little faith in the fly-rod, which was my way. A few days before we had fished the Maple River, where I had the good luck to capture more and better fish than he had taken. The question was superfluous. Each of us knew the other hoped to basket the big trout before night.

In a short time we left the hotel for the old beaver dam. The river for a mile below was full of fallen trees, under and over which rushed the shallow stream. The water had washed great holes underneath these submerged trees, and in them lurked many speckled beauties. The entire distance to the open part of the stream afforded excellent opportunities for the bait fisherman, but there were few places where a fly-rod could be used successfully.

There were two ways by which to reach the open stream: Over the high ground, which was covered with great pine trees and an interminable small growth, called "pin-tangle" by the natives, or directly along the stream. The low ground between the river and the bluffs on either side is thickly overgrown with bushes and small trees, through which it is impossible to make any headway.

I crossed the river and started down along the left bank. The judge started in at the dam.

No one but he who has been along the Carp can have an idea of the effort required to get through such a place. At many places it was necessary to get down and creep underneath large trees that had fallen over the stream, blocking the way on both sides.

At one place where I was compelled to squeeze under I noticed a deer track. The animal had crawled through the hole, just as I had to do.

I was fully an hour in reaching the open where I could do casting. There I put my rod together and began laying my flies out on the water. The river for half a mile to the bend where the big fish lay was all that a fly-fisherman could desire. The water rushed through between grassy banks overhung by bushes. Deep pools, first one side, then the other, appeared in view at each bend of the circuitous stream.

My basket was heavy with fish when I came in sight of the bend where the big fellow had his lair. It was nearly noon, so I stopped to rest awhile and eat my lunch, and at the same time decide upon the best plan to take the big fish.

A few days before the Judge had hooked him and lost him by reason of a weak spot in his line. I had hooked him twice and both times my leaders had snapped.

After lunch I took a leader of extra size and tested it inch by inch. I had been using two flies during the forenoon, but decided to use but one in trying for the big fellow, and that a dark Montreal on a No. 4 hook.

It was after 1 o'clock when I began to move carefully forward within casting distance of the big pool. I waded lowly, lengthening out at each cast.

Here and there I saw a trout jump, but I was after the big one and moved forward.

I cast in the shallow water furthest from the pool until I knew I was within reach, when I made a cast straight for the spot beneath the overhanging bushes under the bluff.

The fly dropped exactly right, and instantly there was a great rush, and the big trout curved in the air for his plunge. I made a sharp strike, and knew that I had hooked him deep.

He rushed out into the stream, broke water and tried to shake himself free from the hook. He kept me busy first down stream, then up, breaking the water frequently in his mad efforts to escape.

He kept up a constant fight for fifteen minutes, and then rushed under the bank and sulked. I gave several hard jerks, and began to think that in some manner he had got loose and that I was fast on a root. Again and again I yanked; there was no response. Finally I gave a long, steady pull, and out he came directly at me. I made up my mind to land him at once if possible. I touched the trigger of my automatic, keeping the line taut, and as he came to me in shallow water I took hold of the leader and slid him out on the wet sand.

I had succeeded.

As I turned about to pick him up and release him from the hook, I heard a yell, and the Judge came sliding down the bank and waded across.

"What do you think of him, Judge?" said I, as I handed the fish to him.

"He's a whale," he replied, as he lifted him up and down. "He'll weigh 7lbs. if he weighs an ounce."

Its weight was 5½lbs.

The Judge had beat me during the forenoon, except as to the big one, and was feeling good.

"But I say, Judge," I inquired, as we started for the hotel an hour later, "how is it that you were up there on the bank when I hooked him?"

"Well, you see," replied he, laughing, "I determined to beat you to the pool. I heard you crashing on ahead, but knew you would begin fishing at the open. I got through the tangle before you had gone half way to the bend. I made a detour to get around you, and would have got there first if it had not been for a big swamp hole. I saw you when you began stretching out. Of course I knew my only chance was at the bluff, where I could drop the bait directly into the water. I couldn't have reached him from the direction you came. You must have had out 75ft. of line when you hooked him."

"I expect I had," I replied.

"But," he continued, "it was interesting, and next to catching him myself I'm glad you got him."

"And what do you think of fly fishing now?"

"Well," said he, "I'm willing to admit that it has its advantages. I shall mix it up hereafter with bait fishing."

We arrived at the hotel in time for supper. The big trout was admired by the guests and was served for breakfast.

The Judge and I packed up and took the southbound train for home, satisfied with our month's vacation.

E. D. MOFFETT.

Fish Introduction into New Jersey.

From the Monthly Report of the State Fish and Game Protector for November, 1896.

THE principal work accomplished during the month was the successful removal of adult pike-perch or wall-eyed pike from Lake Erie to Greenwood Lake. A great deal has been done by a number of the States in the East toward the propagation and planting of pike-perch in the waters in this part of the country, but in every instance, as far as I am aware, this work was done by procuring the eggs from the great lakes, developing them in State hatcheries and then distributing the fry. This system of introducing this valuable fish is open to the objection that the young fry are frequently devoured by large fish indigenous to the waters where the fry are placed; there is also danger of the fry succumbing to the effects of a change of water, the fry being very sensitive to such changes. For the purpose of propagating pike-perch by distributing the adult fish a number of wardens were sent to Toledo, O., the Erie railroad having kindly placed a car at my disposal from Jersey City to Marion. At the latter place the car was attached to a train on the Hocking Valley Railroad and taken to Toledo. Here about 600 adult pike-perch and about a dozen white bass were procured and these were removed to Greenwood Lake, the loss being only six fish. About fifteen of the fish were placed in the Raritan in Hunterdon county; the rest were placed in Greenwood Lake. As the water of Greenwood Lake is well adapted to pike-perch, there is no apparent reason why that fish should not be added to the fauna of that lake. Some few people, evidently rendered suspicious of the introduction of fish from other waters by the unpleasant experience New Jersey has had with carp, have expressed opinions that it might have been better perhaps if more attention had been paid to indigenous fish instead of bringing hither fish with which we have had no practical experience. There is, however, a vast difference between fish concerning which we know little and fish which belong to this country and which are highly prized in the localities in which they abound. The black bass is not indigenous to New Jersey, still there are very few people indeed who would like to see them banished from our waters. Where both black bass and pike-perch abound the former is considered somewhat gamier than the latter, but the pike-perch has the advantage of being a more prolific breeder and its flesh is far superior for the table. It grows to a far larger size and takes the hook readily. To these advantages must be added the fact that it is an enemy of the carp and experience has shown that it has driven this pestiferous fish from waters from which the carp had previously banished the bass and the pickerel. The success attending the experiment of bringing adult pike-perch from a distance will undoubtedly be followed by more work of a similar nature.

It was the intention on this trip to also secure some adult channel catfish to add to the food fish of the Delaware, but unfortunately the high winds prevailing in Lake Erie at the time of the presence there of the wardens prevented the taking of any of these fish; there is, however, no doubt that this fish can also be brought hither in a similar manner.

An attempt was made during the month to remove some of the pickerel and bass from the reservoirs of the East Jersey Water Company for the purpose of infusing fresh blood into the pickerel and perch of Greenwood Lake, but unfortunately this attempt proved a failure, owing perhaps to the cold weather having sent these fish to the deeper portions of the reservoirs, where they could not be reached by the nets. It is to be hoped that a renewal of this attempt in the early spring will meet with success.

The work of distributing trout was completed during the month.

Protector William H. Burnett.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest in your last week's issue the communication over Mr. Cheney's name in reference to Mr. William H. Burnett. I am a resident of Bolton, Warren county, N. Y., and am one of the owners of the Sagamore Hotel on Lake George. I have known Mr. Burnett personally for fifteen years, and I consider him one of the most reliable and conscientious men on the lake. He is in every respect a most suitable person for the position he has so honestly filled for many years, that of game constable. I know he is fearless, and should any of his friends break the law he would be the first man to prosecute them.

His reputation in our county is A1, and knowing the man so well I cannot refrain from doing what I consider my duty to give you my opinion of this man upon whom is now cast a most unjust imputation. You are at liberty to publish this over my name, and if I can do anything to advance Mr. Burnett's interest I would consider it my duty to do so.

JOHN BOULTON SIMPSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 28, under the head of Angling Notes, I read a notice to the Grand Jury recommending them the game warden be removed from all public office in the county of Warren.

Of little consequence as the foreman of this Grand Jury may be or his opinion, it is right that, representing the Lake George Fish and Game Society, I should reiterate all that Mr. Cheney and H. A. Howard, ex-district attorney of Warren county, say of this official. His record for years is one of honesty and faithfulness, and it will be a great loss to the lake of very valuable services if he is interfered with.

ROBERT LENOX BANKS,
Society for the Preservation of Fish and Game.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Onondaga Anglers.

AT the monthly meeting of the Onondaga Anglers' Association, of Syracuse, last Tuesday evening, State Fish-culturist A. N. Cheney read a paper on the "Beginning and Development of Artificial Fish Propagation."

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

ON Thursday of this week, Dec. 10, the Aquarium was opened to the public, though the galleries are not yet in readiness and will be closed to the public for some weeks till the tanks are stocked and other arrangements of them are completed. The hours for the public are from 10 A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., excepting Sundays and Mondays. There are no extra assistants to conduct an open Aquarium on Sunday, and Monday will be set apart for the workmen engaged in finishing the interior. Nevertheless there is now much of interest available to the public.

The interior has undergone a thorough reconstruction. The windows are so arranged as to admit an even, subdued light. Around the main floor the salt-water tanks are arranged, following the circle of the wall, their delicate green coloring, the effect of the sea water, making a most pleasing effect.

Altogether there are now 125 forms of animal life in the Aquarium, of which 78 are fish; the rest being seals, turtles, frogs, shellfish of various kinds, lobsters, crabs and other crustaceans, the corals, anemones and tube worms.

The water supply is so arranged that either salt or fresh water, as may be desired, can be used in every exhibition tank, and the laboratory is also supplied with both fresh and salt water. Labels printed in bold type will be placed on each tank. Besides giving the names and accurate portraits of the fish, they will give a succinct history and description of them. Both the common and scientific names are given, and the origin of the common names so far as known; also they mention the waters in which the fish may be found, and the places they prefer in such waters, the maximum size they attain, habits, whether permanent or migratory, spawning season, description of the fry, the food they prefer and whether or not they are esteemed as food.

Of the seventy-eight kinds of fish, twelve belong to the trout and salmon family. And they are a collection of rare excellence. There are landlocked salmon from Maine and New Hampshire, and of the trout there are brook, brown, steelhead, rainbow, Lake Tahoe (California), Swiss lake, hybrid lake and brook, and hybrid brook and brown, lake trout, and Sunapee Lake trout, the latter arriving in rather hopeless condition, but they are bright, clean and healthy now. There are live whitefish from Canandaigua Lake, and of the game fishes there are black and striped bass (a fine collection), and crappie, drum, pickerel, sea bass, tautog or blackfish, weakfish and white perch; and of the curious fish, the angler, boxfish, Bermuda chub, spotted codling, conger eel, bony gar, silver perch, sea ravens, sea horse, sand shark, dog shark, barndoor skate, sturgeon, etc.

The tanks are models of neatness and artistic arrangement, as indeed is every detail of the interior.

A Williamson.

MR. CHARLES HALLOCK has left with the FOREST AND STREAM an interesting example of work by A. Williamson, whose paintings hold an esteemed place among collectors. The scene is of a trout stream, and the canvas has added value because of the rarity of Williamsons now to be had. The price is $35.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CHANCE offers for purchasing one of Canada's famous salmon angling rivers, the Moisie. This celebrated stream has furnished excellent sport to a club of six American gentlemen for some years past. The owners are now offering the preserves for sale outright. Property includes the land on both sides of stream, inclosing pools, two large buildings, ice houses, men's lodgings, boats, etc. The river ranks next to the Cascapedia for number and size of fish, is easy of access, being but twenty hours from Rimouski on the Intercolonial R. R., and in regular communication by passenger and mail steamer and telegraph. We would refer our readers to advertisement on fourth page.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials. J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE IRISH SETTER AS A FIELD DOG, PAST AND PRESENT.—I.

LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The origin and past history of the Irish setter are so well known to its admirers that no comment thereon is needed here. Suffice it to say that the Irish setter is one of the oldest and purest of the breeds of setters.

Its color and general race charactoristics admit of very little, if any, crossing with other breeds of setters. The standard of color for this breed calls for a dark mahogany red, a small patch of white on the chest only being admissible.

While this standard of color has kept the race pure and developed a lot of show Irish setters, let us see what it has done for the field quality of the dog.

With the advent of dog shows came the craze for the dark mahogany red, the dark eye, the long and lean head, etc., of the modern Irish setter. All else in breeding was thrown aside, and color and show form were alone bred for. The field quality of the dog was lost sight of, and he came down in his working grade almost to the lowest bench shows, and the craze for color were the nails driven in the coffin of this once powerful breed of sporting dogs.

The early history of field trials shows that this setter held his own with the other breeds of setters and pointers. As an instance of this, Biz defeated Count Noble once; and others, which I do not now recall, were winners. Their ownership also was a wide and powerful one. Many sportsmen preferred this setter for their private use. Indeed, some

Irish setters which never competed at the trials gained a wide reputation as field dogs of much merit. One of these, Mr. Scott Rodman's Dash, gained a very wide and favorable reputation among sportsmen who lived in and around New York. He was owned by Mr. Scott Rodman, who lived at that time, I believe, at Pine Brook, N. J. Mr. Jacob Pentz, who had shot over this dog extensively, once told me he was as good as any he had ever shot over. Dash in his day was famous as a snipe dog. You can hear of Rodman's Dash and his descendants to this day in that part of New Jersey.

I will give another instance or two of the good old Irish setter. In the year 1885 I was at the Poncho Agency, I. T., with Dr. F. S. Dewey. The Doctor owned an Irish setter, by Erin out of Queen. He was at that time six years old, but a splendid dog on chickens and quail, and also was a wide, fast ranger. He carried a high head and constantly used his nose. I also owned at that time an Irish setter which I had purchased from a freighter. When I bought the dog the following conversation took place:

"What kind of a dog is that?"

"Him's a Irish setter, I reckon."

"Will he point chickens?"

"Wal, I reckon—he'll set."

"How long will he hold a point?"

"Erbout a minit."

"What is your price for him?"

"Wal, pard, I reckon he's wuth erbout two plunks and er ha'f ($3 50)."

So I came into the ownership of Frank. In color he was medium dark, with no white. He was a business-looking dog, with a sensible-looking head.

The day following his purchase I took him out to see what he would do. He went away with a long, swinging gallop, and carried his head high—with fairly good tail action. He soon showed his ability to find chickens, and, as the freighter said, he stood "erbout a minit." He seemed to think it a waste of time to stand longer, and would then put up his chicken and chase it as far as he could see it, which was some distance on the prairie. I saw at once I had a dog of much natural ability, but he would need considerable training before he was useful to the gun.

The next day a check cord was attached to his collar; this, together with a somewhat liberal use of the whip, soon brought him down so that he would point long enough for the shooter to come up, but as soon as the birds were flushed he was off. A short time was consumed in getting him steady to gun and wing. He developed rapidly after this and made a remarkable dog in some respects.

He had followed the freighter's wagon so long and lived on freighter's biscuit and bacon so much that he was as tough as wire nails. He never seemed tired and his wind was always good.

Aside from making a good dog on chickens and quail he made a remarkable one on wild turkeys. He would hunt turkeys as a dog hunts grouse.

I found him one day on a point in some very high grass near a creek. When I came up he commenced roading carefully through this grass, occasionally stopping to move his nose from side to side in the wind. After roading 200 or 300yds. he pointed, the hair over his fore shoulders rising as he did so. In an instant I heard the twit of a turkey hen, and as she rose I killed her with my right barrel and cut down a young gobbler with my left. I stood still and saw seven more fly across the creek from me. The hair on Frank's back would always raise when he pointed turkeys, but on no other game.

On chickens and quail he was a bold, fast ranger—on turkeys exceedingly cautious. I killed a number of turkeys over him and a great many chickens and quail. His judgment in handling game was remarkable, as were his efforts to aid the shooter.

So it will be seen that in those days there were Irish setters of splendid field quality. They were not, however, show dogs. I have always believed that had Erin, Plunket and Rodman's Dash been more extensively bred to it would have improved the breed very much in field quality. It would at least have given breeders more blood lines to have bred to and from, and aided them in the selection of good blood for field work. It is this, I believe, that has aided the breeders of the English setter and pointer to get so far in advance of breeders of Irish setters.

The cross of the Count Noble blood with that of Gladstone has produced in English setters a race of dogs surpassed by none.

Pointer breeders also took advantage of the various strains. Croxteth blood was crossed with that of Sensation and others until the pointer is on an equal footing with the English setter.

Then again it is necessary for breeders to attend the field trials; to there learn what is desirable for an advance in breeding. Otherwise they may never know what really high class work is and can form no intelligent idea of what they should do to improve the dogs that they breed. In breeding one must know what is desirable as well as what is not. The practice of matching together dogs of which little or nothing is known, except that their blood lines are thus and so and that they may have been winners, is not intelligent breeding. They may have been winners where the competition was so poor that they could not help winning, or there might have been a dozen things conducive to their success other than their merits. Again, disposition must be taken into account on both sides. Much depends on that; otherwise the offspring may be rattle-headed, gun shy, soft-hearted or a dozen other things not desirable, and not conducive to successful breeding of field dogs.

Again, color in the Irish setter is a matter of very little moment so long as he is red. He might be dark, medium or light red, and still be a good field dog. It is my opinion that the breeders of this dog would do better if they eliminated color from their estimates in breeding. They should know more of their dogs' dispositions; of the elements that will produce a good brain, nose, speed and style, and a disposition to stand and endure hard work. Color is a mere matter of fancy. The practical sportsman cares very little for it. He wants a dog that will hunt and find game. He wants a dog with brain enough to handle his game after it is found. In my next I will try and give your readers some of my observations in owning, breeding and handling this setter—an experience extending over a period of eight or ten years.

DR. H. B. ANDERSON.

A. K. C. MEETING.

A MEETING of the American Kennel Club was held in the club's office, 55 Liberty street, New York, on Dec. 7, at 2 o'clock. The club meeting was a formality to clear the way for the regular quarterly meeting of the executive committee, to be held at same time and place. The meeting was called to order, Mr. Edw. Brooks in the chair. It was immediately adjourned and the executive committee meeting began.

There were present: American Bedlington Terrier Club (Thomas Pearsall); associate members (A. Clinton Wilmerding, Dr. H. T. Foote); Boston Terrier Club (L. A. Burritt); Central Beagle Club (Dr. W. E. Johnson); Gordon Setter Club (James B. Blossom); Irish Setter Club (G. H. Thompson); Mascoutah Kennel Club (C. F. R. Drake); Metropolitan Kennel Club (G. M. Kernochan); National Beagle Club (H. F. Schellhass); National Greyhound Club (Horatio Nelson); New England Beagle Club (H. S. Joslin); Pacific Kennel Club (James Mortimer); Pacific Fox Terrier Club (Capt. C. B. Knocker); Pointer Club of America (George Jarvis); Poodle Club of America (Henry G. Trevor); St. Bernard Club of California (George Bargate).

The reading of the minutes of the previous executive meeting was dispensed with.

The secretary's, treasurer's and advisory committee's reports were approved as read.

The field trial committee was not ready to report.

The application of the California State Poultry and Kennel Club for membership was granted. It had claimed its dates beginning on Jan. 10, Sunday, and much debate followed pro and con on this point, there being some precedents of the club against Sunday shows, and on the other hand it was shown that Sunday shows on the Coast were not considered improper, as there were theaters open on Sunday, etc. The matter was referred to the advisory committee of the Pacific Coast to report upon later.

The resignation of the Rhode Island State Fair Association was accepted.

Application was granted for the following prefixes: Dr. J. T. Kent, Belleplain; C. M. Selfridge and Perry Ward, Thornhills.

A committee of three was appointed by the chair, Messrs. Mortimer, Blossom and Burritt, for the purpose of investigating a matter in which T. J. Farley is involved. At the New York show last year his Irish setter puppy Kenmore, Jr., won, and soon afterward he sold him; then, it is alleged, he put another puppy in Kenmore's bench, which bore his winning number and card, and sold this puppy also as Kenmore, Jr. At Mineola both puppies were entered: one as Kenmore, Jr., and the other as Joe, formerly Kenmore, Jr., and thus the investigation came about. These two dogs, entered in Class 43, Irish setters, Nos. 92 (Kenmore, Jr.) and 95 (Joe), were disqualified.

The win of the bull terrier Milwaukee Tinker at the Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's show was canceled, on the ground that he was under six months of age. At the same show the beagle bitch Kittie Clover was entered by the owner's agent in the open class when she was qualified for the challenge.

The Blenheim spaniel Murillo and the Ruby spaniel Princess Bee were disqualified as to wins at the Mineola show for being transferred from one class to another against A. K. C. rules; also the win of Black and Tan terrier Balacy's Flora was canceled, as she was incorrectly entered as a registered bitch.

Several cases at the recent Brooklyn show will be investigated later.

The treasurer's report was accepted. His statement was as follows: Receipts from all sources to date, $6,475.37; balance on hand Jan. 1, $2,233.08; total, $3,708.45. Disbursements from Jan. 1 to date, $6,343.82. Balance on hand, $3,364.63.

The bills for annual dues for 1897 were mailed to all of the A. K. C. clubs and they were urged to remit promptly. Failure to pay such dues before Jan. 1 next deprives delinquent clubs of representation, and they may be dropped from membership at the following meeting.

Mr. Mortimer moved that Rule 2, concerning dog shows, in so far as it states that exhibitors must abide by the consequences of their own mistakes, should be amended, as it was a great hardship on people who unwittingly violated that rule. He showed that originally it was intended to prevent unfair changing about from class to class, and not to apply to mistakes of innocent owners. The matter was referred to the committee on constitution and rules to report some manner of equitable amendment for later action.

The secretary, in behalf of Mr. Klein, presented the matter of making some arrangements with the U. S. customs whereby U. S. clubs could give bond for Canadian dogs to be shown at their shows, thus saving the Canadian owners serious delays and consequent loss. It was concluded that the matter could not be arrranged.

The advisory committee's report was read, but it contained only matter already published.

Hartford's Dogs.

HARTFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have all read the little piece from the afflicted tradesman. That is one side; now hear the other. This person claims that dogs do a great amount of damage to provisions belonging to marketmen and provision dealers. If this provision dealer would put his goods in his store, where they belong, and not on half of the sidewalk—which on Asylum street they thoroughly block—the offensive dog would find nothing to spoil, and it would satisfy more than nine-tenths of all the people who have to get out in the mud, as it now stands.

Furthermore, this tradesman says he derives only a very small amount from dog owners, who use scrap-box food. He may feed his dog on such if he has one, but "there are others" who do not, and as for kicking a dumb animal, a man is a coward who suggests or does such.

Now about the provisions which are spoiled by dogs. What becomes of them? Are they thrown away? No.

The man who has a good dog does not allow it to run at large in the street, and he or any one else that values a dog to any extent would not risk its life among the deadly trolleys. OWNER OF A GOOD DOG.

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Field Trials and Field Work.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A good field trial dog should be a good dog to shoot over, and a good field dog should be a good field trial dog. Especially should this be true of dogs broken on quail, dogs to be used in an open county.

They ought also to be well broken and easily and quietly handled. An owner who puts up from $150 to $200 ought to have a run for his money. There has been a practice among some of the handlers of starting dogs which they knew would not win. This ought in some way to be discouraged.

Of course all cannot win, but there are dogs started which never were good enough to make a decent run. If a dog cannot handle quail decently well, I do not know of what use he is as a field dog. If he cannot handle quail he certainly could not handle grouse and woodcock.

HANDLER.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

During the period of agitation, when what has been commonly known as the "cropping question" was being everywhere discussed, many of those who so strenuously fought for a continuance of the barbarous practice loudly predicted the utter ruination of the bull terrier and the speedy oblivion of Great Danes in this country. Facts in connection with the late show at the Crystal Palace, and which admit of no controversy, go to prove that the fears of those most interested have been groundless. It was naturally to be expected that the passing of the new rule would affect for a time the breeds to which it applied, and the statements on all sides that such and such fanciers were giving them up for other specimens of the canine race created, among some, the impression that the fears of the advocates of cropping were going to be realized, and that the size of classes for these particular breeds would soon diminish to a vanishing point. It is now eighteen months since the Kennel Club passed its rule to prevent any further continuance of the practice of cropping dogs' ears, and the bull terrier is still in our midst, Great Danes are yet with us, and Manchester terriers still grace the show-bench in great numbers. Nay, more, the entry of bull terriers at the late show was actually a record one, and Great Danes have not paraded before a judge at a Kennel Club show in such numbers for years. —*Kennel Gazette (England).*

In our report of the E. F. T. C. All-Age Pointer Stake, in describing the general merits of Odd Sides, the word quantity was intended instead of quality in the following sentence: "Though his bird work was inferior in quality to theirs," etc. His bird work was inferior in quantity owing to birds not being so plentiful where he ran as they were on other parts of the grounds, but the quality of his work was superior to that of all the others.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Century runs do not over-fatigue some wheelmen, but for many men ten or fifteen miles over good roads is all they should attempt, and especially if their riding is at irregular intervals. Men with weak digestions should be particularly careful to avoid fatigue, and should refrain from climbing difficult hills or holding a hot pace when set by their companions.

Strict moderation is an absolute essential to secure the benefits of bicycle riding from the standpoint of health.

The occasional rider suffers perhaps most from overdoing the thing, but no one is exempt from the bad consequences of over-exertion.

Professional racing men build up great powers of endurance by careful training. Their muscles are hardened and strengthened by constant exercise, and their hearts, lungs and digestive systems gradually brought into trim to stand the increased demand made upon them. The professional understands that it is easily possible to build up muscular power that may be hopelessly handicapped by poor digestion or a weak heart, and he knows that a symmetrical development of muscles and vital organs is essential to success.

He is consequently careful to avoid excess in training and to guard against undue fatigue. At the time of his race, however, he cannot spare himself, and he rides to win, even if it costs his life.

Huret, who holds a number of world's records for long distance races, says that when he was on the point of breaking the twenty-four-hour record—he actually covered 544 miles within that time—he was practically out of his head. He was haunted by the fear of accident, which, as he became fatigued, seemed inevitable at every turn of the track, and made his riding absolute torture. All the arc lights on the track were merged into one gigantic electric globe that dazzled and blinded him, and for the time being the world was afire and he in a delirium suffering the agony of the damned.

What's in a Name.

OUR antipodean friends in Australia have names in their geographies that rival some of our own choice specimens as found in Maine and elsewhere. Here is a sample from the letter of a wheelman describing the road from Warrnambool to Geelong:

"A few words about the track in its present condition may not be out of place. Starting from Warrnambool, the road to Allansford has a very uneven surface for about four miles, thence on through Cudgee to Garvoc it is very good. After leaving Garvoc a patch of new metal about half a mile long is met; after which, with the exception of a little rough ground before reaching Terang, the road right through to Pirron Yallock is perfect. Then comes the worst part of the journey. From Pirron Yallock for a distance of four miles the road surface is very uneven, and after passing through Colac the road, to within two miles of Winchelsea, is all patches; from this point to Geelong the road is good."

NOVICE AND EXPERT.

THE first five miles that a man rides on a bicycle is frequently the hardest ride he ever takes. This is especially true of the man who teaches himself, though the man who receives instruction rarely fails to get as much exercise as is good for him in covering that distance for the first time. Five miles without previous experience is equal to fifty after the average wheelman has ridden 500 miles, or equal to a century when he has with reasonable regularity recorded 1,000 miles.

This does not of course apply to people who take a number of short lessons, and who stop at the first sign of fatigue, but to those who learn in a single lesson, and who do not give in until they have mastered the art.

"Practice makes perfect" is a maxim that must constantly recur to the cyclist. With experience he finds all the hard things become easy. The hill that a few months before he strained every nerve to surmount becomes of trifling consequence, and he hardly notices it as he covers the miles with even pace; and when he comes to the down grade on the other side and back pedals or coasts it makes him smile to think how scared he was the first time he descended it.

Riders vary in talents, and some men learn in half or quarter the time of others. It is not possible, therefore, in anything but a very general way to mark the line between novice and expert. We should say, though, that the man who has ridden a thousand miles over all kinds of roads, including hilly country, and who has covered in single rides distances of fifty, seventy-five or a hundred miles, has, as a rule, pretty near, if not quite, graduated into the expert class.

There are clearly defined periods of progress. At first the rider toils laboriously, and gets more sweat to the square inch than pleasure out of cycling. He has a terror of approaching vehicles that is only rivaled by his joy when he succeeds in safely passing them; and a hundred-foot boulevard set aside for his uses alone would not give him more space than he would like to have. At this period every mole hill is a mountain, and mountains themselves have no interest for him.

He runs into every rut and stone and ditch he comes across, and the number of narrow escapes he has would fill a book. At this period he is a "wabbler," physically and mentally.

But he is learning all the while, and presently there comes a time when on good roads his apprehensions disappear and he becomes aware that he is looking at the landscape instead of his front wheel, and thinking about subjects that would interest him under ordinary circumstances, instead of the old bugbears of collisions and sudden death.

This change frequently occurs as early as the completion of the first 100 miles.

At 500 miles he can ride the cable slot fairly well or a narrow wheel track in a country road, or easier still one of the footpaths that run beside, and he has learned the command of his bicycle on most hills and on bad roads. His muscles are hardening, and rides of twenty-five or even fifty miles over good roads do not bother him. The real pleasure of cycling is beginning to dawn on him, and he is also learning to make his bicycle of practical use in his affairs.

Then before he knows it he becomes aware that the industrious little cyclometer shows four figures on its open face, and if he is of the right kind of stuff at this stage of the game the wheel will have become a part of himself. Without being conscious of the fact the two have grown together, like the man and horse combination of the old centaur, and strangely enough it seems as though it was the bicycle that had learned and not the man. For the expert the steed of steel answers each little whim without the need of the rider's effort, here just missing that stone and there picking out the only smooth inch of road in 40ft. When the rider wishes to dismount it takes him to the exact spot and the pedal comes just right, and when he gets on again things adjust themselves just as nicely. Nothing feazes the trusty wheel, and the rider thinks to himself "How well trained it has become!" He does not take the credit to himself that he has at last learned the art of riding.

A Natural Trap.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A strange accident happened to me the other day, and I am sending an account of it to your wheeling department, because it occurred while I was out with my bicycle.

I was riding along a very lonely road past a piece of woodland, when I heard a hound persistently baying in one particular place. Thinking that he had possibly treed a coon, I left my wheel in some bushes by the side of the road and went over to investigate.

When I reached the spot I found that the dog was working at the base of a large rock 8 or 10ft. high, and perhaps 20ft. across in any direction. Upon examination I discovered that there was quite a cavity under this rock, and that by removing one or two small fragments I could make an entrance for the dog. Accordingly I set to work and raised several stones. One large stone was wedged in tightly nearly 2ft. below the surface of the surrounding ground, and I worked away at this for some time without success. Finally, however, on getting pretty well down into the opening I had made, and rocking it by purchase on one end, I loosened the stone. The same instant, to my surprise and alarm, a large fragment of the main rock, weighing perhaps two tons, slipped down several inches and pinioned one of my feet. The fact that it rested on some elastic leaf mold alone saved the foot from being crushed.

Realizing the danger of any movement on my part, I stood perfectly still and looked upward to ascertain the situation.

The loosened fragment of rock that held me fast reached a foot or more above my head and leaned over me threateningly, being plainly out of the perpendicular.

It had evidently been dislodged from the main rock by the action of the frost, water having collected in some internal fissure.

In shape it was like an immense tombstone, and I thought at the time that it might be my burial slab.

The weight of the rock pinched my foot in a very painful way, but it was evident that any ill-advised attempt to dig it out would bring the great mass over on my body, so I went at the task of releasing myself in a very leisurely way.

First I carefully drew some of the small boulders I had taken from the hole toward me. Then I wedged several of these under projecting irregularities in the lower surface of the large boulder till I had it propped in a way that I thought would keep it from rolling forward. Finally, with fingers and a bent stick, I loosened the earth beneath my foot and carefully dragged it free.

I was safe, but to guard against any one else being trapped as I had been I drove the dog to a safe distance, and climbing to the top of the rock mass braced my feet against the treacherous fragment and gave it a heave that sent it over with a rumble and crash, splintering the stones on which it fell and filling the air with a smell of brimstone.

J. A. C.

Cycle Locks.

A GREAT many varieties of locks have been devised to prevent cycles from being ridden off by thieves; but in our opinion nothing is better than a small padlock and chain, which enables the owner not only to make the machine unrideable, but to secure it to a gate or railing, so that it cannot even be carried away. The chain, however, should be a special one made for the purpose, and should consist of properly tempered steel. If it is composed of any soft metal, a large pair of scissors will be sufficient to cut it through, unless it is very heavy and cumbersome.—*Scottish Cyclist.*

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Map of the United States.

A LARGE, handsome map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

A meeting of the council of the Sound Y. R U. was held on Dec. 7 at the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. house, at which were present by invitation W. A. C. Hamilton, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.; L M. Clark, of Boston, president of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., and A. J Prime, of Yonkers, president of the New York Y. R. A. Certain changes were proposed and discussed, which, if made, will bring the Sound and the Massachusetts associations more closely in harmony.

NEW YACHTS.

THE accompanying list of proposed yachts for 1897 is by no means complete or correct, but is compiled from the best available sources, and we publish it thus early in the hope that it may bring out further information by way of addition and correction.

In sailing yachts but little has been done thus far. There are not even rumors of any new racing schooners, and the news of the possible alterations to Emerald closes one source of conjecture that always serves to make news in the dull season, the plans and intentions of her owner. The extreme improbability of a challenge for the America's Cup leaves the largest cutter class just where it has been for a year past, with Defender safely laid up in New Rochelle Harbor and no prospect of a new vessel to contest the honors of the big class with her. The next class, 70ft., has thus far progressed no further than a vague rumor that it will be built up this year. We wish that we could announce that this was more than the most indefinite rumor.

The prospects for the 51ft. class are much brighter. One order has already been placed by F. M. Hoyt, owner of Norota, with her designers, Gardner & Cox. The owner of the 30-footer Infanta, J. B. Mills, has been in correspondence with her designer, Will Fife, Jr, concerning a racing 51-footer, and several other recruits to the class are rumored. It is very probable that this will be the particular racing class of 1897.

The number of smaller yachts as yet reported is quite small, and many more may be looked for after the first of the year. A. Cary Smith has designed for Oliver Adams, of the Larchmont Y. C., former owner of the yawl Kwasind, a keel yacht of the same class, a cruising yawl with good accommodation; not a racing boat, but good enough for the races of her rig about the Sound. The order is not yet placed, but the yacht will probably be built by Reed Bros., of Fall River, who built both Kwasind and Audax. Another somewhat similar craft is now building from his own design by T. R. Webber, of New Rochelle, for a Philadelphia yachtsman. She will have 6ft. 3in. headroom and the interior will be very roomy and well arranged. At Tom's River, on the Jersey coast, W. P. Kirke is at work on a cruising craft of his own design for J. F. Ackerman, of the Atlantic Y. C., former owner of the yawl Fidelio. In Boston, J. R. Purdon has ready the design for a racing jib and mainsail boat for the 24ft. l.w.l. class of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., a very shoal hull with a 400lb. board and moderate sail plan, and also a keel cruiser of the same waterline. Lawley & Co. have under way a knockabout for sale, and also an order for a knockabout from F. O. North. The Herreshoffs have an order for a racing knockabout for H. M. Sears, of Boston, and several others are rumored for the same class from the Bristol shops.

About New York the interest in the smaller classes will be concentrated on the 20ft. class, but no boats have yet been ordered except one for Philip T. Dodge, owner of the 20-footer Eos, to be designed by Chas. Olmstead, designer of Eos and the successful 15 footer Riverside. Building has already begun on some of the smaller Western lakes, where the local builders have made reputations in their successful competition with the Herreshoffs, which they will work hard to maintain. The only boat yet reported is for Pine Lake, to the order of Com. Nunnemacher, one of the most active patrons of the small racing classes.

The steam list is but a brief one as yet, the principal vessels being on foreign stocks; for reasons which are perfectly obvious when one compares the latest productions of the Clyde and the Delaware. The largest of these is a seagoing steamer for John E. Brooks, of the New York Y. C., a seagoing craft intended for long voyages. Her dimensions are not yet made known, but she is from the drawing board of Mr. Watson, as is another new craft recently ordered for J. Gardner Cassatt, of Philadephia. The former will be built by the Ailsa Ship Building Co., of Troon, N. B., and the latter by Ramage & Ferguson, of Leith.

The home orders include several yachts for coasting service, of about 150ft. l w.l. Of these, one, Hiawatha II., is building at the new works of C. L Seabury & Co., adjoining the Gas Engine and Power Co., at Morris Docks, New York, for Chas. Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, owner of Hiawatha I., built by the same firm last year. The new yacht, of steel throughout, is larger, and will be most comfortable and elegantly arranged, with all the luxuries now found in this class of vessel. The other large yacht is for G. W. Childs-Drexel, owner of the steam yacht Alcedo; the design is by A. S. Cheesebrough, of Boston, and she will be built by Harlan & Hollingsworth, at Wilmington.

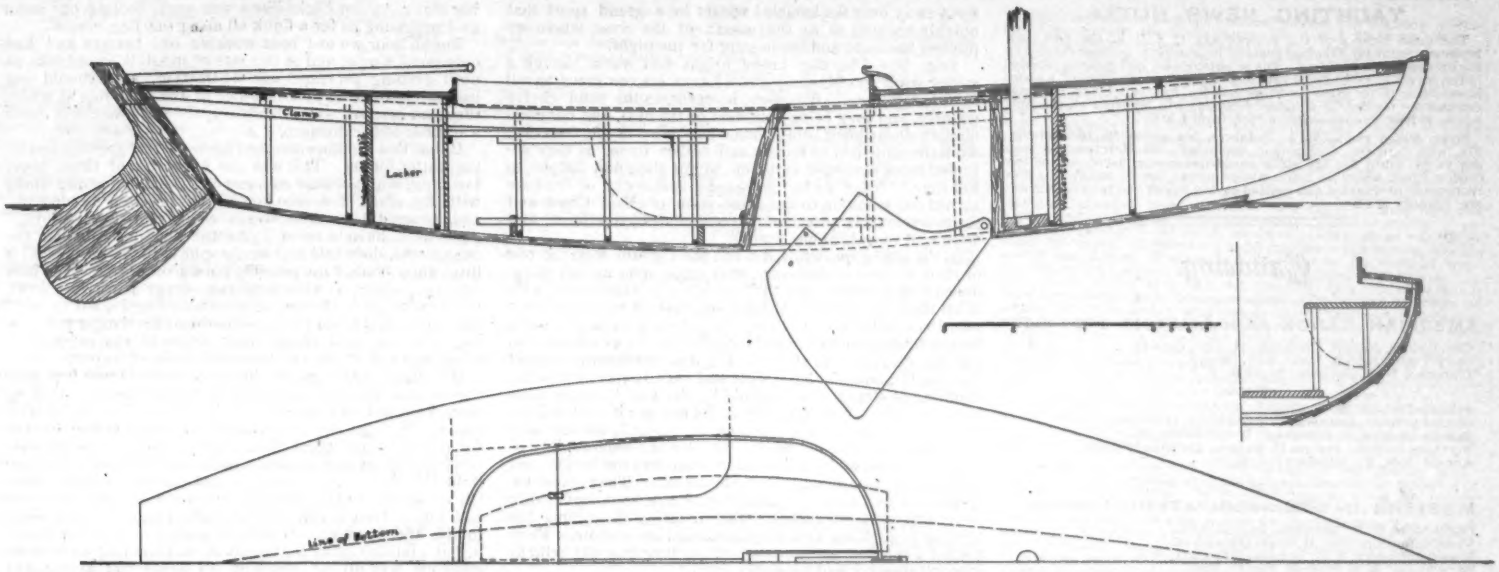
The most interesting novelty among the new steam craft is a high-speed yacht of a larger size than has yet been attempted—122ft. l.w.l.—designed by Chas. D. Mosher for Chas. R. Flint, an old New York yachtsman. This boat will be of composite build, with double skin, with very power-

NEW YACHTS, 1897—SAIL.

Rig.	Class.	Name.	Owner.	Designer.	Builder.	Type.	Construction.	Length O. A.	Length L.W.L	Beam	Draft	Built at.
Yawl..	36	.....	Oliver Adams.	A. Cary Smith.	Reed Bros....	K ...	Wood.	46	37	12	6 6	Fall River.
Sloop..	36	.....	.....	Builder.....	T. R. Webber.	K....	Wood..	.....	30	13	.....	New Rochelle.
Sloop..	Knock.	.....	J.F. Ackerman	.....	W. P. Kirk....	C. B..	Wood..	35	25	11	2	Tom's River.
Sloop..	24	.....	A. of Hutchison	J. R. Purdon ..	.....	C. B..	Wood.	32	24	8 6	7	....
.....	.....	.....	.....	J. R. Purdon ..	.....	K....	Wood..	26	24	....	5 6	.....
Sloop..	.....	.....	RNun'emacher	Builder.....	E. Borgeson...	C. B..	Wood .	34	.....	6 6	....	Pine Lake, Minn.
Sloop..	Knock.	.....	.....	Geo. Lawley. .	Lawley & Son.	K....	Wood..	.....	24	....	....	South Boston.
Sloop..	... ...	.....	Ildo Ramadell.	Builders.	H. & S. Davis..	Fin...	Wood.	.....	30	....	....	Chicago.
Sloop..	... ...	....	Wm. Hindshaw	Owner.....	Owner.....	C. B..	Wood..	.....	25	.....	....	Chicago.
Sloop..	Knock.	.....	F O. North....	Geo. Lawley...	Lawley & Son.	K	Wood.	.....	.....	....	.....	South Boston.
Sloop..	Knock.	.....	H. M. Sears....	Builders.....	Herreshoff Co.	K	Wood.	.....	.....	.....	.....	Bristol.
Sloop..	.....	. ...	H. H. Linnell..	Owner.	Owner..... ...	C. B..	Wood..	28	15	8	9	Dorchester.
Cutter.	51	.....	F. M. Hoyt ...	Gardner & Cox	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	....
Cutter	51	.....	J. B. Mills.....	W. Fife, Jr ...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

NEW YACHTS, 1897—POWER

Name.	Owner.	Designer.	Builder.	Motor.	Rig.	Material.	Over all.	L.W.L.	Beam	Draft	Built at.
....	J. E. Brooks. ..	G L. Watson ..	Ailsa Co.	Steam..	.....	.....	180	.....	.....	.....	Troon.
.....	J. G. Cassatt....	G. L. Watson ..	Ramage & Fer..	Steam..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Leith.
.....	C. R. Flint.....	C. D. Mosher....	....	Steam..	.....	.....	.....	122	12 6	4	....
.....	G. W. C. Drexel.	A. Cheesebrough.	H. & H	Steam..	.....	Steel...	170 8	150 8	24	11	Wilmington.
.....	F. E. Brush....	F. E. Kirby.....	.....	Steam.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	....
.....	F. L. Masury...	Builders.....	Seabury & Co...	S eam.	.....	Wood .	85	72	13	5	Morris Heights.
Raynham	E S. Woodward	Builders.....	Seabury & Co...	Steam.	.....	.....	85	.....	.....	.....	....
.....	G. Kortright.....	Gardner & Cox..	....	S eam..	.....	.....	90	78	.....	.....	.....
Hiawatha II.....	C. Fleischmann..	Builders.....	Seabury & Co...	Steam.	Schr...	Steel...	170	138	21	8	Morris Heights.
.....	J.A.Mollenhauer	C. D Mosher....	.....	S eam..	Schr...	Comp..	80	75	9 6	2	.....
....	.....	H. Wintringham	Marvel & Co.....	Steam..	.....	.....	125	110	20	5	Newburgh.



DORA.—SAILING DORY. DESIGNED AND BUILT BY CHAS. B. STEBBINS, 1896.

ful engines and boilers and twin screws. A speed of over thirty knots is confidently expected of her. She will of course have all the usual accommodations and conveniences.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox are at work on a small steel steam yacht for Governeur Kortright, of the New York Y. C., for general cruising. No particulars are yet given of the 150ft. yacht to be built for F. E. Brush, of Detroit.

Already two new yachts have been launched, one an auxiliary sloop with 10 H. P naphtha engine, launched from the works of the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co , on Dec 2. The dimensions are 47ft over all, 12ft. beam, 2ft 6in draft without centerboard. The owner's cabin is very large and comfortably fitted, having four transom berths, the head room under beams being 5ft. 8in. A toilet room is fitted forward of the cabin, with patent Marine water closet and folding wash basin, mirror, towel rack, etc. The forecastle is comfortable and well ventilated, having accommodations for two men A galley is fitted in separate compartment, arranged with stove, dish racks, refrigerator, etc Ample water tank capacity for long cruising and a large storage ice box. The dining table is fitted on centerboard trunk, which does not come to full height in cabin Book racks, gun racks, storage lockers, etc., are conveniently arranged for owner and guests, while the furnishings are substantial and serviceable. The hull is very strongly constructed of oak, keel and frames; planking copper fastened and riveted throughout The decks are of white pine. The bottom is coppered The cockpit is very large, and the engine is fitted at the after end, so that no room is lost The propeller is a two bladed straight flange, and under motive power the boat will run 6 to 7 miles per hour. If sail power only is used the propeller sets flush with the sternpost and does not cause any drag. The centerboard is large, and will be of great value, as the sail spread is of good proportion. The yacht was built on order of W. Ashby Jones, of Richmond, Va., who will use her for Southern cruising in the Chesapeake Bay, hunting fishing, etc. She is now being equipped for the cruise and will proceed at an early date to Richmond

The other yacht is the 40ft. steam launch Caribe, built for Messrs. Flint, Eddy & Co. by the same company. She was launched recently and given her official trial trip, attaining a speed of ten miles; the contract called for nine miles. The Caribe is for service on one of the inland rivers in Mexico, and was shipped via steamship Yumuri on Dec. 5. She is 40ft. long, 7ft. beam and draws 3ft. aft. The hull is constructed of oak keel, stem, sternpost and frames. Cedar planked, copper fastened and riveted. The hull is coppered. The machinery consists of a single high-pressure non-condensing engine and a Seabury safety water tube boiler.

It is impossible to catalogue the craft of all sizes and for all purposes turned out at the works of the Gas Engine and Power Co , but this concern is busy as usual, even in a dull season, with power launches and yachts, large and small.

We shall be glad to learn from owners or others interested of other new yachts and their dimensions.

DORA.

A Sailing Dory.

THE sailing dory of the Massachusetts coast is an admirable little craft, safe, inexpensive, fast enough for general sailing, and especially adapted for rough water. The young Corinthian will find such a boat quite within his powers as an amateur builder, and at the same time a most suitable craft in which to put to practical test the theoretical knowledge of sailing that he may acquire by reading. The boat here illustrated was designed and built by Mr. Charles B. Stebbins, son of N. L Stebbins, the yacht photographer, a young student in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, graduating this coming year in the Department of Marine Engineering and Naval Architecture. The boat was designed for sailing about Marblehead, and in her brief life of one season proved very satisfactory. She came to a most untimely end in one of the gales of last October; her owner stripped her and left her to be hauled out next day, but this was not done; the gale came, and she dragged ashore, being so badly battered on the rocks as to be past repair.

Dora was 18ft. 6in. over all, 14ft. 8in. on bottom, 5ft. 8in. wide at deck and 1ft. 10in. at bottom. She was 2ft. in depth and drew 8in.

The bottom was of ¾in. white pine, and the stem and sternpost, as well as the stern, of oak A single mould was used, that of the midship section; the stem and stern were fastened to the bottom and the frame set up on stocks with this one mould in place; the edges of the bottom were beveled to fit the garboard staff, the garboards were got out and set and afterward the other planks, all of ⅞in. cedar. The result was a very handsome model, with sharp, easy ends, even sharper than at first intended. The frames were of oak, ¾×¾in , spaced 18in. on centers, steamed and bent in after the boat was planked. They were in single lengths from wale to wale. The clamps were of pine 1×2in. The bulkheads were of ¾in pine. The deck beams were of elm, 1×1in., the crown being ¼in. to each foot of beam; the deck was of ¾in. matched pine, and the washboard of ¾in. oak.

The centerboard was of cast iron ⅞in. thick, weighing 180lbs., in addition to which about 370lbs. of iron was stowed under the flooring.

Being intended for single-hand sailing, the cockpit was made rather small and the sail area kept to a moderate figure—150sq. ft. for the mainsail and 40sq. ft. for the jib. The centerboard trunk was kept as far forward as possible to give room in the cockpit, and the seats were hinged so as to drop out of the way. The dimensions of the spars were: Mast, from deck, 16ft. 6in.; boom, 14ft 8in.; gaff, 8ft. 6in.

DORA.

The bulkheads at the ends formed watertight compartments with ample floating power.

With white topsides set off by a sheer strake of bright red, the bottom below the waterline being green and the deck of a light tint, the little craft presented a jaunty and shipshape appearance that gave her young builder good reason to feel proud of his first attempt,

Dora will be replaced by a similar boat now building at Stearns's yard, Marblehead, the only difference being that the width of the bottom has been decreased to but 1ft. 8in. This change is shown on the plans.

THE SEAWANHAKA CUP.

A MEETING of the Royal St Lawrence Y. C. was held on Nov. 25, with Com. Ross in the chair, the following report being presented by the retiring sailing committee:

GENTLEMEN—Your sailing committee, elected last December, having completed their term of office, report as follows:

When your committee took office the challenge for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian International Cup had been accepted; preparations were at once made to encourage the 15ft. class. In order to build up as large and excellent a fleet as possible from which to select the challenger. Through the ready response of our active sailing members and the generosity of our commodore in donating very handsome prizes for the trial races, an excellent fleet of 15-footers was built and raced hard early in the season. The Glencairn was finally selected as a challenger, and succeeded in winning the cup in three successive races sailed off Oyster Bay July 13, 14 and 15.

Immediately after these races the S. C. Y. C. challenged for the cup, specifying the 25ft. class. Your committee considered 25ft. r. l. racing boats quite unfit for our waters, but intimated their willingness to accept a challenge in the 20ft. class, provided certain restrictions on sail and draft were imposed, which would make the boats serviceable for other purposes than racing.

In naming the 20ft. class we had in mind that the S. C. Y. C. had, at our request, postponed their intention of changing the class last year.

We felt, too, that the 20ft. class would be acceptable to many of our members who considered the 15-footers too small, and that no injustice was done to the present 15-footers, as they would be outclassed by next year's boats. The S. C. Y. C. have accepted our suggestions with regard to class, sail area and draft, but the details of the method of measuring have not been finally decided upon, nor the date of the contest. As soon as the main points were agreed upon an interim circular was sent to Canadian yacht clubs as appended:

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. international challenge cup for small yachts, having been won by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and the former club having challenged for same, the races for this trophy will be held on Lake St. Louis next year, under the auspices of this club. The challenge has been made in the 20ft. (racing length) class, restricting the sail area to 500sq. ft. and the draft to 5ft. The cup is an international trophy, and it is hoped that all the Canadian yacht clubs will be represented in the trial races to be held for the purpose of selecting a defender. The details of the measurement and the conditions of the match are still under discussion, but will be announced by circular later, together with all necessary information.

Intending builders are therefore requested not to do anything definite without reference to the sailing committee of the R. S. L. Y. C.

Advice from those contemplating entering in the trial races will insure their receiving promptly all detail information.

(Signed) G. H. DUGGAN, Chairman Sailing Committee.
J. C. C. ALMON, Sec'y Sailing Committee.

Although the interest was mainly centered in our 15-footers, the other racing was by no means neglected. The usual class races having fair entries, there were good contests for the Sir D. A. Smith, Commodore Hamilton, Girouard and Hamilton trophies, the winners of the several cups being as follows: Sir Donald Smith, Chaperon; Commodore Hamilton, Xania; Justice Girouard (25ft. class), Marjorie; W. A. C. Hamilton challenge trophy (30 and 15ft. classes), Anita.

The club was invited to participate in two races given by the residents of Senneville: Lake of Two Mountains on Aug. 8, for the Lake of Two Mountains challenge trophy, and on Aug. 29, for special prizes for 15-footers. On both occasions we were well represented, and succeeded in taking the coveted trophy to Lake St. Louis; the cordial reception given the club on these occasions made them two of the pleasantest events of the season

Your committee have been watching the changes which are now pending in the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Union, believing that it is desirable that our sailing rules should conform as far as possible. Our sailing rule regarding the measurement of 20ft. class boats will have to be changed to agree with the conditions under which the contest for the S. C. cup races will be sailed, and we recommend that the necessary changes be made. Before retiring your committee desire to impress upon you their sense of the importance of making a strong effort to retain the cup, believing that it will do more than anything else to encourage yachting, as well as add to the good name and prestige of the club, and we would ask you to bring before our members the necessity of taking prompt action to build a fleet from which to select the defender. We feel that our success last year was due in large measure to the ready way in which the members came forward and built the 15-footers. Your committee recommend the purchase of a small club steamer to follow our races. It will be necessary throughout the trial and cup races next year to have a steamer from which to direct them, involving an outlay for charter of probably several hundred dollars. We have obtained tenders, and believe that a suitable steamer can be built for about $1,800, and think that a handsome return on this outlay might be realized by charging members a small fee to follow the races. We append statement showing details of our expenditure, also accounts and summaries of the races. Before closing we desire you to express our and the club's thanks to our commodore for his generous gift of prizes for the 15ft. class; to the steam yacht members for providing another prize; to Mr. Angus for his kindness in towing the 15 footers up to Lake of Two Mountains and his hospitality at his residence; to Mr. Drummond for his hospitality and sending up the Wild Rose to take Messrs. Croundell and Sherman, of the Seawanhaka Club, for a run on Lake St. Louis and Lake of Two Mountains, and also to Mr. Eadie for many services during the summer and towing 15-footers to Ogdensburg, Lake of Two Mountains and return.

The subject of the 20ft class and the defense of the cup was discussed, and it was decided that the club should build at an early date an experimental boat. Com. Ross has donated the sum of $700 for prizes, to be expended as the sailing committee shall deem best in the encouragement of the new class. The sailing committee for 1897 will include Messrs. G. H. Duggan, R Fitzgibbon, W. A. C. Hamilton, A Hamilton, J. C C Almon, F. P Shearwood.

On Dec. 5 Messrs. G. H. Duggan and W. A C. Hamilton, of the Royal St Lawrence Y. C , visited New York on the invitation of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y C , and were in conference with the race committee throughout the evening and nearly all of the next day. The proposed limitations of the 20ft. class were very thoroughly discussed, and the details of sail measurement, spinaker, draft, etc , were satisfactorily arranged. The conditions as decided on by the representatives will be made public as soon as they have been submitted to the two clubs The principal points covered were the limitation of the sail area to 500sq ft , the head triangle being measured instead of the windward jib, while the mainsail will be measured between marked points on the spars. The draft of keel yachts is limited to 5ft., and centerboard yachts with boards fitted to house above the bottom of keel are limited to 6ft. total draft. Only amateurs may be carried in the international races. The trial races will be sailed in the middle of July and the international races in the middle of August.

Varuna.

THE new steam yacht Varuna, designed by G. L. Watson and built by A. & J. Inglis, Glasgow, for Eugene Higgins, of the New York Y. C., arrived at New York on Dec. 2. She left the Clyde on Nov. 21, with Capt. Trayler in command, encountering bad weather on the trip, which was made in 8 days 21 hours, making 378 nautical miles in one day. She is now at the Erie Basin completing her outfit, for a long cruise to the Mediterranean, Mr. Higgins having planned to start on Dec. 12. Varuna is the largest and most imposing of her class yet seen in American waters.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The mess dinners of the Seawanhaka C Y. C. at the new town house on Saturday evenings promise to become a popular feature of the off season in yachting. The entertainment committee proposes in the future to select some yachting topic for each evening, a short dissertation being given by some member, followed by an informal discussion. On Dec. 19 a ladies' reception will be given at the club house, 19 East Twenty-second street, from 4:30 to 7.

Stras, steam yacht. T. A. McIntyre, has sailed for Jacksonville, Fla., with Capt. Geo. D. Purdy in command. Mr. McIntyre has sent the yacht South for the sixth successive season, using her on the Ouslow River, where he has a winter home. Before sailing she was thoroughly overhauled and refitted at the Nyack works of her builders, Seabury & Co.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

FLEETS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Mannee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

LAKE HURON AND THE AUX SABLE RIVER.

(Concluded from page 455.)

Aug. 24.—The early part of the day was devoted to angling for bass. We, however, did not get any, nor did we capture a single specimen on the trip. The Captain, however, did get a mess of bream, which, if memory is not at fault, were forgotten while in the pan and burned beyond recognition.

Shortly after returning to camp Jim silently stole away from our midst. He had not been seen leaving camp and was not missed until the rattling crash of a whole broadside announced his whereabouts on a commanding elevation about a fourth of a mile away, and throughout the remainder of the day he was momentarily within hearing; for, be it remembered, he had brought along five boxes of pistol cartridges, and as he declared, was bound to work them off.

The remainder of the party, in the absence of other amusement now, also took to the hills, and labored assiduously in prostrating the decayed and tottering relics of a vanishing forest. Another form of recreation occasionally indulged in was in accelerating the speed of certain rodents into their holes. We then wandered off to an elevation from which we could look back along the course we had followed the day before, and though many points of interest were dimmed by distance, yet could we recognize them. Bluebeech, with great confidence, could point out certain features in the landscape by which he could tell beyond a peradventure the exact location of a certain bog hole that he had visited, but a sadness came over him as he cast his eyes down to where the traces of the conflict still remained on his boots and maculate hosiery. By this time the heat of the sun had become so great that we were glad to retrace our steps to camp and the shades of the oaks.

In the afternoon a sharp shower came on, driving us under the canvas; but when it had passed, leaving the air purer and cooler, we turned out for a paddle and enjoyed a delightful evening in exploring the river and the many bayous, in whose marvelous depths and crystal waters a museum of wonderful aquatic curios are to be seen.

Aug. 25.—On awaking this morning our ears were greeted by the roar of the surf, as it thundered on the shores of Lake Huron half a mile away. A gale of wind too was blowing, the effects of which we could see and hear, but in our wonderfully sheltered nook scarcely a breath of air was stirring.

The preparation for breakfast this morning was gone about in a most leisurely fashion. There was no hurry, no bustle about it, and after it was eaten there seemed no disposition on the part of the squad to repeat the angling failures of the past two days; moreover, there seemed to be a growing feeling of restlessness in the camp, an undefined sense of an approaching crisis. It took form as will be seen by the following dialogue, which took place between Jim and Bluebeech as the former sat intently poring over the advertisement columns of FOREST AND STREAM:

Bluebeech: Hallo, Jim! what are you studying?

Jim: Kinematics.

Bluebeech: Minnow buckets?

Jim: Naw! Kinematics.

Bluebeech: What's that?

Jim: It's the science of getting a move on, taking down the tents, packing the canoes and taking a sneak down stream. I give you a pointer, see!

The Pilot now rose to his feet, and taking a step back bowed his willowy form, and warping his fingers around a tent stake wrenched it up with a mighty heave. The Treasurer anticipating the move came in a close second, and in less than a half hour nothing was left of the camp but the camp-fire that did not smoulder, a few very empty cans, and a pair of the Treasurer's ruined slippers that had been nailed to a tree. We were floating merrily down stream.

A half mile paddle brought us opposite the prettily located village of Port Franks, situated on a level, sandy plain on the south bank of the river, which here runs nearly parallel with the shores of Lake Huron, leaving a narrow neck of land between. Along this neck of land a range of towering sandhills rear their bald heads hundreds of feet into the air, offering a splendid natural protection to the village from the biting north winds. The village at one time was a brisk milling and salt-producing center, but with the disappearance of the pine and the filling up of the river by the washings of the Lake Burwell drainage canal; these industries were abandoned, the population drifted away and now the pine mills and salt works are fast falling to decay.

As we passed beyond the village a driving shower of rain came on, with heavy gusts of wind, and coming to an opening in the hills, where the wind got a good slant at us, it taxed our energies to their utmost to avoid being driven on the shore; but on coming to a second bend in the river we were favored by a long, straight, down-wind course and went away over the troubled waters in a grand spurt that quickly brought us to the mouth of the river, where we pitched the tents and made snug for the night.

Aug. 26.—The day broke bright and warm, though a strong wind was blowing, and a heavy sea continued to roll in all day long. We were, however, in the sand cherry country, and they being abundant on the hills, and our commissary department being somewhat light in the luxuries, we were contented to remain and gather them, as they afforded us an agreeable variation in our diet, and helped to kill time. When we had gathered a sufficiency of fruit we turned our attention to the exploration of Mud Creek and the marvelous labyrinth of bayous connected with it, and were well repaid for our trouble.

In the afternoon, while Jim and the Captain were on one of their voyages of discovery, they came upon an old abandoned dugout canoe, and their curiosity to experiment with it led them to undertake the arduous task of transporting it over the sandhills to the river, where they launched it; but it looked so dangerously unstable that neither was disposed to risk his valuable life afloat in it. Jim persistently argued that the Captain, having a wide and varied experience in the handling of strange craft, should be the first to experiment with this one. The Captain could not see it, and argued that, as Jim was an expert canoeman, a nimble athlete and a good swimmer, and not having the care and responsibility of a family, he should be the first to step into the breach and immortalize his name. Jim demurred. They then repaired to a seat on a convenient log, where, seeming to think there was as much pleasure and diversion in arguing the point as in anything else, they continued the debate. They needed a rest too, as the labor of trailing this old relic to where it then lay had been very great.

The debate after a long and earnest discussion came to an end, they apparently having reached an agreement, as the Captain produced a strong cord from his pocket and attached it to the bow of the canoe and proceeded to tow it up to camp, while Jim aided him by keeping it away from the shore with a pole. As the procession approached camp the squad filed out to witness the triumphal entrance of the Captain with his prize. When the Captain had swung his craft to anchor and had mopped the perspiration from his brow he proceeded to point out its fine qualities and easy, graceful lines; he also described in lurid hues the magnitude of the task they had undertaken in transporting it overland to the river. Great interest was manifested during the recital of this tale, but when the Captain described where and how he had found it a discussion arose as to the legality of his rights, title, interests or claims in the craft. He was in possession, but not by inheritance; therefore he could have no claim in, to, out of, or upon the said craft. The roar that burst from the Captain as he tumbled up at this stage of the discussion was like a near-hand storm, and as he waved his hand to command attention he said impressively: "Gentlemen, I am in possession of this craft by right of discovery, and no one may deprive me of my legal rights but the legitimate owner." As may be guessed, this ended the discussion, the Captain having established his claim beyond doubt, and he announced that henceforth the vessel should be known as the Molliesquash. Then in a burst of magnanimous liberality he tranferred all his claims over to Jim, who had rendered him such valuable service in transporting it. The Molliesquash, though hardly deserving to be rated higher than A1 as a floating palace, yet was in many ways superior as a means of travel to a saw log, as Jim afterward abundantly verified by making several successful trips in her.

Aug. 27.—We were greatly disappointed on turning out this morning to find a heavy sea still running on the lake. We had intended to continue our journey along the shore to Kettle Point, where we wished to remain over the next day, which was Sunday. At this camp we had not been successful in taking any bass. We had pretty thoroughly harvested the sand cherry crop, and having about exhausted every other source of amusement, we were now becoming impatient to be moving; but as this was out of the question we did the only thing that was open for us, i. e., inaugurated a grand regatta in a sheltered part of the river, where for the greater part of the forenoon the white sails and bright canoes flitted hither and thither, races were indulged in spasmodically, and were brimful of excitement. Occasional exhibitions too of some of the most astonishing evolutions were given, these invariably occurring at a time when the wind came in from several points of the compass at the same time. Drifting races, hurry-scurry races and tacking down wind were features of the grand display that helped to wile away the time till the dinner hour.

After dinner the question of making the attempt to reach Kettle Point, only about seven miles distant, was again freely discussed. There was still a very heavy sea running, but we fancied it was going down. Finally Bluebeech paddled out to the mouth of the river, and after feeling the force of wind and waves returned and reported it too rough for the Pilot and Treasurer, whose canoes were not provided with aprons, but as they were most anxious to be moving they expressed a willingness to make the attempt.

The tents were soon taken down, the canoes packed, and we were off. As we neared the mouth of the river and viewed the blue, foam-capped expanse of rolling billows, it looked as though we were about to commit the grand folly of our lives.

The Captain ventured the remark that it looked pretty dirty outside, but there was no response from the crowd, who seemed to have made up their minds to go it, sink or swim.

We were soon going it in a grand dash through the boiling, seething succession of curling breakers, tumbled and tossed about. We found we had a much larger task than we had bargained for; beyond the breakers our condition was not much improved, as the course we wished to take was directly in the trough of the sea.

Watching our opportunity, we would dash along with all possible speed; then as a great breaker threatened to engulf us we would head into it until it had passed, and then square away again with might and main; every minute or two we were forced to head in, and each time added a little more moisture in the bottom of the canoes. At one time our attention was attracted to Yukon by Bluebeech, who shouted "There's an upset," as a great wave struck Yukon broadside on with a tremendous thud, enveloping her for a moment in a mass of seething foam and flying spray, but in a moment she reappeared again, right side up, with the Treasurer sitting in his place unmoved and cool as a cucumber. The only comment he was heard to make was the brief one "letter-out;" nevertheless Yukon had taken a fine cargo of water aboard, which the duffle was absorbing. A similar process was going on in the other canoes, and our own clothing clung to our backs like a wet pack, cooling our ardor and preparing us for a flunk all along the line.

For an hour we had been working like beavers and had only made a mile, and at this rate of speed it would take us until evening to reach our destination, and should our canoes continue to take in water at the same rate at which they had been we would be swamped before we could cover a quarter of the distance.

But at this juncture an event occurred that speedily settled the matter for us. This was the approach of three huge, towering, white-crested combers that came sweeping along with the speed of a race horse. We promptly headed up, and as we did so the Captain coolly remarked: "Boys, I guess we'll have to swim." As the first one came on the canoes rose, dove into and neatly split it in two, staggered a little, then bobbed up serenely on the other side. We now dug our paddles in with desperate energy as we dove down into the trough of the sea, up we climbed again, cut through the second and again through the third; the danger was now past, we were still afloat, every article in the canoes was afloat also and off on a little erratic cruise of its own.

We might have regarded the experience of those few minutes as something splendid were it not for the fact that we were drenched to the skin and the canoes half filled with water. Without any preliminaries every canoe was headed for shore and was urged along with a zeal and energy that betokened an earnest desire in each canoeist's heart to reach it by the shortest route and in the quickest possible time. On we went into the breakers, and amid the boil and roar and tumult were tumbled on the beach in an indescribable jumble and scramble. Bluebeech made a clean home run of it, but admitted being butted aft by an incoming wave as he made his way up the beach on his hands and knees; and though the opportunities were not favorable for close observation it is more than probable that the rest of the squad reached the shore in a manner not differing materially from that adopted by him. We were in a bad plight, everything wet, our staff of life afloat in the bread box; but so well pleased were we to be once more on solid ground that we would not have taken it seriously amiss had it been afloat in the middle of Lake Huron.

When the canoes had been hauled up beyond the reach of the waves they were unpacked and turned over to allow them to drain out. The duffle was then carried up to a slight depression between two hills, where a huge fire was built and everything hung up to dry. Exposing our own clothing to the fire by a revolving process of the body, we soon dried ourselves out. We responded to a call from the Captain to discuss a project which he had formulated for our deliverance from our present camp site to a more favorable one. His plan was to procure a team at Stony Point to move our outfit along the shore to Kettle Point, and as this plan was agreeable to all, the Captain and Jim started for the Point, a mile distant.

In a little while they returned with the discouraging announcement that they had failed to procure a team, but while at the Point they had learned that a gentleman who had left just a few minutes before their arrival had been making inquiry whether a party of canoeists had passed that place, and having been answered in the negative had driven away. The description given of the gentleman and also that of a dog that accompanied him left no doubts in our minds that the person described was the club's Secretary, and ourselves the party of canoeists whom he was in search of. Why the Secretary should be searching for us we could not guess, unless he was the bearer of a message to us of some great calamity that had befallen the folks at home. With this thought uppermost in our minds, and believing that he would continue his search to Port Franks, and as the only road by which he could reach that place ran at some distance back from the shore, we determined to intercept him at the Port.

The Treasurer and Bluebeech, now thoroughly alarmed, started for the Port at top speed. Taking the beach until the river was reached, they then followed along its banks to Mud Creek, which they crossed on a raft of cedar posts, and then a brisk walk of five minutes brought them to the village, where inquiry was made at several places, but no trace could be found of the Secretary; he had not arrived. They then started out along the road by which he would be sure to enter, but after traveling for about a couple of miles and not meeting him it became evident that he had not gone to the Port, as had he done so they should have met him long before this. Satisfied of this, they retraced their steps to the Port, where they hired a boatman to take them down to the mouth of the river, from where they sprinted it to camp, reaching it long after nightfall, thoroughly tired out and hopelessly mystified.

As we had already failed to procure a team, and as a heavy sea was still running on the lake, there seemed no other alternative but remain where we were until morning, when, if the sea had gone down, we would push on down to Blain's Grove, and there procure a conveyance. Should the lake still be rough in the morning we would have to adopt some other means of getting out. With this plan agreed upon, we turned in for the night.

Aug. 28.—At 6 A. M., the lake being calm, we shoved off from the shore, and for a few miles paddled briskly to get up a little circulation, as the morning was cool; then settling down to steady work we did not relax until Kettle Point was reached, where we rested a few minutes and then pushed on again. At Jeff's resort we ran in and inquired for the Secretary, but getting no intelligence of him we continued on down to Cedar Point, where we lunched and rested our weary bones for half an hour. Fearing we might be storm-bound, we once more—wearily, and with aching arms and blistered hands—grasped the paddles, with a grim determination to do the last stretch as quickly as possible and be done with the suspense.

On reaching Blain's Grove and the end of our cruise, we selected a favorable place for our camp and prepared and ate our dinners, after which the Captain and Treasurer left us to go in search of a conveyance to take them home. This we afterward learned they failed to procure, and were forced to walk the entire distance home. Ten miles of dusty roads in a scorching sun, parched with thirst and footsore, was what they experienced on that trip; and on reaching home they found all their fears were without foundation. All were well, and the Secretary's mission had been merely one of business.

Aug. 30.—At about 10 o'clock the team came to take us home, where we arrived in due time. Though the outing could hardly be called a howling success, yet there was much in it that was pleasant, many incidents that were very amusing, and many that were very much the opposite; but on the whole it was about what we expected it to be, and we were not disappointed.

BLUEBEECH.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Revolver Championship.

THE revolver tournament held last week by the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, of this city, was interesting as an example of pistol practice, and was participated in by a number of persons, one of whom, Mr. Olsen, came on from Minnesota to take part in the contest.

We have already remarked that as a contest for the revolver championship of the United States, which this tournament was originally announced to be, it is an absurdity. Neither the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, nor any other organization, however good its intentions may be, has the power to do away with all that has been accomplished in any sport in the past, and to begin, at some date which may suit its own convenience, a new series of records. There are already champion revolver shots in this country, and what they have done in the past cannot be ignored.

The amateur championship is held by Capt. W. E. Petty, who has held it for four years against all comers. No title of championship given by any association will be worth the paper that it is written on until Capt. Petty shall have been defeated, and it would certainly be most unfortunate for the sport of revolver shooting if championship titles could be given out by any association which might choose to assume the right to do this. Such a course could result only in endless confusion and bickering, with the result of cheapening and degrading the sport and all who took part in it.

While the Knickerbocker Athletic Club might very well inaugurate a tournament to decide who should be the championship of the club of of the State, it can have nothing at present to say about the championship of the United States, and for the sake of the sport it is to be hoped that no claim to these titles will be made by the winner of this tournament until after the existing champion shall have been challenged and defeated. The matter is one in which the more pride of an organization ought not to be allowed to endanger the sport.

On the other hand, this competition having brought out some good pistol shots, it will be eminently proper that they—or some of them—should challenge Capt. Petty for the amateur championship, and if he should be defeated by the winner in the Knickerbocker Athletic Club he will no doubt bear his defeat as gracefully as he has in the past the victories he has won.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 26.—The Calumet Heights Gun Club held a rifle contest to-day in connection with its annual Thanksgiving Day tournament. The rifle committee of the club issued the following programme of events:

No. 1, to commence at 8 A. M. sharp: Class A, medal shoot, 10 shots, 200yds., any caliber rifle, subject to the usual rules; four prizes; entrance for medal score, 25 cents; entrance for medal score and special prizes, 50 cents.

No. 2, to commence at 10 A. M.: Class B, ladies' medal shoot, 10 shots, 100yds., .22cal. rifles, subject to the usual rules; four prizes; entrance fee for medal score and prizes, 50 cents.

No. 3, to commence at 11:30 A. M.: Class B, ladies only, 5 shots, 100yds., .32cal. rifles, off-hand, any position; three prizes; entrance fee, 50 cents.

No. 4, to commence at 2 P. M.: Class A, gentlemen; 10 shots, any caliber rifle, off-hand position; each contestant to advance 20yds and fire the first shot at 180yds., second at 160yds., third at 140yds., fourth at 120yds., fifth at 100yds.; each contestant to fire his full score and count it afterward; four prizes; entrance fee, 50 cents.

Prizes for season's scores: Class A—first prize, diamond medal; second prize, silk umbrella; third prize, mantel clock. Class B—First prize, diamond medal; second prize, embroidered lunch cloth; third prize, embroidered centerpiece.

There will be two sighting shots permitted.

As this is to be the last rifle shoot for the season, we expect that every member who can will be on hand. With this idea in view, the rifle committee have made the programme as short as is consistent with the importance of the day.

The class medals will be awarded by the committee in the evening. Two consolation prizes will also be awarded in each class for second and third best scores for the season.

Thanking the members for their generous support in the past, and trusting that rifle shooting has come to stay in the Calumet Heights Club, etc.

The medals in the rifle contests for the season were awarded as follows: Class A medal to Dr. J. O. Hobbs on 206 out of a possible 250 points; Class B medal to Miss Ervin on 222 out of a possible 250 points.

The results in the four contests arranged for to-day are given in detail below:

	No. 1.		No. 4.	
J C Hobbs, Jr.	3455445444	—41	24344	—17
J O Hobbs	3434554435—39+2	—41	43443	—18
Dr Harlan	3434443444	—39	.....	
Dr Davis	4354045444—37+2	—39	32340—12+1	—18
G C Lamphere	0534444353—34+2	—36	.....	
H B Black	3442440435—33+2	—35	33444—18+1	—19
A C Paterson	3530433534—32+2	—34	.....	
Dr Hodson	4434304324	—35	24534	—17
Spalding	4303434434	—29	.....	

In No. 1 J. C Hobbs, Jr., won first, Dr. Harlan second, G. C. Lamphere third and H. B Black fourth. In No. 4 Black won first, Dr. Hobbs second and Hobbs, Jr., third.

	No. 2.		No. 3.	
Mrs C W Carson	4445454444	—43	50434	—16
Mrs Marshall	3534445444—38+2	—40	23432—12+1	—13
Mrs Chamberlain	4543443242—36+2	—38	55453—22+1	—23
Mrs R B Carson	4434434444	—38	05342	—11
Mrs Lamphere	4434443333	—35	33425	—15
Miss Ervin	3333434333	—31	34043	—14

In No. 2 Mrs. C. W. Carson won first, Mrs. Marshall second, and Mrs. Chamberlain third. In No. 3 Mrs. Chamberlain won first, Mrs. C. W. Carson second, and Mrs. Lamphere third.

In the above 10-shot contests "open sights" were allowed 2 points, and 1 point in the 5-shot contests.

Nov. 26.—The following scores were made to-day by members of Class A, open sights being allowed 2 points in each 10-shot contest. Conditions: 200yds., off hand, standard target:

	No 1		No. 2.	
C W Spalding	3443445454—	40	3435443433—	37
A W Harlan	4454443443—	37	4424453444—	34
L Davis	4534444343—38+2	—40	4233335144—	35
A C Paterson	2320043343—	27	3254544342—35+2	—19

In a third shoot under the same conditions, Harlan won first with 41; Paterson second with 33+2=37; Davis was third with 35, and Spalding fourth with 33.

Miss Ervin shot a string of 10 shots for the Class B medal; conditions: 100yds., 22-caliber rifle, rest, Creedmoor target reduced. Her score was 4444545444—42. PATTY.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 22.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club:

Rifle, 200yds. three shots, Unfred diamond medal: F. O. Young 11, D. W McLaughlin 16.

Military rifle, Glindemann medal, ten shots: E. Hovey 45, F. H. Bushnell 45. F. H. Pape 45.

Rifle record, ten shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 67, F. Schaffer 63.

Most flags during the month: E. Hovey (musket) 2, F. O. Young 3, D. W. McLaughlin 2, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 1, A. H. Strecker 1, H. Barfeind 1.

Pistol 50yds., Blanding medal, three shots, re-entry: J. E Gorman 7, 7; T. O. Young, 8, 8; T. W. Bushnell, 8, 14.

All comers .22-caliber rifle, Rogers medal, five shots, re-entry: E. Jacobson, 9 9; E4. Hovey, 8, 9; Colonel S. J. Kellogg 16; Mrs. M. J. White, 15, 16; Mrs C. F. Waltham.

Glindemann ladies' trophy, ten shots, .22-caliber rifle: Mrs. M. J. White 38, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 46. ROSEL.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., *Nov. 29*.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, Standard target, 7-ring black:

Gindele.

7	9	8	8	10	8	9	9	9	7—84		10	7	6	8	10	8	9	9	9	8—84
10	7	9	10	9	10	8	10	8	7—88		10	10	8	6	9	9	10	7	9	9—87

Payne.

9	8	8	9	6	8	10	10	8	5—81		7	8	6	8	10	8	7	7	9	9—78
8	7	9	7	8	9	7	8	6	7—76		7	8	5	8	7	10	5	6	8	9—73

Trounstein.

7	5	6	6	7	5	10	8	9	9—72		8	*	6	5	7	8	6	8	8	10—71
6	7	9	5	6	9	9	6	8	6—71		8	10	4	8	8	5	6	6	9	6—70

Heidkamp

8	8	8	6	9	8	6	9	5	9—76		8	6	8	8	8	9	7	10	4	10—78
10	8	4	7	8	6	4	10	6	8—70		6	6	6	8	6	8	9	8	6	7—70

Topf.

8	7	9	5	8	4	6	8	10	7—70		7	5	3	10	3	8	5	7	9	7—84
6	7	5	5	8	8	4	6	4	7—60		4	9	10	8	4	8	4	6	4	8—80

Lux.

8	10	4	5	5	7	7	8	7	5—68		8	8	6	5	5	8	9	5	9	5—68
6	7	6	7	5	5	6	6	6	6—64		5	8	6	7	7	7	7	5	8	4—64

Hasenzahl.

6	10	9	10	5	10	9	8	10	9—86		8	8	7	10	6	10	8	8	10	8—81
10	7	9	6	9	7	8	8	6	10—80		8	7	10	6	8	8	8	10	10	7—80

Drube.

10	10	3	4	6	9	10	3	7	7—69		5	8	5	5	7	10	7	5	8	10—70
7	6	10	8	7	6	8	8	5	5—70		7	7	4	8	4	6	4	8	6	7—61

Hake.

5	6	5	6	9	6	9	6	8	7—69		10	8	4	8	6	8	9	3	4	5—65
5	9	5	4	4	7	5	8	7	3—56											

* Military rifle.

Knickerbocker Club's Tournament.

THE revolver tournament promoted by the Knickerbocker Club, of New York city, was brought to a close after a week's shooting on the club's ranges. Some really excellent scores were made, but as re-entries were allowed this is not to be wondered at, as some of the best revolver experts in the country took part. The proceedings were well managed and everything passed off smoothly.

Thirty-three shooters in all took part in the contest, the majority of course being from New York and the vicinity, although there were some among the number who came a long distance to compete for honors with the revolver. Among the latter was Oscar I. Olsen, of Minneapolis, who was unable to get to New York before Thursday, and thus had only two and one-half days in which to do his best to beat those who had had six days at their disposal. Over 1,100 targets were fired at, an average of something like 33 to each man. Of course this average was not general; no doubt several of the shooters re-entered many more times than others. Figures on these re-entries would be interesting reading. It stands to reason that, given equal skill, the man who re-enters oftenest is the one that has the best chance to come out on top when only the two best targets at each of the two ranges count for prizes.

The names of the contestants were: Guy E. Robinson, Dr. C. T. Adams, Capt. Jas. C. Summers, Dr. H. E. Westbay, M. Metsler, Dr. R. H Sayre, S. W. McPherson, L. L. Jessup, Dr. W. J. Furness, H. C. Barnett, F. S. Schwab, Geo. Magar, J. M. Stewart, P. F. Wilder, Chas. McChesney, P. d'Irio, F. Minervini, H. J. Bennett, H. O'Brien, W. C. Damron, Theodore Beck, Alex Stein, F. W. Green, F. A. Plaisted, Oscar I. Olsen, E. A. Riselow, W. C. O'Brien, G. C. Waters, C. B. Bishop, C. Corrie, G. W. Ripley, A. A. Webber and C. E. Taintor.

The conditions were 6 shots on each target at each range, 10 and 20yds, use of any revolver whose barrel and cylinder did not exceed 10½in, any ammunition and any trigger pull. In giving its report of the scores made during the week, the New York *Sun* of Dec. 7 says:

"The judges or scrutineers were Gen. B. M. Whitlock, State Inspector of Rifle Practice; Gen. B. W. Spencer, Inspector of Rifle Practice in New Jersey; Lieut. H. C. Broun; Maj. N. B. Thurston, of the 23d Regiment, and Charles Zettler, the well-known rifle shot. After a long session, which was principally due to the fact that the judges had to examine each and every one of the 1,100 odd targets with magnifying glasses, measuring instruments, etc., the following five highest scores were announced:

	10Yds.	20Yds.	Total.
Guy E Robinson	58	59	117
	58	57	115—232
Oscar I Olsen	59	58	117
	57	54	111—228
Theodore Beck	58	58	116
	57	55	112—228
Alexander Stein	57	59	116
	55	56	111—227
Dr R H Sayre	56	58	114
	54	56	110—224

"Many others were close up, but their scores were not figured out. While the winner made a remarkably high score, the majority of the experts were of the opinion that Olsen, the Minneapolis crack, did by far the best shooting of the tournament, and his average of targets shot at was higher than that of any other contestant. Instead of starting in on Monday and shooting continuously all week, as the winner and most of the other contestants did, he was unable to reach the city until Thursday, losing three and a half days' practice."

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 12.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Amateur championship of New Jersey, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club.

Dec. 15.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Winston-Roll match for the Du Pont trophy; Watson's Park.

Dec. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Tournament under the auspices of the West End Gun Club; sparrows. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

Dec. 22-23.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Ninth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

1891.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Sixteenth annual tournament and reception of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 14-15.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 20-25.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz. $300 added.

Feb. 27-March 11.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 12-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 26-28.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City Pa.

May 17-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

E. D. Fulford can now star as a boy wonder. He has removed that heavy black moustache that concealed every wrinkle when he smiled, and now appears with a smooth-shaven upper lip and looks ten years younger. His good looks, however, suffer proportionately, and it would seem more natural for him to be pacing the Rialto in the character of a theatrical star rather than handling a Greener as one of the planets of the shooting firmament.

A very unpleasant piece of business marred the pleasure of the great four-handed shoot at Trenton, N. J., last Thursday, Dec. 3. The original intention was to make the purse one money, winner to take all. A final agreement was come to by which, as we heard it, the winner was to take 75 per cent. of the purse, the second man saving his stake, there being four entries. At the close, Elliott and Brewer were tied with 96 each; Fulford came next with 93, and Class last with 92. This result was duly announced by the referee at the close of the match. Somehow or another Class and Fulford got mixed up in their dates and imagined they were a tie, and agreed to "divide second money." They went to Zwirlein, who was stakeholder, and told him that they had agreed to divide second money, as they were tied; he accordingly handed over the amount due to the second man, and they divided it. In a few minutes Fulford became aware that he was a bird ahead of Class, and Class was asked to hand over the money paid to him under a misapprehension. This he absolutely refused to do, and so far as we are aware of he has made no attempt to repay the money. Class made a great mistake in this matter, according to our way of thinking, and did harm to the cause of trap-shooting by such action. In regard to the division of the purse: It seems to us, in view of the fact that there was very little more than a tacit agreement to make it high guns under the revised condition of affairs as to stake money, etc; and also taking into consideration that the race was shot under A. S. A. rules, the division of the 75 per cent. of the purse between Brewer and Elliott was about the only thing to do under those rules which state (Rule 26): "All shooting shall be class shooting unless otherwise stated." It is only right to say that Elliott and Brewer's backers accepted the division in a sportsman like manner. This feature is made the more pleasing from the fact that the stakeholder was himself one of Brewer's backers, and was responsible for half of his stake; by his ruling he actually lost 6¼ per cent. of the purse, *i. e.*, one-fourth of 25 per cent. of the purse divided between Fulford and Class.

A couple of months ago W. M. Harding, of the Boston, Mass., firm of Hovey & Harding, bought a Lefever gun with the intention of taking up trap-shooting. He is a good man on game, but targets were something he had never tried his hand at. Mr. Harding knows Charlie Budd and has a great respect for Charlie's powers as a target smasher. "If so good a man on targets ought to be able to give me some pointers," thought Mr. Harding. Accordingly, being in Des Moines, Ia., about that time, he looked in upon Charlie at the gun store and asked him about trap-shooting, and whether there was a trap anywhere that he could practice over, aided by a few hints from the Iowa king-pin himself. Charlie, though busy, dropped everything, took Mr. Harding out and gave him an object lesson. As Mr. Harding told us the story, it was this way: "Charlie shot at a few targets to show me how to do it; of course, he broke 'em all. Then he made me shoot, and threw a lot of straightaways for me, and a few that went off to one side. I broke several of the straightaways, but those side fellows I couldn't touch." That was less than two months ago, we believe. Then Mr. Harding came East to his home in New York, and tried his hand at targets on the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds, at Marion, N. J., and also on the New Utrecht Gun Club's grounds, at Dyker Meadow, L. I. He will forgive us if we state that the result of those efforts was enough to discourage many a man from trying again. He has tried again, however, and the last time was on Saturday, Dec. 5, on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., of which club he is a member. He is no longer "easy." For a fifth attempt at targets 40 out of 50, half at known and half at unknown angles, is not to be despised. "Those side fellows" caused him no particular trouble, but we noticed some of the straightaways getting away from him. (The above story is copyrighted. If Charlie Budd wants to use it as an advertisement of his power as a trainer of crackerjacks he will have to ask our permission before doing so.)

Paul R. Litzka writes: "Owing to the heavy dew that fell on Thanksgiving Day at Hot Springs, Miss Annie Oakley was unable to give her exhibition, and the team race that was on the programme between Miss Oakley and John Sumpter on one side, and Hughes and Williams on the other, was not shot, but was postponed until the following Saturday. The weather on that day was bright and clear, with a high wind blowing, and the temperature below freezing. Miss Oakley did some very fine shooting with both pistol and rifle, and also shot at 25 live birds from five King traps, regulation rise; of this number she scored 20, with 2 others dead out of bounds. The team race could not be shot, Miss Oakley having to leave to catch an early train for New York."

At the Louisville, Ky., shoot, held Nov. 26 on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club, the winner of the Kentucky Futurity Handicap was J. D Gay, of Pine Grove, Ky. At the shoot Gay did some remarkable work with the gun. In the Futurity he scored 49 out of 50, the lost bird being dead out of bounds. After the 50 bird event he shot in miss-and-outs until he had fired at 100 pigeons; of that number he scored 99, the last bird, as stated above, falling dead out of bounds. Mr. Gay shoots (if we remember right) a Parker gun; his load on this occasion was 3½drs. of Hazard's Blue Ribbon, 1⅛oz. of Nos. 7½ and 7 shot in a 2⅝ Trap shell. All Mr. Gay's birds were shot at from the 30yd. mark.

We had a long letter from Milt Lindsley the other day; it was dated Nov. 30. Although he does not mention his health, it must be all right because there was any quantity of vivacity in every line of that epistle. Here's a sample: "I expect to be in New York in time for the Grand American Handicap and the Exposition, and don't think there is any doubt at all but what I shall win the handicap. When I don't do any shooting for quite a long time I get to thinking the matter all over and I come to the conclusion that I am a great shot. Of course I quickly lose this idea when it comes to an actual test, but as there are sometimes many weeks in which I don't do any shooting, it is quite a pleasant illusion."

Howard E. Norton, of Ironton, O., a shooter well known to many brother shooters outside of his own State, has accepted a position with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., his connection with that company dating from Monday of this week. Another equally well known and equally popular shooter, who has joined the ranks of the employees of this company, is Bert W. Claridge, of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Claridge will be found busy in the loading room at any and all hours except those when it is necessary for him to eat and sleep. Baltimore and Ironton have both lost something, while New Haven has been the gainer.

Neaf Apraz and Jake Biendermann reached New York on Tuesday last, Dec 1, after a week's hunt at Washington, Ind., under the guidance of John L. Winston (No. 147), who also took them under his roof tree and set out the best he had. Neaf says that the quail were so thick that it was hard to miss them when they got up. Notwithstanding a rainy time that made the ragweed very wet, both parties came back thoroughly satisfied with the trip, something that doesn't happen every day of the week.

On Dec. 5 Annie Oakley gave an exhibition of shooting at Greenville, O., 2,000 persons being present, according to our correspondent, who grows enthusiastic over the pretty work done by "the Darke county girl." Mrs. Butler was born only a few miles from Greenville, and the people were anxious to see her. She broke targets, singles and doubles; then she rode a bicycle and broke more targets as she pedaled along. She wound up by killing 27 out of 30 selected live birds that had a strong northwest wind to aid them.

We have received a communication from the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., stating that the shoot for the *Recreation* cup will be started at noon, but that entries will be received as late as 2:30 P. M. in order to keep faith with the public as per previous announcement. Intending contestants will find it to their advantage to be on hand as early as possible, as it takes some time to shoot 100 target and it gets dark very early at this time of the year. Sweepstake shooting will be started at 10 A. M.

The Baker Gun Company, of Batavia, N. Y., issues quarterly a magazine that contains a lot of matter that is of interest to men fond of a gun and of shooting. In its November number it gives, among other items, a description of a new "hammer gun built specially for the use of nitro powders." A couple of half-tone engravings show the gun and the action of the lock very clearly, the latter being a very simple piece of mechanism, while the gun itself is certainly a good-looking weapon.

During her stay at Hot Springs, Ark., Miss Annie Oakley has been doing some very good work with her shotgun. She has captivated the boys by her work on quail. A party of four, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butler, G. W. Hughes and E. E. Woodcock, bagged 43 quail in about five hours' shooting. Mrs. Butler (Annie Oakley) being responsible for 13 of them, several more than her proportion. Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., says Mrs. Butler can shoot quicker in the brush than anybody else he ever was out with.

There seems some likelihood now of a match between Elliott and Brewer. The latter can easily find backing now that he has shown what he can do once more, and the former is by no means lacking in either pluck or skill. On Friday last, Dec. 5, Brewer went up to the store of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company and wanted to meet Elliott, but nothing came of it that day, as Elliott had business in New Haven and could not stop to talk shoot, having to hustle to catch his train.

The West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., will hold a shoot at sparrows on December 22. Secretary Horace B. Derby writes us that his club will have enough birds on hand to guarantee an all-day shoot.

Brewer, Elliott, Fulford and Class! It was a great quartette and a great shoot. It will be a long time before we see its like again.

The shoot for the *Recreation* cup takes place at Hackensack, N. J., on Saturday next. The contest will be decided on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, sweepstake shooting commencing at 10 A. M. As we understand it, the shoot for the cup itself will be commenced about noon, but entries will be received later, the early entries shooting their strings of 100 targets whenever the management deems it fit to start so that the shoot can be over by 4 o'clock at the latest. It will be well to make sure of closing all scores before it gets too dark to see targets properly, and that hour comes quite early at this time of the year.

J. O'H. Denny and his brother, Frank Denny, both well known to shooters as capable representatives of western Pennsylvania, sailed from New York on Saturday last, December 5, their destination being the south of France, where they propose spending the winter and some of the spring months. The Monte Carlo shooting grounds will be trodden by them many a time before they see Pittsburg again.

Paul North is tickled nearly to death, and the reason is not far to seek. Oscar Gucessaz writes to say that at the Midwinter shoot next January the management has decided to throw their bluerock targets from magautraps. Paul says that this is a straw that shows the direction of the wind, and adds that that straw has no connection with the proverbial "last straw in the camel's back racket."

The Cobweb Gun Club, of New York city, claims the week commencing March 18 (the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden) as the dates for its second annual live-bird and target tournament. One of the chief attractions will be the Cobweb Handicap at live birds, a purse of $500 being guaranteed by the club.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., announces that it will hold a big tournament at live sparrows January 14-15. In another column we give a communication on the subject from Secretary Royal Robinson, which we commend to the notice of all the Eastern men who purpose attending the San Antonio Midwinter tournament.

In their match at Omaha, Neb., on Thanksgiving Day, both Elliott and Parmelee used 3¼drs. of E. C. powder. The scores made on that day of 92 and 91, Parmelee leading by one bird, were decidedly good, as there was a strong wind blowing, with the thermometer below zero.

If you have any fault to find with the proposed new rules for target shooting, don't be backward about telling us so. We won't get mad and are only desirous of getting honest criticism that will help us to frame rules that will be somewhere in the neighborhood of perfection.

Thursday of this week (December 10) will see a shoot at Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J. There will be a 20-bird race, $15 entrance, handicap rise, as a chief attraction. Should the day be wet the shoot will take place on Friday.

Myles Johnson was on hand at the Trenton shoot last week. Myles has been a well-known figure at New Jersey shoots for many years, and bids fair to see many another shoot before we lose him. What he doesn't know about pigeons is scarcely worth knowing.

Pete Murphy, of Philadelphia, Pa., is quite a live-bird shot, but he stacked up against a big something when he tackled John L. Brewer at his own game—gun below the elbow, use of one barrel only—on Wednesday last, Dec 2, at Trenton, N. J.

Jack Winston, the 147 of the Austin Powder Company, left New York for Chicago on December 7. His match with George Roll, of Blue Island, Ill., for the Du Pont trophy takes place at Watson's Park, December 15.

Elmer Shaner will be in the city next week for the purpose of attending the annual meeting of the Interstate Association. Next year's programme will be the main topic of conversation at this meeting.

Seth Clover and A. P. Pope (Epop) are going to manage a live-bird shoot to be held at Erie, Pa., some time during the month of January Dates will be chosen and will be announced in our column of Fixtures.

The Walsrode Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., is planning a big shoot for Christmas Day. Both live birds and targets will be used.

Dec. 8. EDWARD BANKS.

Cook County League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 2.—A directors' meeting of the Cook County League was held November 30 for the awarding of the season's prizes. As the club totals, totals of each individual, percentages, etc., were fully published in FOREST AND STREAM at the closing of the last shoot, it is, in a sense, repetition to print them again, but mention of the different items of the long list of merchandise prizes may again bring to mind the attractions offered by one of the most ambitious local trap-shooting organizations of the country.

Dr. S. Shaw, who shot in the B class, made the highest scores of any individual in the association, and his winnings were the most considerable. The writer happened to be in the gun store of Von Lengerke & Antoine when Dr. Shaw called to take down a few of his prizes. He had upon the counter a fine Elliott model Winchester repeating shotgun, a handsome L. C. Smith ejector hammerless shotgun and a fine Remington breech-loading shotgun, all beautiful arms in their way. These Dr. Shaw was sending by express to Florida, whither he departs soon for an extended shooting trip.

The annual meeting of the League will be held Monday, Dec. 7, and at it plans for the future will be taken up.

The percentages of the winning teams were: Class A—Eureka 79 11/12, Garfield 68⅓. Class B—Garfield 75¼, Garden City 68⅓, Calumet Heights 66¼, Douglas 64¼, Eureka 69⅔, Cicero 58⅔. Class C—Calumet Heights 58½.

Lavergne Gun Club has disbanded. Ridge Gun Club did not enter any of the contests.

Below is a list of the winners, with their scores:

Grand Prizes: Class A—Eureka team 79 11/12 per cent. Class B—Garfield team 75¼ per cent. Class C—Calumet Heights team 58½ per cent.

Class A Prizes: First, Ed. Steck, 113 out of 125; second, tied for by F. P. Stannard, Thos. Hicks and G. C. Lamphere, 112; third, J. A. Ruble, 111; fourth, A. C. Paterson, 107; fifth, M. J. Eich, 104; sixth, tied for by C. Antoine and W. R. Morgan, 100.

Class B Prizes: First, Dr. S. Shaw, 117 out of 125; second, R. Kuss, 112; third, John Glover, 108; fourth, C. P. Richards, 106; fifth, B. Barto, 104; sixth tied for by A. W. Fehrman and D. Carter, 103.

Class C prizes: First, J. H. Amberg, 92; second, S. H. Greeley, 91; third, A. T. Whitman, 87; fourth, A. C. Black, 71; fifth, H. Levy, 67; sixth, reserved for next year.

Individual prizes for highest average in six out of eight contests: Class A, tied for by Ed. Steck and F. P. Stannard, 134 out of 150; Class B, Dr. S. Shaw, 137; Class C, S. H. Greeley, 106.

Open to all individual prizes: First, Dr. S. Shaw, 117 out of 125; second, Ed. Steck, 113; third, tied for by T. P. Hicks, F. P. Stannard, R. Kuss and G. C. Lamphere, 112; won by Hicks in shoot-off; fourth, J. A. Ruble, 111.

Miscellaneous prizes: Special for best League score on Calumet Heights Club's grounds, B. Barto, score 23 out of 25. Lowest man in each club as follows: First, H. Weed, Cicero Club; second, Geo. Airy, Eureka Club; third, J. H. Amberg, Garden City Club; fourth and fifth, L. H. Goodrich, Eureka Club; sixth, M. J. Lowrey, Cicero Club; seventh, A. Cheesman, Cicero Club; eighth, J. B. Church, Douglas Club. Greatest improvement over last year's average, H. Levy, Garden City Club. Club making lowest average in a majority of the contests, Calumet Heights Club. Lowest average in five out of eight shoots, S. Palmer and H. Levy, 29⅓ and 33 per cent. Team making highest percentage during season, Eureka Gun Club's A team.

A Sparrow Tournament at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 5.—We hope to make up a special car load of shooters for the San Antonio midwinter shoot, or, failing in that, to have enough to make a strong addition to the Eastern contingent on its way thither. As a means of getting shooters from this territory together, we will have a sparrow shoot Jan. 14 and 15, and we suggest to our Eastern friends that Indianapolis is just the place to lay and break the monotony of a long journey. We promise them and others sport such as they can get nowhere else. Freshly caught birds, handled and trapped by Mr. W. T. Hill, the only sparrow expert, will try the skill of the best, and should be a welcome change to those surfeited with target and pigeon shooting.

We combine the rapid-fire system with unknown traps, and shoot sparrows as fast as some clubs do targets.

For programmes and rates to Texas address Royal Robinson, Sec'y The Limited Gun Club.

Erie Gun Club.

ERIE, Pa., Nov. 26.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Erie Gun Club. It will be noticed that Seth Clover was in front pretty nearly all the time. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Clover	21222—5	21210—4	11122—5	21222—5	12211—5
Epop	21110—4	21110—4	10112—4	12110—4	11210—4
Jackson	11010—3	10222—4	10122—4	21011—4	11101—4
Derby	11011—4	11111—5	01221—4	02021—3	12111—5
Kepner	[illegible]—3	[illegible]—2	10012—3	00222—3	.....
Cavanaugh	[illegible]—4	11210—4	12021—4	12121—5	11021—4
Bacon		01220—3	01221—4	02212—4	21201—4
Reed		.....	01200—3	21222—5	.....

In a miss-and out Clover won with 3, Cavanaugh and Jackson scored 2, and Epop 1.

"Learning Something Every Day."

MANY centuries ago the Latin poet Horace, if our memory does not fail us, wrote the above phrase when he was probably feeling good over a bottle of Falernian wine, and had reached that stage when he was at peace with all men, and was willing to acknowledge that he did not know everything—something that it is very hard for some of us to own up to. We take off our hat to Horace for thus openly confessing that he, even at his age, was still "learning something every day."

As a natural result of the articles which appeared in our issues of Nov. 14 and 28 on the decision of the referee in the Winston-Langen match, we have listened to a good deal of conversation on the subject. One point that particularly struck us in many of these conversations was the very general impression that prevailed that so long as a man had no chance to win, he should therefore have no chance to lose. It sounds all right, and in *Shooting and Fishing* of Dec. 3 we are told that this is

"A RULE OLD AS THE HILLS."

We quote from that issue: "Regarding that decision, there are two points which have not yet been mentioned, but which have direct bearing upon the matter. The first is: Suppose Count had missed that bird and had then turned and claimed another bird to shoot at because one of the traps was not filled. Would it have been just to allow him another chance? He had shot and lost. Should he have been given a second opportunity, virtually then shooting at 101 birds instead of 100? I fancy that his opponent, Winston, would have been the first to oppose the claim on the grounds that he had shot and lost. Had he so missed, the referee would have decided 'lost bird' without hesitation. It is a rule old as the hills that if a man cannot win, he cannot lose.

"Upon asking one individual whether he would have claimed that Count should shoot at another bird had he missed, the reply was, 'Most certainly not; it would not have been to Winston's advantage to make such a claim. If the referee had decided lost bird, as he would most certainly have done, why should Winston have asked for a change of that decision? He has some sense.' "

For information we now quote:

Hurlingham Rules (Rule 22).—Should any member kill a bird at a distance nearer than that at which he is handicapped it shall be scored no bird, but should he miss, a lost bird.

Gun Club (London) Rules (Rule 20).—Should any shooter shoot at a distance nearer than his proper distance, the bird if killed is "no-bird;" if lost, a "lost bird."

The Interstate Association's rules for live-bird shooting, the rules under which the Grand American Handicap is shot, do not govern this point at all, merely stating what shall be the referee's decision in cases where a shooter shoots from a mark "exceeding his proper handicap."

American Association rules make no provision at all for deciding what shall be done when men shoot from wrong marks, whether nearer to the traps or further away from them.

There is an analogy between the case where a man shoots from only four traps instead of from five, and the case where a man handicapped at 30yds. steps up and shoots from the 28yd. mark. In the latter case he cannot win, but he can lose, and the principle that inspired that rule is also "old as the hills," viz., equity. He is taking an advantage that is not warranted, and therefore he must not be allowed to profit by the result of the shot; on the other hand, if he cannot kill the bird when he is closer to it than if he had stood at his proper handicap mark, it is only fair to presume that he would have missed it standing where he should have stood. The line of argument adopted by the writer of the paragraphs quoted above is actually funny. How could Count, after having had the advantage of four traps instead of five, ask for another bird supposing he had lost under such circumstances?

In the criticisms which appeared in our issues of Nov. 14 and 28 we made no effort to quote anybody's ideas on the subject, leaving it to the public to decide the matter to its own satisfaction from the referee's statement of the case, quoting his own words, and giving our interpretation of the rules as we saw them. We considered our case strong enough to rest it without calling in outside testimony as to what was proper under the circumstances. "The other side," however, has quoted one or two opinions favorable to its side, among them the opinions of Fred Hoey and Leonard Finletter. Mr. Hoey's view of the case may be briefly disposed of by quoting again from *Shooting and Fishing* of Dec. 3: "Fred Hoey then stated that in no other way could a decision have been given; that it came under the same head as where, upon the shooter calling pull, two traps were opened and two birds were released. The shooter could claim a balk or he could shoot. If he did shoot he had to abide by the result, whether the bird was missed or killed. This was the only analogous thing to which the matter could be compared."

Mr. Finletter's opinion is given in the following paragraph: "The subject was brought up by Leonard Finletter, the crack shot of the Riverton Gun Club, and one of the best known lawyers of the Quaker City. He came up to the writer and stated that in his judgment the decision was an eminently proper one; that he was present, and under the circumstances as he saw them could not see how any other decision could have been made." Borrowing a phrase from the writer of the article in *Shooting and Fishing* of Nov. 19, we would like to add: "Why not be fair and state" that Mr. Finletter was not only present at the time, but was actually Count Langen's handler in the match, and that therefore his opinion as stated above must be taken as an *ex parte* statement. And this we say without in the least impugning Mr. Finletter's good faith on this question; it only goes to show how differently people view the same matter, a very good thing, by the way, for lawyers, whether Philadelphia lawyers or members of the bar resident in other cities.

Huntingdon Gun Club.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Dec. 4.—The Huntingdon Gun Club held a contest to-day for a trophy presented to the club by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, the trophy being a silver keg of W-A powder. Houck and De Forest tied with 22 each, and shot off at 25 targets, Houck winning by 20 to 19. Scores:

Houck	1111101011101111111111111—22
De Forest	1101111110111111011111111—22
J Greenberg	1111101111001111111111110—21
Stewart	1100111111110101101111101—19
Crites	0110111110110111111011110—19
Gipple	0011010111111110010011111—17
Ikes	1011010001111001111101111—17
Fleming	1101011100010001001111110—14
Leister	0001001010011110111110001—13
Forbes	0110110101101011010100010—13
G Greenberg	0011100001001010111010101—12
Corbin	1010001110011101110000100—11
McCahan	0001101001100010101100110—11
Longenecker	0001101001100010101100110—11
Gilbert	0100000011100100111100011—11
Mobus	0101000101101001000010110—10

G. G. HARMON, Sec'y.

Joplin Gun Club.

JOPLIN, Mo., Nov. 25.—The following scores were made in the last shoot for the old medal: Taylor Cox 90, C. Sumner 90, Sergeant 90, Leeman 89, E. Webster 87.

To-day we started in on a new medal which is held subject to challenge. The first shoot for it resulted as follows: Cragin 95, Leeman 88, Cox 87, Webster 87, Sergeant 86, Sumner 85. A second contest resulted as below: Sergeant 92, Cragin 90, Leeman 89, Cox 86, Webster 86.

J. Alexis Cragin distinguished himself by smashing 95 of the first 100 targets. Alexis is made of the right sort of material and only wants more practice to become one of the best target shots in the country. Leeman and Sumner, of Galena, Kan., who shoot regularly with the Joplin Gun Club, are always found in the front row and are both royal good fellows, and without their presence no shoot in this neck of the woods is complete. Taylor Cox, the one-armed shooter, was not in his usual good form to-day, he having broke 90 out of 100 targets shot at last week. Webster, who furnishes the boys with their ammunition, is now shooting regularly and is rapidly coming to the front as a target shot. Every shooter on the ground used Du Pont in a Smokeless shell.

We have several shooters here who will attend the midwinter and are anxiously awaiting announcement of dates. W. G. SERGEANT.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 5.—Dr. Frothingham shot a great race to-day in his match with George Roll, 50 live birds per man. Dr. Frothingham scored 48 to Roll's 44, one of the Doctor's birds falling dead out of bounds. Scores:

Geo Roll	2110212212012202212122211—22
	1111021122211122e221200—22—44
Dr Frothingham	1222111211221212111111112—25
	1110221111211e11112122112—23—48

On the same day Dr. Liddy shot a 25-bird race with J. Rehm, defeating him by 23 to 17. Scores:

J Rehm	2020220101120212202020012—17
Dr Liddy	1122212111112222120211110—22

RAVELRIGG.

On Long Island.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 2.—The monthly shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held this afternoon at Dexter Park was another red-letter day for the veteran Uncle Billy Hughes, who, despite his more than three score years and ten, carried off pretty nearly everything in sight, scoring 15 straight before dropping a bird, and winning the club shoot with a clean score of 10 kills to his credit. The scores were:

H Knebel, Jr. (30)	1112111—7	0	John Schliemann (28)	2220111—6	1
William Rial (30)	1112211—7	0	Henry Muller (27)	0212212—6	1
William Hughes (29)	2221222—7	0	Dr Raynor (27)	0222112—6	1
Dr Van Ord (29)	2222222—7	0			

As will be noticed, Hughes, W. K. Rial, Henry Knebel, Jr., and Dr. Van Ord tied for the badge; on the shoot-off Hughes won with 3 straight to Knebel's 2, Rial's 1, and Van Ord's 0. In a 3-bird sweep first money went to Hughes and Rial with 3 straight. In another of the same kind the scores were: Van Ord 3, Rial and Hughes 2 each.

CRESCENT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 3.—The club shoot of the Crescent Gun Club was held at Dexter Park this afternoon. Dykeman easily defeated his solitary antagonist, Hopkins, by the score of 7 to 4. The scores made by the members and their friends were:

	Club Shoot.	No. 1.
J H Dykeman	2121222—7	210101—4
L C Hopkins	1e20611—4	00211e—3
G Diedrich		00102—2

Two team races were shot as follows, 5 birds per man:

Hopkins's teams: Hopkins 4, F. C. Franklin 3; total 7. Dykeman's team: Dykeman 3, Diedrich 2; total 5.

Hopkins's team: Hopkins 5, Franklin 1; total 6. Dykeman's team: Dykeman 3, Diedrich 2; total 5.

HAPPY DAYS GUN CLUB.

Dec. 4.—The Happy Days Gun Club held its monthly shoot to-day at Woolsey's Point, L. I.

Our novice, Gus Moyer, with his Francotte gun, which he used today for the first time, made some elegant kills, especially the last two, both very fast out-goers to the left; each one was missed with the first barrel, but his second dropped them all in a heap within a yard of the boundary line.

Chas Rieger (28)	111200212111—10	Fred Passe (28)	110101121121—10
Gus A Moyer (28)	111001110122— 9	E O Weiss (28)	111100111022— 9

E. O. WEISS, Sec'y.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 5.—The New Utrecht Gun Club's target grounds at Dyker Meadow were well attended this afternoon. Seven members shot along in the main event at 25 targets, while F. A. Thompson, a member of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took part in the sweeps as a guest of the club. Although Mr. Bennett was not on top in the club shoot, losing 5 out of 25 in that event, he was well to the fore in the other sweeps, scoring 46 out of 50, and totaling in all 66 out of 75 shot at during the afternoon. The club shoot, so far as Class A was concerned, went to M. Van Brunt, who scored 22. Dr. Pool was the winner in Class B without a competitor to worry him. Scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets, known angles:

M Van Brunt (A)	1011101111111101111111111—22
D Deacon (A)	1111110011101111111111101—21
J Gaughen (A)	1111011111111011111101010—20
D C Bennett (A)	0111111100111101110111111—20
C C Fleet (A)	1010100111101010011110101—15
A A Hegeman (A)	1111001001111100001011001—14
G E Pool (B)	1100110011011011010010101—14
F A Thompson*	1111011111111001011110110—19

* Guest.

The following sweeps were also shot, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 being at known traps and angles, Nos. 4 and 5 at known traps, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Bennett	9	9	10	9	9	Fleet	6	4	3	6	7
Thompson	8	7	8	9	6	Hegeman	4	8	8	8	6
Gaughen	8	4	8	8	5	Van Brunt	..	..	..	7	8
Deacon	6	8	8	6	8						

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—The regular monthly class shooting of the Cobweb Gun Club at live birds was held to-day at Baychester. The day was a beautiful one, but the atmosphere was raw and cold; but this had no effect whatever upon the results, as you will observe from the phenomenal shooting of Messrs. P. F. McKeon, Grant Nichols and Daniel Brady, of Class A. Too much cannot be said of their shooting, as McKeon killed 26 straight, Nichols 25 straight and Brady 15 straight. From the score of the miss-and-out shoot-off in this class it might be supposed that the birds were slow and easy; on the contrary, they were strong and exceptionally fast. After the first 8 Mr. Miller, manager of the grounds, selected the birds, and they were, with the exception of 2, "corking" birds.

Class A, 30yds.:		Tie.	Shoot off, miss-and-out.
P F McKeon	11111—5	212	1221212221221111212
G Nichols	22222—5	222	2112122211121212120
D Brady	22121—5	221	21122120
F Hendricks	11111—5	211	w
E Miller	11112—5	0 w	
C Zorn	11100—3		
C Donnelly	10100—2		
J Loomis	20000—1		
Class B, 28yds.:			
M B McDonnell	20000—1	122	
A Elliott	02000—1	10 w	
Class C, 26yds.:			
W Purdy	11201—4		
C Ditmar	01201—3		
W Knight	02102—3		
A C Bage	20200—2		
G A Barker	000 w		
Class Z, 25yds.:			
G Thompson	02002—2		
C Burgee	20000—1		

McKeon wins Class A medal, McDonnell Class B medal, W. Purdy was the winner in Class C and G. Thompson in Class Z.

GEO. W. THOMPSON, JR., Sec'y.

East Pittsburg Gun Club.

EAST PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 28.—The first contest for the trophy presented to the East Pittsburg Gun Club by the E. C. Powder Co. took place to-day on the club's grounds. The contest was shot at 100 targets, known traps and angles, allowance of extra targets as handicap. Williams, who had an allowance of 16 extra targets to shoot at, won the first shoot by 8 points over his nearest competitor, Rambo, who had an allowance of 4 extra targets. Rambo's score of 46 out of his first 50 shot at made him look very much like a winner at that stage of the game. The scores in detail were as follows:

Williams (116)	10101111111111111111011111111001111101010111101011—40
	11110101001111111111010110101010111111111110111101—38
	1111101101111111 —14—92
Rambo (104)	11101111111011111111111111111111111011101111111111—46
	01011111111010100010111010111010100110111111111011—34
	1111 — 4—84
Mack (100)	01110110111101111111111111111111100111111111101111111—43
	11110111000111011101111111111111111111110111001011 0—39—82
Sharrard (100)	11101111110110110111111110111101010010111111111111—40
	11111111111111111101010111001101111111011101101101—41—81
Geim (100)	11101011111101110000101110001110101111011101111011—34
	11000101011110111011110111011111111111111110011111—39—73
Kilgore (110)	11111111110100000111110110101111111100111100101011—35
	11100011110000111001100010001111111001100111011010—28
	0000001011 — 3—66
Reno (100)	10111110111011111001101100111101101001110011110000—32
	01110111110011101000001000101111011111111010111110—32—64

SWENSON, Sec'y.

Newcastle Gun Club.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., Nov. 26.—The Newcastle Gun Club held a shoot to-day on its grounds near the tube mill. Some good work was done, notably by W. H. Hill and C. Matthews. Event No. 2 was the club shoot; in this event W. H. Hill won the class A medal, Charles Matthews the class B medal, and J. de Normandie the medal in class C. Scores in this event and in another 25-target event were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2, Club Shoot.
C Matthews	1110111101111111111111111—23	0111011111011111111011100—19
W H Hill	1110111111011111111111000—20	1111111111111111111011111—24
G Pearson	1010011011110011111110011—17	1100111001011101111110111—18
H P Shaffer	0101011111101010011101111—17	1111101011010111111000111—18
F Wilson	0001000111111111110101111—17	0011111101011111010111111—19
Dr Green	0111111111111100100001010—16	0011111101000011001111100—14
S Cosel	0111001101001101101110011—15	....
J de Normandie	0000011000011101100011100—10	0010000110110001101010101—11
G Matthews	0101000010010001000101111—10	1000110110111101001011 01—15
R Cunningham	....	0110010010000011101110011—12
A M North	....	1111001001101100111001111—16
Hart	....	1101001010011100011001111—14

Trap-Shooting Rules.

The absolute need of a set of trap-shooting rules that are up to date is demonstrated every day. The A. S. A. rules, good as they were when first framed, lack many of the essentials of an up-to-date set; trap-shooting in all its branches, but more particularly in target-shooting, having expanded at a rate that left behind all the calculations of its enthusiastic admirers.

While making no claim of perfection for the draft of a set of rules for target-shooting given below, we do claim to have tried to cover every point. With a view to correcting errors, and for the sake of making the rules conform as nearly as possible to the ideas of the majority, we ask our readers to scan each rule closely, and when anything is wrong write and tell us about it. Address all communications on this matter to the trap editor.

Rule 1. Referee and Judges.—Two judges and a referee, or a referee alone, shall be selected by the management or by the contestants in a match, whose decision shall be final.

Rule 2. Duties of the Referee and Judges.—The judges and referee, or the referee if acting alone, shall see that the traps are properly set at the beginning of the match, and kept in order to the finish. They or he shall endeavor to make the flight of the targets conform to the height and direction indicated in Rule 7. They or he shall test any trap upon application of a contestant at any time during the match by having a trial target thrown from that trap. They or he may at any time, and must do so when so requested by a contestant, select one or more cartridges from those of a shooter at the score and publicly test the same for proper loading. If the cartridge or cartridges are found to be loaded in opposition to the rules laid down in Rule 11, the shooter shall suffer the penalty imposed by the said rule.

Rule 3. Scoring.—Section 1. A scorer shall be appointed by the management or by the contestants in a match, and his score thereof shall be the official one. All scores shall be plainly kept, a lost target being indicated by a cipher and a broken target by the figure 1.

Section 2. Whenever possible the scores shall be kept on a blackboard, and in plain view of the shooters at the score; and the score thereon shall be the official score, and the score kept on paper for use in the cashier's department shall at all times be made to conform with the score on the blackboard.

Rule 4. Puller.—A puller or pullers shall be appointed by the management or by the contestants in a match, whose duty it shall be to pull or spring the traps the instant the shooter calls "Pull;" he or they shall be placed in such a position that he or they shall have an unobstructed view of the shooter at the score. Where the pulling is to be done according to an indicator for unknown traps, the puller shall be placed in such a position that the shooter at the score shall have no means of ascertaining by the puller's actions which trap will be sprung.

Rule 5. Pulling the Traps.—Section 1. The traps may be pulled from right to left or from left to right if so decided by the management.

Section 2. If the shooting is from known traps—that is, if a shooter knows which trap shall be sprung for him—he may refuse a target thrown from any other trap, but if he fires the result shall be scored.

Section 3. If the trap is sprung before or at any noticeable interval after a shooter has called "Pull," he can accept or refuse such target, but if he fires the result shall be scored.

Section 4. In any contest the parties thereto may select some person who shall be placed by the management in such a position that he is able to see that the traps are sprung in accordance with the number designated by the indicator.

Section 5. If the puller or pullers does not or do not pull in accordance with the numbers designated by the indicator, or by dice (if used), or by any other method ordered by the management, the puller or pullers shall be removed and others substituted. Every target thrown from a trap thus wrongly pulled shall be a "No target," whether broken or lost.

Rule 6. Arrangement of Traps.—All matches shall be shot from three or from five traps, and all traps shall be set level and in a segment of a circle or in a straight line. When the traps are set in a segment of a circle, the radius of that circle shall be 16yds. In all cases the shooter's mark shall not be a less distance from each trap than that designated in Rule 9. The traps shall be not less than 3yds. nor more than 5yds. apart. The traps shall be numbered from left to right: that is, No. 1 shall be the first trap on the left, and No. 2 the next trap to the right of it, and so on. (For laying out a set of traps, etc., see diagrams herewith.)

Rule 7. Adjusting Traps.—Section 1. All traps must be adjusted to throw targets a distance not less than 40yds. nor more than 60yds. If any trap be found to be too weak to throw targets the required distance, a new trap or new spring that will do so must be substituted.

Section 2. The trap shall be so adjusted that the elevation of the target in its flight at a distance of 10yds. from the trap shall be not more than 12ft. nor less than 6ft.

Section 3. When shooting at known angles, the directions of the flight of the targets from each trap shall be: If only three traps are used, No. 1 shall throw a left-quartering target; No. 2 trap shall throw a straightaway target; No. 3 shall throw a right-quartering target. The angles for Nos. 1 and 3 shall be the same as those prescribed for Nos. 2 and 4 where five traps are used. If five traps are used, No. 1 trap shall throw a right-quartering target; No. 2 trap shall throw a left-quartering target; No. 3 trap shall throw a straightaway target; No. 4 trap shall throw a right-quartering target; No. 5 trap shall throw a left-quartering target. Traps Nos. 1 and 5 shall be adjusted to throw the targets so that their line of flight shall cross that of the straightaway target at a point not less than 10yds. nor more than 20yds. from No. 3 trap. No. 2 trap shall be adjusted to throw targets so that their line of flight shall cross the line of targets thrown from No. 1 trap at a point not less than 5yds. nor more than 10yds. from No. 1 trap. No. 4 trap shall be adjusted to throw targets so that their line of flight shall cross the line of targets thrown from No. 5 trap at a point not less than 5yds. nor more than 10yds. from No. 5 trap.

Section 4. After the traps have been adjusted to throw targets at the above angles, if the target for any reason shall take an entirely different course, it shall be declared a "No target" provided the shooter does not fire at it; but if he fires, the result must be scored. By "an entirely different course" is to be understood as follows: If the target ought to be a left-quarterer, and if it has any left-quartering tendency, it shall be considered a fair target; if the target ought to be a right-quarterer, and if it has any right-quartering tendency, it shall be considered a fair target; a straightaway may vary 45° on each side of its correct flight. If in the opinion of the referee the target has taken an "entirely different course," that is to say, if it has gone outside the above limits, he shall allow the shooter, provided he has not fired, another target from the same trap if the shooting is from known traps; if from unknown traps, the shooter shall be given another target from a trap designated in the manner set forth in Rule 17, Section 3, when a target breaks in the trap when the shooting is under "expert rules."

Rule 8. Screens.—Pits or screens, or both, may be used to hide the traps and trappers, but the screens must not be higher than is actually necessary to protect the trappers.

Rule 9. The Rise.—In single target shooting the rise shall be: 18yds. for 10-bore guns; 16yds. for 12-bore guns; 14yds. for 14 or 16-bore guns; 13yds. for 20-bore guns. In double target shooting the rise shall be: 16yds. for 10-bore guns; 14yds. for 12-bore guns; 12yds. for 14 or 16-bore guns; 11yds. for 20-bore guns.

Rule 10. Caliber and Weight of Gun.—No gun of larger caliber than a 10-bore shall be used. No 10-bore gun shall weigh more than —lbs., and no 12-bore gun shall weigh more than 8lbs.

Rule 11. Loads.—The charge of powder is unlimited. The charge of shot shall not exceed 1¼oz., Dixon's measure, struck. Any shooter using a larger quantity of shot shall forfeit his entrance money and rights in the match. If, however, the management is of the opinion that a shooter has not willfully violated this rule, it may return to him his entrance money, provided it obtain the unanimous consent of all the contestants.

Rule 12. Loading Guns.—No cartridges shall be placed in the gun until the shooter has taken his place at the score. In single target shooting only one cartridge shall be placed in the gun. All cartridges must be removed from the gun before the shooter leaves the score, and a shooter shall "break" his gun before turning away from the score. The penalty for violation of this rule shall be at the discretion of the management, who, after warning him, may, if the violation is persisted in, declare the shooter to have forfeited his entrance fee and rights in the match.

Rule 13. Position of the Gun.—Any the shooter may adopt.

Rule 14. Single Target Shooting.—If two targets are sprung at the same time and the contestant does not shoot, he shall be allowed another target; but if he fires, the result shall be scored. When the traps are set in the segment of a circle, each contestant shall shoot at 3 or 5 targets before leaving the score, the number being regulated by the number of traps used.

Rule 15. Double Target Shooting.—Section 1. Both traps must be pulled simultaneously; if in the opinion of the referee there is an appreciable interval between the springing of the two traps, and if the contestant does not fire, he shall be allowed another pair; but if he fires the result shall be scored. Each contestant shall shoot at three or five pairs consecutively before retiring. If three traps are used the first pair shall be thrown from Nos. 1 and 2; the second pair from Nos. 2 and 3; the third pair from Nos. 1 and 3; the fourth pair from Nos. 1 and 2; the fifth pair from Nos. 2 and 3. If five traps are used the first pair shall be thrown from Nos. 2 and 3; the second pair from Nos. 3 and 4; the third pair from Nos. 2 and 4; the fourth pair from Nos. 2 and 3; the fifth pair from Nos. 3 and 4.

Section 2. If only one target be thrown, it shall be declared "No targets."

Section 3. If one target be a fair one and the other an imperfect target it shall be declared "No targets," but if the shooter fires at an imperfect target or targets the result shall be scored.

Section 4. If a target be lost for reasons stated in Rule 20, the referee shall decide as follows: If the shooter is prevented from firing his first barrel for either of the reasons as above, and does not fire his second barrel, he shall be allowed another pair from the same traps; but if he shall have fired his second barrel, and the second target be lost for the reasons so stated in Rule 20, the result of the first shot must be scored, and the shooter shall be allowed another pair from the same traps, firing at both targets in the same order as at the previous pair and with a full charge of powder and shot in both cartridges, the result of the second shot being scored. The shooter must, however, under these circumstances point his gun in the direction of the target first fired at, and both targets must be in the air when the first barrel is discharged. If a target be lost for reasons stated in Rule 23, the result of the first shot must be scored, and the shooter shall be allowed another pair under precisely similar conditions attached in this section to the missfire of the second barrel in a double gun.

Section 5. If both targets are broken by one barrel it shall be declared "No targets." If the shooter fires both barrels intentionally at one target it shall be scored "Lost targets;" but if the second barrel be fired simultaneously with the first barrel it shall be declared "No targets," provided the referee is satisfied that the second barrel was accidentally discharged.

Section 6. If the second target be lost through the safety bolt "jarring back," that target shall be declared a "lost target." (By "jarring back" of the safety is meant that action of the safety bolt sometimes produced by the discharge of the first cartridge, the safety bolt going back to safe and rendering it impossible to fire the second cartridge without a readjustment of the safety bolt.)

Rule 16. Rapid-Firing System.—When the rapid-firing system is used there shall be a screen before each trap, on which shall appear the number of the trap, commencing from No. 1 on the left to 3 or 5 on the right, and each shooter shall stand at the score opposite the trap from which the target is to be thrown for him to shoot at. After he has shot at his first target he shall pass to the next score on his right, and so continue until he reaches the end of the score, when he shall return to the score opposite No. 1, and continue as before until he has finished shooting. If shooters are annoyed by or if there is any delay caused by the smoke of previous shots, shooters may commence at No. 5, moving up to No. 4, and so on, rotating in exactly the opposite direction to that given above in this rule. Where three traps are used four men shall be called to the score at the same time; the first three men on the score sheet shall face respectively Nos. 1, 2 and 3 traps; the fourth man shall take his stand in rear of No. 1 man, stepping up to the No. 1 score as soon as it is vacated. The fourth man is called the "pivot man." (N. B.—As soon as the "pivot man" has taken No. 1's place, the man who has shot from No. 3 score shall walk up to No. 1 score and become the "pivot man" for the time being.) Where five traps are used the first five men on the score sheet face respectively Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 traps; No. 6 man is the "pivot man." The procedure with five traps is similar to that with three traps.

Rule 17. Section 1. Known Traps and Known Angles.—When the shooting is at known traps and known angles, the traps shall be adjusted to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The method of shooting off events at this style of shooting shall be the same as that set forth in Rule 16.

Section 2. Known Traps and Unknown Angles.—When the shooting is at known traps, unknown angles, the shooter shall know which trap is to be sprung for him, but shall not know which angle the target is to be thrown at from that trap. Referees shall see to it that the trappers change the flight of the targets frequently. At unknown angles, any target that is thrown behind the line of the screen may be refused by the shooter, and he shall be allowed another target; but if he fires the result shall be scored. The method of shooting off events at this style of shooting shall be the same as that set forth in Rule 16.

Section 3. Expert Rules, Rapid Fire.—The trap shall be set to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The shooters shall take their stands at the score in the manner prescribed for rapid firing in Rule 16. An indicator shall be used to decide the order in which the traps are to be pulled. When five traps are used, the shooter standing in front of No. 1 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from any of the five traps. The shooter in front of No. 2 shall shoot at a target thrown from any of the four remaining traps. The shooter in front of No. 3 shall shoot at a target thrown from any of the three remaining traps. The shooter in front of No. 4 shall shoot at a target thrown from either of the two remaining traps; while the shooter in front of No. 5 shall have the remaining trap pulled for him. As soon as No. 5 has shot, the pivot man shall shoot from the No. 1 score at a target thrown as prescribed for the man in front of No. 1, and so on. When a target is broken by the trap, or there is a balk, and the shooter does not accept the target, he shall be awarded another target, the indicator being changed and a new combination designated. If the balk occurs when No. 1 is shooting, the procedure is the same as if there had been no balk. If it occurs when the man in front of No. 2 is shooting, the puller shall pull that trap whose number appears first in the new combination, provided it be not the number of the trap pulled for No. 1 man. If the balk occurs when the man in front of No. 3 is shooting, the puller shall pull the trap whose number appears first in the new combination, provided always that he does not pull either of the two traps already pulled for the men in front of Nos. 1 and 2. If the balk occurs when the man in front of No. 4 is shooting, the puller shall pull either of the two remaining traps according to the order in which the numbers of these two traps appear in the new combination. If the balk occurs when the man in front or No. 5 is shooting, the same trap shall be pulled, the man in front of No 5 always knowing his trap. If at any time the shooter fires at an imperfect target, the result shall be scored. As soon as all five traps have been pulled a new combination shall be designated by the indicator. When three traps are used the procedure is modified accordingly and is similar to that described above.

(Note.—In explanation of the above: Suppose No. 1 has shot at a target from No. 2 trap, and No. 2 at a target from No. 5 trap, and a balk occurs when No. 3 is shooting. Say the combination was 2, 5, 4, 3, 1, and suppose the new one is 1, 2, 5, 4, 3. No. 3 will get No. 1 trap, No. 4 will get No. 4 trap and No. 5 will get No. 3 trap, unless another balk occurs, and another combination is brought into play. The combination is always changed as soon as the shooter at No. 5 has fired.)

Section 4. Expert Rules, One Man up.—The traps shall be set to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The shooter shall take his position at the score in front of No. 3 trap. The puller shall pull the traps as directed in Section 3 of this rule, precisely as if six men were at the score. In the case of imperfect targets or balks the puller shall pull the traps as ordered in Section 3 of this rule where it relates to balks, each man at the score firing at targets thrown from all five traps before retiring, and always knowing his last trap. If a shooter fires at an imperfect target the result shall be scored. When three traps are used the shooter stands in front of No. 2 trap and shoots at 3 targets before retiring. In all other respects the procedure is similar to that for five traps.

Section 5. Expert Rules, Unknown Traps and Angles.—The traps shall throw targets at unknown angles within the limits prescribed in Rule 7, and in Section 2 of this rule. The procedure, if the shooting be rapid fire, shall be the same as ordered in Section 3 of this rule. If the shooting be one man up, the traps shall be pulled as ordered in Section 4 of this rule. If a shooter accepts an imperfect target the result shall be scored. Where three traps are used the procedure is similar to that for five traps.

Section 6. Reversed Order.—The traps shall be adjusted to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The man in front of No. 1 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 5 trap; the man in front of No. 2 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 4 trap; the man in front of No. 3 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 3 trap; the man in front of No. 4 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 2 trap, and the man in front of No. 5 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 1 trap. If the shooter fires at an imperfect target the result shall be scored.

(N. B.—Sometimes, to make the shooting a little harder, it has been found advisable to adjust Nos. 2, 3 and 4 traps to throw targets at unknown angles, and this system is strongly recommended.)

Rule 18. Class Shooting.—All shooting shall be class shooting unless otherwise stated. (Class shooting provides that all shooters tied for first place shall receive their *pro rata* share of first money; all those tied for second place shall receive their *pro rata* share of second money; and so in all other places, third, etc.) Any shooter in a tie for either of the moneys may withdraw his *pro rata* share of that money, unless the programme prescribes that all ties shall be shot off.

Rule 19. Broken Targets.—A target to be scored to the shooter must have a perceptible piece broken from it while in the air. A "dusted" target shall not be scored to the shooter. No target can be retrieved for shot marks. If a target be broken by a trap the shooter shall be allowed another target, but if he fires the result shall be scored.

Rule 20. Allowing Another Target.—Section 1. The shooter shall be allowed another target for any of the following reasons: (1) For a target broken by the trap. (2) For any defect in the gun or load causing a missfire. The failure to cock the gun or properly adjust the "safety" is considered to be the result of the shooter's own carelessness, and shall not be considered as a defect in the gun or load; a target lost under these conditions shall be scored "lost." (3) If the contestant is interfered with, or balked, or there is any other similar reason why it should be done, the referee may allow another target. (N. B.—The "jarring-back" of the safety is not to be considered a defect of the gun.)

Section 2. When the shooting is at known traps, the shooter shall have another target from the same trap; but if the shooting is at unknown traps he shall be allowed a target from some trap, as provided in Rule 17, Sections 3, 4 and 5.

Rule 21. Lost Targets.—Targets shall be scored "lost" for any of the following reasons: If the shooter fails to load or cock his gun, or to properly adjust its safety, or pulls the wrong trigger.

Rule 22. Missfire.—When a cartridge placed in either the right or the left barrel apparently fails to explode when the trigger is pulled, the shooter must on no account break his gun; but shall hand it to the referee, whose duty it shall be to try both triggers without previously breaking the gun to cock it. If the cartridge be then exploded, the shooter shall be awarded a "lost" target; but if the referee shall find that the proper trigger has been pulled, and that the cartridge has failed to explode through no fault of the shooter, he shall allow another target, as provided in Rule 20, Section 2. Any shooter who shall break his gun after a missfire, instead of handing it unbroken to the referee for his inspection, shall be awarded a "lost" target.

Rule 23. Failure to Extract in a Repeating Shotgun.—In double target shooting, or in events where "both barrels" are allowed, when a shell cannot be extracted from the chamber for either of the following reasons, the shooter shall be allowed another target: (1) When the brass head of the shell pulls away from the paper, leaving the empty shell in the chamber and preventing the loading of the gun from the magazine. (2) When the extractor, although in good order, passes the shell and leaves it in the chamber, preventing the loading of the gun from the magazine. In either of the above cases the referee shall allow another target, as if there had been an actual missfire. The shooter must, however, immediately upon the failure to extract, and without attempting again to remove the empty shell from the chamber, hand his gun to the referee for his inspection. (The failure to comply with this provision shall be treated as a violation of Rule 22, and shall be penalized as such.) Nothing in this rule shall be construed as empowering a referee to award another target for either of the following reasons: (1) When the shell, although extracted from the chamber, has not been ejected from the mechanism. (2) When the feeding of a cartridge from the magazine has been blocked by the use of a shell too long for the chamber of the gun. (3) When the referee is satisfied that the shooter is using reloaded ammunition. In all such cases the referee must decide that it is the shooter's fault, and the result of the shot shall be scored.

Rule 24. Announcing the Score.—Section 1. The result of each shot shall be announced plainly, and it shall be called back by the scorer each time. The call for a broken target shall be "Broke" or "Dead;" for a lost target the call shall be "Lost."

Section 2. When two judges and a referee are serving, one of the judges shall announce the result of each shot distinctly, the scorer answering him accordingly each time. If the other judge disagrees with the decision of the judge calling, he shall make his protest at once before another shot is fired, and the referee shall then give his decision, which shall be final. In case of another target being thrown before the referee's decision has been made, the target so thrown shall be a "No target," whether broken or lost.

Section 3. At the close of each shooter's score the result of it must be announced. If claimed to be wrong, the error, if any, must be corrected at once.

Rule 25. Tie Shooting.—Section 1. All ties shall be shot off at the original distance, and as soon after the match as practicable, at the following number of targets.

(*a*) Ties on Single Targets.—In single-target matches of 25 targets or less, on 3 traps at 3 targets, and on 5 traps at 5 targets; in matches of less than 50 targets and more than 25 targets, on 3 traps at 6 targets, and on 5 traps at 10 targets; in matches of over 50 targets, on 3 traps at 15 targets, and on 5 traps at 25 targets.

(*b*) Ties on Double Targets.—In double-target matches of 10 pairs or less, ties shall be shot off at 3 pairs; in matches of more than 10 pairs, at 5 pairs. Unless otherwise stated by the management and so understood prior to the commencement of the match, the targets in the shoot-off shall be thrown as provided in Rule 15.

Section 2. If in a series of matches the result prove a tie, such tie shall be shot off at the original number of targets.

Rule 26. Shooting Out of Turn.—When a shooter fires out of turn the target so fired at shall be a "No target," whether broken or missed. When two shooters fire simultaneously at the same target that target shall be declared a "No target," whether broken or missed. (N. B.—It is left to the referee to decide whether the discharge of the two guns was simultaneous. If the discharge was not, in his opinion, simultaneous, and if the shooter whose turn it was to fire first did so fire first, and did break the target, it shall be scored to him as "broken;" but if, in the opinion of the referee, he missed the target, it shall be scored to him a "lost target." The shooter who fired out of turn must in every case fire at another target.

Rule 27. Shooter at the Score.—In all contests the shooter must be at the score within three minutes after his name is called to shoot, or he forfeits his rights in the match.

Rule 28. Forbidden Shooting.—No shooting will be permitted on the shooting grounds other than at the score. If there be no inclosure no shooting shall be permitted within 200yds. of the score without the consent of the management.

Thanksgiving Day at Calumet Heights.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 26.—The Calumet Heights Gun Club, of this city, celebrated Thanksgiving Day by holding a live-bird and target shoot at its grounds. The shooting during the greater part of the day was done in a high wind with frequent showers of rain. Great interest was taken by those present in all the contests of the day, notwithstanding the elements. The members present were about 50 in number. During the day 160 live birds were trapped and 1,860 targets thrown.

To-day's shoot being the last regular contest for the season's medals which have been shot for in the weekly contests, the same were awarded on the ten best scores made by the men in their respective classes. The awards were as follows: Class A medal, A. C. Paterson, with 231 out of 250; Class B medal, W. Metcalfe, with 203 out of 250; Class C medal, A. C. Black, 173 out of 250.

The programme of events for to-day was as below:

No. 1, 10 live birds, distance handicap, $2.50.

No. 2, 15 targets for practice.

No. 3, 25 targets, regular medal contest.

No. 4, 100 targets, handicap, sweep for merchandise prizes, entrance $1. Class A to shoot at 100 targets, Class B at 108 targets, Class C at 120 targets, purse divided as follows: One-half a cent allowed each shooter for each target broken by him.

All targets at 2 cents each.

Event No. 1, the live-bird event, had sixteen entries. All ties, of course, shot off for the merchandise prizes, the result of the shoot-off being given below. A strong wind blew across the traps, making some of the birds very hard The conditions were: gun below the elbow until the bird was on the wing:

G E Marshall (30)	1111111101—9	H B Black (27)	0012221021—7
W Metcalfe (30)	0212111212—9	P D Norcom (28)	0021010111—6
R B Carson (27)	2221221202—9	C W Carson (28)	0200200211—5
G C Lamphere (32)	0121122201—8	Dr Davis (27)	1000011120—5
A C Paterson (34)	1102221012—8	Dr Harlan (27)	0210101000—4
G H Knowles (32)	1121101110—8	Dr Hobbs (30)	1000011020—4
S M Booth (32)	0111102112—8	Dr Hodson (30)	0100102010—4
J S Houston (30)	0121101202—7	C L Dougherty (27)	1000001200—3

G. H. Knowles is the winner of the season's prize, a silver tea set. The merchandise prizes in the above race were distributed as follows: Marshall 1st, Paterson 2d, Houston 3d, Norcom 4th, C. W. Carson 5th, Harlan 6th, Dougherty 7th.

At the target traps there was a strong wind behind the targets that made them wavering in the flight, and causing them to duck out of many a load of shot. The medal contest to-day resulted as below:

A C Paterson (A)	1111111111111101111111111—24
G C Lamphere (A)	0111111111111011111011111—[illegible]
S M Booth (A)	0000111111010111101010100—14
J S Houston (B)	1111111110111111111011111—[illegible]
W Metcalfe (B)	0111001011101111100110111—17
Greeley (B)	1011111111100010111110100—17
P D Norcom (B)	1010000111010000001011010—11
R B Carson (C)	0010010111111111010011011—16
A C Black (C)	1110111001111010101100001—15
Chain (C)	1001010011110001011101111—15
Dr Harlan (C)	1101011101010111001001100—14
Morgan (C)	0000100110101111110001101—12
H B Black (C)	1000100000000000000000000— 2

The 100-target handicap race resulted in a win for A. C. Black, a Class C man, with 93 out of 120; second place went to Houston with 89 out of 108; Paterson was third with 87 out of his 100, and Greeley was fourth with 86 out of 120. The scores were as follows:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Handicap.	Total
A C Black (120)	19	19	22	21	12	93
J S Houston (108)	22	21	18	23	8	89
A O Paterson (100)	21	21	23	22	..	87
S H Greeley (120)	20	19	16	21	7	86
W Metcalfe (108)	14	20	20	22	6	82
A W Harlan (120)	17	13	16	18	14	80
G C Lamphere (100)	18	19	20	22	..	79
S M Booth (100)	19	17	21	19	..	76
Chain (120)	18	18	16	10	12	74
P D Norcom (108)	9	20	20	16	7	72

In New Jersey.

ZWIRLEIN'S SHOOT AT TRENTON.

The big shoot engineered by Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J. took place at Trenton, N. J., as advertised, on Dec. 1-3. The weather was all against the success of the affair, but the race on the last day redeemed it from going down on the pages of history as a failure. That one battle was enough to satisfy anybody that saw it. Never before have the four shooters named in the scores which are given below met as a quartette of rivals on an equal footing. We have seen them entered for the Grand American Handicap, but shooting from different marks. At the Interstate Fair grounds on Dec. 3 it was "all on the same mark—30yds." If for no other reason than the bringing off of this contest, Zwirlein deserves infinite credit at the hands of the trap-shooters of this country. We treat of the match in detail in its proper place.

THE INTERSTATE FAIR GROUNDS,

where the match took place, are easily reached from the city of Trenton by a line of electric cars that land shooters and spectators right inside the grounds themselves, and within two minutes' walk of the score. The oval inside the race track is as level as a billiard table and could readily be laid out to accommodate three sets of traps in a straight line. As a claimant for Interstate Association recognition in the matter of the Grand American Handicap of 1897, there are several things to be said in favor of Trenton. The hotel accommodation is ample, Trenton's hotels being numerous and first class, while their prices are decidedly reasonable. The street car company is accommodating and, as stated above, transports its passengers from the center of the city to the fair grounds in about fifteen minutes, perhaps less. Fast trains are frequent on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and an hour and a half by rail from New York (including ferry to Jersey City), or one hour from Philadelphia, is the limit.

In pointing out the facilities for running the Grand American Handicap on these grounds, Charlie Zwirlein showed us his plans for erecting a temporary club house in rear of the dead line, amply sufficient to accommodate 150 shooters and their friends and attendants. The only drawback that we see to choosing these grounds as the scene for the next Grand American Handicap is the distance from New York, and we do believe that shooters who compete in that great event would prefer to sleep in New York to any other place. Barring that one drawback, Trenton can offer as many set-offs as any other city in the country.

UNFAVORABLE WEATHER

marred this meeting, a heavy snow, the first of the season, falling a few days prior to the shoot, and making it unpleasant under foot on the first day. The air too on the first two days was raw and cold, cutting right through the warmest clothing. The small tent set apart nominally for the shooters, warmed with a small oil stove, was appropriated by the public almost to the exclusion of the shooters; and both classes nearly froze to death anyhow. The accommodation was far too limited even with such a small crowd of shooters; what it would have been had another dozen shooters and a good crowd of spectators put in an appearance we hesitate to say.

The birds were good ones all through, while the all-blue ones trapped in the big race were as fine a lot as we have ever seen leave the trap on a calm day; many of them were screamers without more than a breath of air to aid them. Anticipating at least ten entries, Zwirlein had scoured the country for first-class birds, and had gotten together 1,200 all-blue pigeons, small in body and strong of wing; no peeps. When brought to the score in crates their tail and wing feathers were as clean as if they had never been cooped up.

The story of the three days' shoot must be told in detail, and only briefly at that, as there is much demand on our space this week:

First Day, Dec. 1.

The chilly nature of the day had its effects upon the spectators who stood around in the yellow sandy mud of the Trenton soil and watched the shooters step to the mark, shoot and retire with but little display of enthusiasm. The glare from the snow was not hard on the eyes, but it had a tendency to make the birds slower to start than they would have been had the sod been bare. Some excellent scores were made. The two Winchester experts, Jim Elliott and Ferd Van Dyke, were on top with 47 out of 49 and 34 out of 35 respectively; Aaron Woodruff, of Elizabeth, scored 35 out of 38; Class 33 out of 36, and Fulford 32 out of 35; the best Brewer could do was 23 out of 27, his gun handicapping very seriously, apparently making no pattern and having little penetration. Fulford's work was not clean, but it must be said that he was using a new gun, a beauty, a high-grade Greener, that he was neither accustomed to and which the load did not suit. He got his birds, it is true, but there were several slobbers among them.

To-day's events consisted of a 25-bird handicap, $25 entrance, and two miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, all at 30yds. The scores of these events follow:

	Handicap.	No. 1.
E D Fulford (31)	2022222222222222222222222—24	22220
F Van Dyke (30)	2212222222222021222222222—24	2222212221—10
J A R Elliott (33)	2220222221222202222222121—23	2222222222—10
Frank Class (31)	2222222222222222202222220—23	....
A Woodruff (30)	1222020122222222222211222—23	2212222212—10
J L Brewer (32)	2022222220122222222222212—22	....
B M C (28)	0122111210121212222211201—22	....
Wiedmann (28)	1111211221201222200212112—22	....
J C Timmons (28)	2222222222200022222222202—21	20
J L Winston (30)	2202222022201022220122202—19	....
P Murphy (30)	2222212210121201202220001—18	2110
C Zwirlein (30)	22202022202222202w	....
N H Astfalk	....	1211222210— 9
I W Budd	....	2112122111—10

No. 1 was a miss-and-out, $2 entrance.

No. 2, miss-and-out, $2 entrance: P. Murphy, Elliott and Winston 14, Class 10, Zwirlein 8, Budd 6, Astfalk and Cubberly 4, Fulford 2, Woodruff 2, Timmons and Brewer 1.

Second Day, Dec. 2.

The weather on the second day was somewhat better than that of the first day, with the exception of the cold wind, which was penetrating and raw to a degree; under foot the ground was all right, being frozen solid as a rock. The attendance was naturally small, a fact supposedly due to the cold weather, as the class of shooters on hand called for more outside interest than was displayed.

Five miss-and-outs at $2 each were shot, and also a race at 10 birds, $10 entrance, all at 30yds. rise. The best work was done as follows: Elliott, 34 out of 37; Fulford, 34 out of 38; Woodruff and Cubberly, 30 out of 32; Lott, 22 out of 25; and Brewer, 15 out of 16. Ferd. Van Dyke, whose shells had not shown up, had enough left to take part in the 10-bird race, and used them to such effect that he scored every bird, making his record for the two days 44 out of 45. The scores in to-day's events were as follows, re-entries being allowed in the miss-and-outs in the first round:

Match: Brewer vs. Murphy, 25 birds, $25, 21yds. rise, gun below the elbow, H and T traps.

Brewer	1111111111110111111111111—23
Murphy	0111101001111111011101010—17

Match: Murphy vs. Hill, 10 birds, $10, 30yds. rise:

Murphy.......... 21222222—9 Hill.......... 102112e12 w

Other sweeps were shot as below, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 being $2 miss-and-outs; and No. 5, 10 birds, $10, birds included. Scores in these events were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Fulford	212111—6	11—2	21111212—8	1120 —3	2122111022— 9	222122—6
Hill	1110 —3	20—1	11221222—8	222210—5	2210222202— 8	111220
Elliott	222222—6	22—2	2221220—7	222222—6	2222222222—10	2220
Woodr'ff	112220—5	12—2	21221222—8	221222—6	2122222122—10	......
Lott	221220—5	10—1	22220 —4	112222—6	....	222222—6
Cubberly	112121—6	20—1	11122122—8	112211—6	2122212012— 9	......
Zwirlein	221110—5	10—1	1222220 —6	120 —2	122002210 w	120
Daly	20 —1	..	....	......	2122022222— 8	212222—6
B M C	.....	21—2	21220 —4	......	....	......
Van Dyke	.....	..	....	......	2222222222—10	......
Murphy	.....	..	....	20 —1	2220220202— 7	21220
Class	.....	..	....	......	02220100 w	......
Brewer	.....	..	....	......	2222220121— 9	212222—6
Timmons	.....	..	....	......	2222222222—10	......
Apgar	.....	..	....	......	2102021202— 7	222220—5
147	.....	..	....	......	0222220222— 8	220

In No. 1 Fulford lost his first bird and re-entered. Fulford, Elliott and Zwirlein lost their first birds in No. 2 and re-entered. In No. 4 Zwirlein re-entered, Murphy re-entering in No. 6.

Third Day, Dec. 3.

This was the finest day of the week so far. The sun was bright and warm, but there was still enough snap in the air to make it advisable to hunt for a spot warmed by the sun, but sheltered from the gentle northwest wind that blew across the fair grounds. It was a pleasant day for shooting, but one that was decidedly in favor of high scoring, no matter how good the birds might be; the wind was of no use to them; it was too light, although its direction was all right. Then again, the snow on the ground, with the bright glare of the sun, was bound to dazzle and bewilder many a bird that would under other circumstances have left the traps like a streak. To do away as far as possible with any trouble from the snow, Zwirlein had had it swept away from around the traps, but it was still well in evidence, and unquestionably bothered the birds not a little.

It was fully 11:15 before all the principals showed up on the grounds to-day, although the majority of them had been eager enough the night before to make a start at 10 A. M. prompt. Jim Elliott, accompanied by Ferd. Van Dyke, were the only ones on hand at the hour mentioned. When we reached the grounds at 10:30, Elliott, Van Dyke, Charlie Zwirlein and George Cubberly, together with a few of the trapper boys, were the sole occupants of the little tent.

When Class, Fulford and Brewer arrived with their respective backers there was a good deal of preliminary talk, and the conditions were changed from "one gun to take all" to two moneys, 75 and 25 per cent. Nate Astfalk was chosen referee, while the official scorers, who had to work in relays on account of the cold. were: Will Park, of *Sporting Life;* J. K. Starr, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger;* and the representative of Forest and Stream, who also relieved Mr. Astfalk when it became necessary for that gentleman to retire for the purpose of warming himself and eating his luncheon. Charlie Zwirlein and George Cubberly looked after the birds. The retrieving was done for the most part by Pete Murphy's Irish setter Dan. a dog of four years of age, but full of centuries of good sense. Zwirlein's black setter dog, Nig, relieved Dan when it became necessary to give the latter's sore foot a rest.

The order of shooting was as follows: Fulford, Elliott, Class and Brewer. The first shot was fired at 11:40, Brewer firing at the 400th bird and finishing the match at 3:05, a matter of only 3 hours and 25 minutes for the 400 birds, or 400 birds in 205 minutes—nearly 120 per hour. This fast work was due to the promptness with which the men stepped to the score, and also to the quality of the birds, loafers being the exception. There was very little slobbering, consequently there was no waste of time in retrieving, and only two no birds were called; perhaps 12 or 15 others required scaring up with balls, one of such birds, his 63d, fooling Elliott by its quick work when it got off. It is impossible with the space at our disposal this week to describe this shoot as fully as its character deserves. We must do the best we can, for it was a great shoot. The luck of the birds was about even, nothing much to choose on either side.

BREWER.

Brewer showed what a really magnificent shot he is by his work to-day. Going to the score with a 7¼lb. Francotte, Nate Astfalk's gun, with 1¼in. more drop to it than any gun Brewer ever shot before, he made some wonderful kills and used splendid judgment, particularly on towering incomers. So impressed was he with the capabilities of this gun and (of course) of himself that he declared many times that he would kill 97 out of his 100. As a matter of fact he scored 96, with three dead out of bounds. Only one, his 58th, an extremely fast bird, got away without joining the vast majority laid out on the snow to cool off. Brewer's load was 48grs. of Du Pont Smokeless with 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot in a U. M. C. trap shell. In addition to being handicapped by using a strange gun, he had the misfortune to break the plate of some false teeth he now wears, and the kicking of the gun under the heavy load drove the plate into his cheek at each shot, causing blood to flow freely inside his mouth almost the entire time of the match. He shot the race of his life, an up-and-up race, and finished by running out with an unbroken string of 42 kills. His long runs were 12, 35 and 42 unfinished, scoring 80 out of his last 82.

ELLIOTT.

Elliott, as usual in an important match, lost his first bird, a fast right-quartering driver from No. 4 trap that towered rapidly as it left the trap. Apparently centered with the second barrel, after being undershot with the first, the bird fell dead just over the track. Then he settled down and ran 32 before slipping up on an almost similar bird to his first, but this time from No. 2 trap. After running 15 straight he unexpectedly let off an easy bird from No. 4 trap in the 50th round, scoring 47 to Brewer's 48 out of the first 50 birds. In the 58th round it will be noticed that his string of second-barrel kills is broken by a solitary figure 1. The bird was an easy incomer, and when Elliott pulled the trigger for the first shell the cartridge missed fire; he then did what was really a foolish action and perhaps bad judgment—he ejected the faulty shell and scored the bird with his remaining cartridge. In the 62d round he was badly fooled by a sitter that dodged a couple of balls thrown at it, and then jumped suddenly into the air and went away like an English snipe up wind on a wild day. After that he settled right down to work and ran out with 38 straight. His double-figure runs were 32, 15, 11 and 38 unfinished. Of course he shot a Winchester repeating shotgun, weight 7½lbs., Leader shell, 48grs. E. C. powder, 1¼oz. No. 7 shot, Winchester factory-loaded ammunition. The way he handled the "pump" pleased everybody, his bodyguard and valet, Ferd. Van Dyke, smiling all over his face as Jim landed bird after bird.

FULFORD.

Fulford shot in excellent form, and centered his birds well with his first barrel. How well he did his work in this line is shown by his string of one-barrel kills, 61 of his 100 birds being scored with a single shell. He was compelled to be chary of the use of two shells by being short of satisfactory ammunition, some of his loads not being suited to his gun, a new high-grade Greener, a beauty that weighs just 8lbs. This one-barrel work is very taking, and pleases the spectators, and speaks well for both shooter, gun and ammunition; but it is very apt to make a man slow with his second just when he needs it on a fast, driving bird. The loss of some of his birds being attributed to this in a measure, notably in the 15th, 41st, 48th, 78th and 79th rounds. Some of his kills with the second barrel were on the phenomenal order, but were decidedly of the class that "can't be done every time," even if the gun is pointed just right. We doubt if Fulford ever shot much better than he did to-day. His score of 93 out of 100, with 5 others dead out of bounds, shows that he was in great form. The loss of his 43d bird was a remarkable one. The pigeon was a dark bird that circled in to the left from No. 1 trap, flipping about as it flew; it flinched as the first barrel went off, but did not seem to be touched by the second; both times the gun went off the bird could not have been more than 38yds. from the shooter, but not a feather left it; yet it fell stone dead on the track just back of the dead line, dying in mid-air. Fulford stepped to the score each time when his turn came and shot along with an unruffled air from start to finish, realizing that he was in a shooting match and determined to be as near the top as he could get. His load was 54grs. of Schultze, 1¼oz. of No. 7 for the right and the same amount of No. 6 in the left, in U. M. C. factory-loaded Trap shells. Fulford's runs were 19, 25, 24 and 21 unfinished.

CLASS.

Frank Class performed his part in to-day's shoot in an entirely different manner to the way the others went to work. He was deviling Brewer all the time, pointing out Elliott as a sure winner, and offering all sorts of bets that Brewer would not win. Before the match began he offered Brewer the odds of 50 to 40 that he wouldn't finish first. No takers! He handicapped himself badly in the first 22 rounds, losing his 1st, 5th, 9th, 15th and 22d birds, the first three dead out of bounds. Then he struck his gait, and those who have seen Class shoot know what that means. Out of the last 78 birds he scored 75, losing 3 others, his 64th and 78th, dead out of bounds. He got into his old slap-bang style, filling a bird full of shot with the first barrel and landing the second into it with a precision and rapidity that was remarkable. On his day he is as dangerous a man as anybody in the country; some of his scores in the past few years show this. He shot a 7¼lb. Francotte, 48grs. of Schultze, 1¼oz. of No. 7 in a V. L. & D. U. M. C. shell. His double figure runs were 31, 13 and 22, unfinished.

A REMARKABLE FINISH.

The last string of 25 in this match was a remarkable one. Zwirlein culled his crates carefully for the best birds he possessed, choosing those that he knew would best test the skill of the shooters. They were a rattling lot as a whole, and those who were looking on saw some great shooting. Fulford and Class lost their birds in the 78th rounds, and then Fulford lost his 79th dead out of bounds. This was the last bird that was not gathered in bounds during the remainder of the match, the next 87 birds being scored without a miss, although Brewer had a narrow escape in the 87th round. The bird, a good one from No. 4 trap, was hit, but not very severely. Brewer elected to gather it himself. He went about it very carefully, nearly two minutes expiring before he made an attempt to gather it. Then the bird rose about two feet from the ground and made for the boundary line where the spectators were standing. When within about 15 yards of the deadline, and looking very much like a sure lost bird, its wing snapped and down it came, being easily gathered by Brewer as a result.

The traps fell as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Brewer	17	25	27	14	17	100
Elliott	18	26	20	30	6	100
Fulford	17	24	23	23	13	100
Class	19	20	21	21	19	100
	71	95	91	88	55	400

Some peculiarities will be noticed in the above figures, particularly Jim Elliott's scarcity of the figure 5. It will be noticed also that although the average for each trap would be 80, Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were much above their average, No. 5 being away below that average. The even manner in which the traps fell to Class is also specially marked. The race was shot under the following conditions:

100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, A. S. A. rules to govern, first to receive 75 per cent. of the purse, second to save his stake:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                5 3 1 1 3 3 3 5 1 3 3 2 1 4 3 5 3 1 4 1 1 5 3 5 5
                ↑ ↑ ↓ ↗ ↑ ↓ ↗ ↑ ↙ ↑ ↗ ↱ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↗ ← ↑ ↖ ↱ ↗ ↘ ↖ ↙
J L Brewer....  1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

                3 4 4 1 3 3 3 1 5 4 2 5 1 3 1 3 5 4 2 2 3 4 4 2 3
                ↓ ↱ ↘ ↘ ↖ ↗ H ↓ ↗ ↗ → ↓ ↗ ← ↙ ↑ ↘ ↓ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↱ ↙ ↗ →
                2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—25

                4 5 4 3 2 2 2 5 3 3 3 3 1 2 5 5 3 3 2 2 2 2 5 4 3
                ↗ ↙ ← ↑ H ↑ ↙ ↗ → → ↗ ↖ → ↙ ↑ → ↗ ↗ ↙ ↘ ↙ ← ↘ ↗
                2 2 1 • 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2—23

                2 2 2 2 1 1 5 2 5 4 1 4 5 5 2 3 3 2 3 3 4 2 1 1
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                1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—25—96

                4 5 2 1 4 1 3 5 2 2 3 2 1 4 2 1 3 1 4 2 4 5 4 4 4
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J A R Elliott.. • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                2 4 2 3 3 1 2 2 2 2 4 2 2 1 2 1 3 2 4 1 3 3 3 4 4
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                1 2 5 1 4 4 2 4 2 4 1 3 5 3 4 2 1 1 2 3 4 3 4 4 3
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                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                1 4 4 3 1 5 1 1 3 4 2 2 4 2 2 4 2 3 4 4 2 3 4 3 3
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                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25—96

                4 5 1 1 3 4 2 4 4 3 4 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 1 4 1 5 4 2 2
                → → $ ↑ → ↗ ↖ ↘ ↗ → H $ → ↑ $ ↙ ↗ ↱ ↰ ↗ ↙ ← → ↖ ↗
E D Fulford ... 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1—24

                2 3 4 2 4 5 5 2 2 1 4 1 4 1 2 3 2 5 1 4 4 5 2 4 1
                ↖ ↙ ↗ ↗ ↖ ↑ ↓ ↙ → ← ↙ ↑ ↙ → ↗ ↑ ↖ ↖ ↙ ↖ ↑ ↘ ↗ → →
                1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 • 1 1 • 2 2 1 • 2 2—22

                3 1 2 2 3 2 2 1 3 1 3 1 2 5 3 2 3 3 2 3 2 3 3 3 5
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                1 1 • 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2—24

                3 1 4 5 2 1 2 4 4 3 4 3 2 5 3 3 2 3 3 3 1 1 4 2 2
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                1 2 0 • 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1—23—93

                4 4 3 2 4 3 4 5 5 3 1 3 2 2 3 5 5 1 2 5 1 5 4 4 5
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Frank Class.... • 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 • 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 1—20

                3 5 5 2 1 2 2 3 2 1 1 4 4 1 4 1 1 1 4 4 2 4 5 2 3
                ↙ ↰ ← ↘ ↗ ← ↗ ↓ ↗ → → ↓ ↓ ← → ↱ ↑ ← ↗ ← → $ ↙ ↖
                1 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1—24

                1 4 3 2 5 3 1 5 1 2 5 2 3 3 2 4 1 2 1 3 1 1 4 5 4
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                1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—24

                2 3 4 2 3 5 3 3 5 4 2 5 4 4 1 5 2 3 5 5 3 3 4 2 1
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                2 1 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24—92
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Other sweeps were shot as below, Nos. 1 and 4 being shot on the lower (match) set of traps; Nos 2 and 3 being shot on the upper set while the match was in progress. Scores in these events were:

	No. 1.	No 2.	No. 3.	No. 4
Fulford	1212—4	....	......	11112121101222211111—19
Brewer	10 —1	....	......	....
Elliott	2222—4	....	......	....
Zwirlein	1110—3	2211222—7	222222—6	....
Winston	....	2222222—7	20 —1	22222222022202222221—18
Hill	10 —1	220 —1	2220 —3	22121x2211211121222—20
Lott	....	2112122—7	222222—6	....
Cubberly	1210—3	1221120—6	122222—6	22111121111200022222—17
Woodruff	1112—4	1222122—7	222222—6	21212220202100221121—16
Apgar	....	20 —1	0 —0	....
Harris	....	....	222220—5	....
Pence	....	....	......	02222221222222220222—18

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, with re-entries in the first round. In No. 1 Zwirlein re-entered four times; in No. 2 Zwirlein and Woodruff re-entered once each, Apgar twice; in No 3 Apgar re-entered once. No. 4 was 20 birds, $10, birds extra.

Edward Banks.

BLACKBIRDS AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Dec. 1.—A trial was given the new traps and grounds at Elkwood Park to-day, a few blackbird sweeps being shot. The birds proved good flyers, and about 50 per cent. of them got away to resume their journey to the South for the winter. The first sweep was a three-cornered affair at 10 blackbirds, $5 entrance. Phil Daly, Jr., won with 8 out of 10, A. L. Ivins and Wooley scoring 7 each. Then Johnson and Grover shot a race at 5 blackbirds, Johnson by 2 to Grover's straight score of 5 ciphers. No. 3 was a handicap event, 10 blackbirds, $5, Grover and Johnson allowed 2 misses as no birds. In No. 4, 5 blackbirds, $5, the same two shooters were allowed a miss as no bird. The scores were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Wooley (27)	0022102121—7	2222220101 —8	02200 —2
Daly (28)	2212022202—8	0202002 w	22202 —4
Ivins (28)	0222220110—7	2001121110 —7	01102 —3
Grover (24)	....	202020200020 —6	00200 —1
Johnson (25)	....	2200210200120—7	021000—2

WALSRODE GUN CLUB.

Nov 26.—Below are the scores made by the members of the Walsrode Gun Club at its annual Thanksgiving Day shoot. The main event was a race at 25 targets, handicap allowance of extra targets, the prize being one of Laflin & Rand's silver kegs of W-A powder. The keg was won by B. Schork, who broke 24 out of 28, being allowed 3 extra targets to shoot at. Scores:

Winters	1001111111111011111011100 —19
Luedecke	1111101111111111101101011 —21
Young	1111111110011121111101111 —22
Alexander	0110111110111001111111011110—21
Reinhardt	1010001110010100110000101 —11
Then	0010010010010011101001110 —11
Waldmann	111110101101101010110100 —16
Perment	11011111111001111100w
Baar	11111011011000111110w
Schork	1111111011110101110111111111—24

Practice sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Winters	9	7	10	9	7	4	..	Waldmann	..	..	4	5	4	..	..
Luedecke	8	8	8	7	8	2	8	Schork	..	..	..	8	6	2	..
Reinhardt	6	5	6	..	..	..	..	Baar	..	..	..	..	10	6	9
Alexander	7	8	7	4	5	..	9	Perment	..	..	..	..	6	9	8
Young	..	7	9	8	8	..	6								

H. Reinhardt, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

G. S., Great Barrington, Mass.—My dog is five months old, and is trained under Hammond's rules. He seems to have a splendid nose, and I have taken him in the field for partridges several times. At first he would go but 10 or 12in. ahead of me, and now he does splendidly, all but the pointing. This afternoon I started a partridge and followed her up. The puppy only looked at her as she flew, and never made a sign of pointing. I followed her up, and saw her on the ground. The pup seemed to be trailing something, but he ran within 5ft. of the bird, causing it to fly. He has never pointed a partridge, and I ask you whether you think him worth bothering with. He is Llewellin stock, and cost me a good deal. Ans. Your puppy is too young either to train or to perform well on birds. Let him have his own way largely till he is more mature mentally and physically. About next fall he will be about the right age for field work and field training. Only very precocious puppies point at his age, and it is then no sign whatever of future excellence.

U. D. E., Allen, Mich.—While cleaning out the church spire at the M. E. Church, in this place, among some tame pigeons was killed one with a silver band on his right foot bearing the inscription, "J. L., '94, 10." Can you give any information regarding the bird? Ans. A stray carrier pigeon, but we cannot identify owner.

W. McD. P.—Will you kindly, in your Answers to Correspondents, give me some information as to the best place on the Gulf Coast of Florida to go for tarpon fishing? Ans. Punta Gorda; write to F. H. Abbott, manager Punta Gorda Hotel there.